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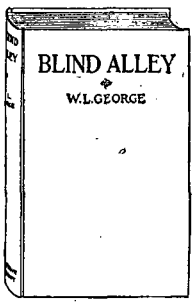

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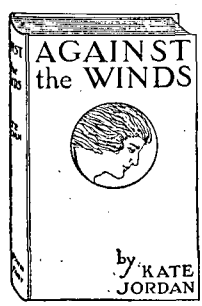

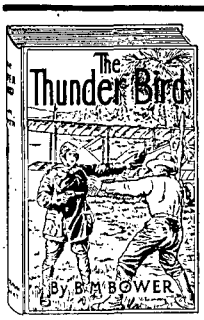

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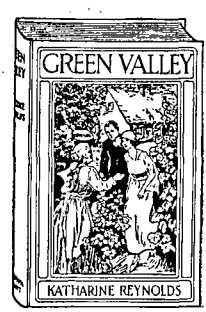

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APRIL, 1919 VOL. XLIX. NO. 2

THE BOOKMAN

JELLICOE'S STORY OF THE GRAND FLEET

BY D. THOMAS CURTIN

At the outbreak of the war, the world felt that there were two preponderating forces in existence—forces counted upon to make their respective sides victorious. One was the German army; the other, the British navy.

Both were considered offensive forces—the latter not necessarily so in the sense that it would demolish the German navy and German forts, but in the still greater sense that its full application in cutting Germany from all overseas supplies would, with the blockading effect of Russia in the east, inevitably strangle Germany if she could not force a decision.

The world in general accepted the current statistical belief in British naval superiority over the German. It ruled out the slightest possibility of the German High Sea Fleet's being victorious over the Grand Fleet. We are now permitted to know, however, that the man who should be best informed on the matter, the former commander of the Grand Fleet, felt no such absolute assurance. He knew the facts of the case. He knew them so painfully well that he felt himself forced to conclude that Great Britain must use every precaution to keep intact her supreme weapon upon which hung the very existence of the Empire.

The first months of the war were for the Allies leaden-hued with their outgunned armies desperately struggling to hold the channel ports. It was then that Britain's fleet was their brightest hope. Suppose that they had known that while their armies were falling back on land, the battle fleet was retreating in the North Sea before the menace of the German destroyers, mines, and submarines. Yet such was the fact—an almost unbelievable fact which the average Englishman would refuse pointblank to credit at the time. Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, however, stands behind the revelation of this fact in his remarkable book of revelations, "The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916", recently issued in England and now ready for publication in the United States.

This is not a book of bouquets, diplomatic eulogies, and official caresses. It is a book that says something on every page, a book clearly destined to become one of the world's great fountains of historical knowledge. It is so

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illuminating that it could not now be published had not Germany been decisively enough defeated to lose her navy. It deals with a subject second to none in the titanic upheaval by whose vibrations we shall always be affected. It is a succession of facts which form a clear-cut, interesting, and at times thrilling narrative, easily read and understood by the layman who has never even seen the ocean.

Its details call to my mind incident after incident through which I lived in the first two war years of which it deals, when the mist-veil shrouded Britain's navy from the world, and the world speculated upon it. I found quite as much ignorance in England concerning the activities of the British fleet as I found in Germany about its activities. Admiration and self-assurance often distort one's vision as much as disparagement and envy.

No war rumors were weirder than those concerning the fleet. In the summer of 1915, for example, while crossing the North Sea on a Norwegian vessel from Bergen to Newcastle, I listened with interest to an altercation between an outspoken young American and two quiet, self-assured Englishmen, the one big in business, the other a distinguished member of Parliament. The American opened the well-known controversy regarding the sinking of the "Audacious" by emphatically declaring that she had gone to the bottom in deep water; whereupon both Englishmen insisted that she had been towed to port and repaired. They undoubtedly believed this widely circulated version, and they made the lad look presumptuous with their two to one superiority. But the boy's fighting blood was up, and he resolved to make good. Out came a picture from his pocket —the picture of a mighty warship going down by the stern. "There it is", he declared, "I snapped it myself from the deck of the 'Olympic'."

The passengers crowded around. But the two Englishmen were unconvinced. "It might not be genuine", said the member of Parliament.

"Well, this is, then!" cried the youth, as he flashed the original negative from his pocket.

The two Englishmen, however, still remained unconvinced. They had been reared on the prestige of their country's navy. What was a mere photographic negative in the hands of an American stripling, against that prestige?

Regarding the loss of the "Audacious", which the British press was forbidden to mention, and news of which correspondents in England could not send out of the country, Admiral Jellicoe says:

> The stay of the fleet at Lough Swilly was rendered memorable by the unfortunate loss of the "Audacious", then one of our most modern battleships.
>
> The squadron was preparing for target practice at nine A. M. on October 27th, when the "Audacious" struck a mine while turning. The explosion resulted in the flooding of the port engine room and the partial flooding of the center engine room. It was not clear at the time whether the ship had been mined or torpedoed. The "Monarch" having reported sighting a submarine at 11 A. M., a precautionary signal was made to keep the squadron clear of the "Audacious".
>
> Meanwhile all available destroyers, tugs, and other small craft were sent from Lough Swilly and Loch-na-Keal to assist the "Audacious" and to prevent the submarine (if one were present) from doing further damage, and the armed boarding steamer "Cambria" escorted the collier "Thornhill", provided with towing hawsers, to the scene. The hospital ship "Soudan" was ordered out to give help to the survivors, in case the "Audacious" sank, or to the injured, and the "Liverpool" was directed to stand by her, but to keep moving at high speed. The battleship "Exmouth" was put at "short notice" ready to tow the

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"Audacious" in if it should be necessary.

Shortly after the "Audacious" struck the mine, the S.S. "Olympic", on passage from the United States to Liverpool, closed the ship on learning of the disaster, and at once volunteered to help in any way possible. Captain Dampier of the "Audacious" asked that his ship might be taken in tow and brought into Lough Swilly and Captain Haddock of the "Olympic", disregarding the danger of submarine attack, or of being mined, took immediate steps to carry out this request. Unfortunately a considerable sea was running, which increased during the day. In spite of the most seamanlike handling of the "Olympic" and, later in the day, excellent work on the part of the master of the "Thornhill", the hawsers constantly parted, owing to the state of the sea and the weight of the "Audacious", the stern of that ship being almost awash by the afternoon. The attempts to tow the injured ship had to be abandoned before dark, and Sir Lewis Bayly, Captain Dampier, and the few officers and men who had remained on board to work the hawsers, were taken off the "Audacious" by 7:15 P. M. The remainder of the ship's company had been removed without accident, in spite of the heavy sea, in the course of the day by destroyers, trawlers, and other small craft, and in the boats of the "Audacious".

Arrangements were made for the "Liverpool" to stand by the "Audacious" during the night, but at 9 P. M. she suddenly blew up with great violence and sank. The cause of this explosion was never ascertained with certainty. The "Liverpool" was not far distant at the time, and a good deal of the debris fell on the deck of that ship, killing one petty officer.

On the arrival of the S.S. "Olympic" at Lough Swilly, orders were given that no communication between the ship and the shore was to take place. I wired to the Admiralty suggesting that the loss of the "Audacious" should be kept secret as long as possible, so that the enemy should not learn of it, as the fact would afford him encouragement at a time when the military situation was extremely critical for the Allies, and also because, as a general policy, it was desirable to conceal from the enemy any serious losses of which he could otherwise have no immediate knowledge. This was necessary, as the "Olympic" had on board a considerable number of American passengers, and it was known that they had taken photographs of the "Audacious" in a sinking condition.

In like manner, we for the first time clearly see, with the lifting of the mists, broad principles of strategy, important details of operations, and delightfully interesting little matters of technique, hitherto jealously guarded.

We see the British fleet, not in almanacs, but as it really was in the first August of the war. After remarking that the first objective of the fleet is to destroy the enemy's armed naval forces, Admiral Jellicoe explains:

But history has always shown that it is a very difficult matter to impose our will upon a weaker naval adversary. Instead of giving us the opportunity of destroying his armed naval forces, he usually keeps the main body of those forces, the battle fleet, in positions of safety in fortified harbors. Here they are a constant threat to the sea communications of a stronger naval power, and force upon that power a watching policy, so that the enemy may be engaged to put to sea before he is able to gain any advantage.

The watching policy in the great wars of the Napoleonic era was carried out by keeping our squadrons, through fair or foul weather, in the vicinity of those ports of the enemy in which his fleet lay. During this war, however, the advent of the submarine and the destroyer and, to a lesser extent, the use of the mine, rendered such dispositions impossible. These facts had been recognized before the war; and a watchful policy from a distance was decided upon to prevent the enemy vessels from gaining the open sea where they would constitute a danger to our communications.

Admiral Jellicoe now proceeds to jolt British pride by explaining:

The ideas held in pre-war days as to the capabilities of submarines were found after a short experience at war to need modification. In the first place it became quickly apparent that the German submarines possessed a radius of action and sea-keeping qualities considerably greater than those of our own submarines. It had been, for instance, looked upon as a considerable achievement for our submarines to keep to sea for a period of five to seven days, and they

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had not operated at any great distance from the coast. Furthermore, it was known that the Germans possessed a considerable superiority in the number of submarines which were capable of operating overseas. The frequent sighting of enemy submarines as far north as the Orkney and Shetland Islands early in the war, combined with the fact that the enemy appeared to have established a regular submarine patrol in the center of the North Sea, made it evident that the German submarines would constitute a very serious menace to our heavy ships.

The Admiral then goes on to lament the British inferiority of forty-two destroyers for the Grand Fleet, to eighty-eight in the German High Sea Fleet. He saw with dismay that he had not nearly enough to act as a screen for the big ships. He continues:

The fuel capacities of destroyers was only sufficient for them to remain at sea in company with a fleet for some three days and nights, whereas the fleet itself could remain out for three or four times that period. Moreover, the destroyers could not be kept nearly so constantly at sea as the large ships, owing to their requirements in the way of boiler cleaning and the refit and adjustment of their more delicate machinery, and the necessity for giving not only the machinery but the personnel periods of rest. The heavy ships then had two alternatives—either to remain at sea without a destroyer screen, or to return to harbor with destroyers. In the early days the first alternative was adopted, the risk being accepted but minimized as far as possible by keeping with ships in the northern part of the North Sea.

The danger further increased when Germany scrapped another Hague convention and laid mines promiscuously.

And thus it was that even while Britain's armies were falling back in Flanders, did her fighting ships fall back, not only to northernmost Scotland, but farther back until they reached Lough Swilly in northeast Ireland, there to remain until the Scottish bases were made secure. And all this was taking place behind the mist-veil of the north, while the world was taking for granted the overwhelming superiority of the British navy in all branches of the warfare of the seas.

The northwest movement of the battle fleet caused increasing apprehension in inner circles because the movement increased the danger to the transport of the Expeditionary Force to France. Admiral Jellicoe writes:

It was highly probable that the enemy would endeavor to interfere with this movement, and in the early days of the war it would not have been a difficult matter for him to cause us some loss. His failure to make at least some attempt in this direction showed a lack of enterprise which surprised me, as, I think, it surprised most naval officers.

The conditions for him were distinctly favorable. He must have been aware that our main fleet was based far to the northward, and if he had timed an attack on the cross-channel traffic for a period during which he reckoned that the destroyers were returning to the base to fuel, he would have stood a good chance of making the attack and returning to his base before that fleet could intervene. Consequently he would only have had to deal with the comparatively light forces based in southern waters. On the other hand, if our fleet arrived on the scene without destroyers, the Germans would have possessed no mean advantage.

Although the enemy did not interfere with transport, he did bombard the coast. I well remember the unbounded joy in Germany, the press attacks on the navy in England, and the consequent enhancing of German prestige in Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia.

Concerning this matter, which was ardently discussed at the time, the Admiral says:

Such bombardments were of no immediate military value to the enemy, but, in spite of the fact that the majority of the press and the public realized that the navy should not be led into false

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strategy because of these bombardments, it was difficult for the fleet to ignore them, and I have no doubt that the Germans relied on this fact. Whilst the fleet was based at Scapa Flow, it was quite impossible to insure that the enemy would be brought to action after such an operation, since to attain this end it would have been necessary for the fleet, or a portion of it, to be constantly cruising in the southern portion of the North Sea. This was not practicable, even had it been desirable, because of the impossibility of keeping destroyers with the heavy ships, and in any case it was false strategy to divide the battle fleet, as such a course might well have resulted in disaster.

Not only at sea was the fleet in danger because of lack of destroyers, but in port it felt insecure through lack of fortified bases. In reading Admiral Jellicoe one must conclude that the pre-war British government blindly ignored making provision for adequate bases for war against Germany. On this point Admiral Jellicoe is extremely informative.

The anxiety of officers in command of fleets or squadrons at anchor in any of the bases used by the Grand Fleet was immense. For my part, I was always far more concerned for the safety of the fleet when it was at anchor in Scapa Flow during the exceedingly brief periods which were spent there for coaling during the early days of the war, than I was when the fleet was at sea, and this anxiety was reflected in the very short time that the fleet was kept in harbor. It was also the cause of my taking the fleet to sea very hurriedly on more than one occasion owing to the report of the presence of a submarine in the anchorage, and considerable risks were accepted in getting the fleet to sea in very thick weather at night on at least one of these occasions.

I have often wondered why the Germans did not make greater efforts to reduce our strength and capital ships by destroyer or submarine attacks on our bases in those early days. They possessed, in comparison with the uses for which they were required, almost a superfluity of destroyers, certainly a superfluity as compared with ourselves, and they could not have put them to a better use than an attack on Scapa Flow during the early months of the 1914-1915 winter.

After supporting this statement with comparative figures, Admiral Jellicoe continues his case against British unpreparedness of bases:

It may be said that similar reflections to those I have mentioned might be made by the Germans as regards our own movements, and that they were surprised that we did not attack their fleet at anchor. The answer is obvious to those who are aware of Englishmen. Not only were we very short of destroyers for fleet work, but we were well aware of the thoroughness of the defenses of the German naval bases. We knew that they not only possessed the most powerful and ample artillery defenses, but we knew also that the Germans had a very efficient mining service, and we were justified in assuming that they had protected their naval bases by extensive mine fields. We, on the other hand, were entirely unprovided with this particular form of defense. . . . I can only imagine that the Germans credited us also with possessing harbor defenses and obstructions which, in our case, were non-existent, although we did our best in the fleet to give the impression that we had obstructed the entrances, for, pending the provision of proper obstructions, we improvised various contrivances. It may have seemed impossible to the German mind that we should place our fleet, on which the Empire depended for its very existence, in a position where it was open to submarine or destroyer attack.

Thus did the British play poker, and they played it so well that the Kaiser's mechanically efficient navy, much of it the last word in naval architecture, hung back in its lair to breed the fever of ultimate rebellion instead of going out to a grapple which might have resulted in considerable success. The Admiral writes:

We usually had at least two battleships, one or two light cruisers, six destroyers, one or two cruisers, and perhaps one battle cruiser under refit, in addition to any other vessels that might be temporarily disabled. Germany would see to it that none of her ships was refitted in planning an operation, and

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she could reinforce her fleet by several light cruisers and two or more flotillas of destroyers from the Baltic.

It will thus be seen (Viscount Jellicoe concludes) that the enemy had by far his best opportunity from the naval point of view in the early months of the war, as he was then much nearer equality of strength with the Grand Fleet than at any other period. A carefully laid trap, which included mine fields and submarines, with the High Sea Fleet as a bait, might have been very effective at any period of the war in inflicting considerable losses on us. The Germans had their best opportunity between November, 1914, and February, 1915. After April, 1915, the situation got suddenly worse for the enemy.

From all this Admiral Jellicoe draws a conclusion which will no doubt prove interesting to Americans, arousing some, perhaps, when he says:

The lesson of vital importance to be drawn from this review of relative naval strength is, that if this country in the future decides to rely for safety against raids or invasions on the fleet alone, it is essential that we possess a considerably greater margin of superiority over a possible enemy in all classes of vessels than we did in August, 1914.

Let it be noted that the Admiral speaks in this warning of *defensive* precautions, hence the statement need occasion no alarm in non-aggressive America.

The most controversial event of the war was the Battle of Jutland. I was in Berlin when the news was received, and for three days I lived in an atmosphere charged with a delirium of joy. I had seen the falling economic line cause increasing apprehension among the German people. The Battle of Jutland (or Skagerrak, as they call it) was for them, therefore, all the more momentous, and for a time they hailed it as delivering them from the grip that was slowly strangling them. Once more the most popular map of the early part of the war reappeared in the shop windows. It was entitled "The Invasion Map of England" and attracted admiringly speculative crowds. Thus did the masses believe that a great victory had been achieved. The inside circle knew differently.

When I made my way to England half a year later, one of the questions most eagerly asked me was of the Battle of Jutland. Most of the populace felt that it was the British who had achieved the victory, although they had in no way been elated as had the Germans. Some naval experts were anything but elated. I found one with whom I talked, exceedingly frank about the damage caused capital ships by German high-angle fire piercing their decks. To eliminate this wellnigh fatal danger in a future engagement, he was directing rush work in armor improvements, particularly where magazines would be affected by the explosion of a deck-piercing shell. Both from the highest British sources and from trustworthy—if not the highest—German sources, the results of Jutland are now known, but for a long time thoughtful men on both sides were wondering which navy had been the more successful. In this matter it became necessary to consider with what objective the engagement had taken place. In simplest terms, who was trying to accomplish what?

Admiral Jellicoe is delightfully clear on this long debated subject. He says:

There has been some discussion on the tactics of the Jutland battle, and no doubt there will be more. It is well first to dispel the illusion which I have seen expressed that the Grand Fleet was divided with the object of enticing the enemy out to attack the weaker portion in order to provide the opportunity for fleet action. On May 31st, the battle cruiser fleet was scouting to the south of the battle fleet in pursuance of the policy which had been frequently carried out on previous occasions.

Many surmises have been made as to the object with which the German High

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Sea Fleet took to sea on this occasion. The view which I have always held is that our light cruiser sweeps, which had taken place down the Norwegian coast, and in the vicinity of the Skagerrak, during the spring of 1916, may have induced the German Commander-in-Chief to send out a force with the object of cutting off the light cruisers engaged in one of these operations, and that he took the battle fleet to sea in support of this force. There is no doubt that he did not expect to meet the whole Grand Fleet. If confirmation of this were needed, it is supplied in the German account of the battle, in which it is stated that there was no reason for supposing that any enemy forces were about, much less the entire British fleet.

In most lucid narrative, the Admiral then describes the action, an action replete with such graphic, yet simple details as the sinking of the "Queen Mary" and of the "Invincible". Of the first, he says:

At about 4:26 P. M. a second disaster befell the British battle cruisers. A salvo fired from one of the enemy's battle cruisers hit the "Queen Mary" abreast of Q turret, and a terrific explosion resulted, evidently caused by a magazine blowing up. The "Tiger", which was following close astern of the "Queen Mary", passed through the dense cloud of smoke caused by the explosion, and a great deal of material fell on her decks, but otherwise the "Queen Mary" had completely vanished. A few survivors from this ship and from the "Indefatigable" were afterward rescued by our destroyers.

Of the "Invincible" he writes:

During the ensuing furious engagement, Rear Admiral Hood, who was on the bridge of the "Invincible", hailed Commander Dannreuther, the gunnery officer in the fore-control, at about 6:30 P. M., saying, "Your firing is very good. Keep at it as quickly as you can; every shot is telling." But at about 6.30 P.M. the "Invincible", which had already been hit more than once by heavy shells without appreciable damage, was struck in Q turret. The shell apparently burst inside the turret, as Commander Dannreuther saw the roof blown off. A very heavy explosion followed immediately, evidently caused by the magazine's blowing up, and the ship broke in half and sank at once, only two officers, including Commander Dannreuther and four men, being subsequently picked up by the destroyer "Badger".

Admiral Jellicoe has been criticized by some naval men for not forcing the fighting sufficiently, especially for breaking it off when night fell. He steamed south after dark, hoping to renew the battle at dawn. He gives what appear to be excellent reasons for adopting such tactics, reasons to which he adds an interesting technical British inferiority:

The greater efficiency of German searchlights at the time of the Jutland action, and the greater number of torpedo tubes put in enemy ships, combined with superiority in destroyers, would, I knew, give the Germans the opportunity of scoring heavily at the commencement of such an action.

Perhaps no more important deduction is drawn by Admiral Jellicoe from the one great modern sea battle than the lessons on armor:

I felt it necessary on the highest grounds, as well as only just to the officers and men of our battle cruisers, to give some explanation of the heavy losses incurred by our ships in the early part of the action, when we were opposing six battle cruisers (supported, though at long range, by four battleships of the "Queen Elizabeth" class) to five enemy battle cruisers which were not then supported by the German battle fleet. Inquiry into this matter showed that one explanation was that our ships were very inadequately protected by armor as compared with the German vessels of the battle cruiser type. It was considered undesirable to draw attention to this publicly.

The relative values of protection and gun power had frequently engaged my serious attention. It was also a subject of much discussion among writers on naval matters, some of whom went to the length of suggesting that all available weight should be put into gun power, and that ships should be left practically without armor. Their views were based on the argument that the best defense is a powerful offensive. Although this argument is very true when applied to strategy, the war has shown its fallacy as applied to *matériel*. The loss of the "Good Hope", "Monmouth", "Queen Mary", "Indefatigable", "Invincible", "Defense", and "Warrior", and the con-

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siderations to which these losses gave rise, convinced naval officers afloat, even if they did not convince others less intimately associated with the fleet during the war, that ships with inadequate defensive qualities are no match for those which possess them to a considerably greater degree, even if the former are superior in gun power. The conviction was strengthened by the knowledge which we had obtained that German ships, far more frequently hit by gun fire, torpedo, or mine than many of our ships that sank, were yet taken safely into port owing partly to their defensive qualities, but partly to the limitations of our armor-piercing shell at that time. . . . A point of considerable interest which should also be mentioned because it was to prove important, was that the Germans possessed a delay-action fuse which, combined with a highly efficient armor-piercing projectile, ensured the burst of shell taking place *inside* the armor of British ships instead of *outside*, or while passing through the armor, which was the case with British shells of that date fired against the thick German armor.

After pointing out that throughout the war German capital ships *usually* survived mining and torpedoing, whereas British ships *rarely* survived, Admiral Jellicoe proceeds to attribute to the absence of proper dock accommodation these and similar shortcomings. He says:

The German Emperor once remarked to me at Kiel that we had made the mistake of building our ships before we had proper dock accommodation for them, while in Germany they provided the dock accommodation first and designed the ships subsequently. He was quite right, although, since docks took a long time to construct, the German policy involved delay in ship-building whereas we got ships of the type—hence our margin of superiority in 1914. As each successive type of dreadnought was designed, our constructive staff was faced with the fact that if they went beyond a certain beam, the number of docks available would be insufficient; and it was always a matter of great difficulty to obtain money with which to construct adequate docks. Docks make no appeal to the imagination of the public, and cost a great deal of money. The result was that August, 1914, found us with a superiority of ships but woefully lacking in dock accommodation; and for this reason alone the fleet action early in the war, resulting in considerable damage to heavy ships, would have produced embarrassing results.

The reader may find it difficult to reconcile so many serious charges of British inferiority in technique and *matériel* with the hard, cold fact that the greater part of the German navy is now safely tucked away in British ports. As a side-light I may now narrate a little incident which took place in Germany two months before the Battle of Jutland. Everywhere I had heard praise and boasts of German naval superiority. The "belaureled young fleet" was the German pride and joy. At a confidential little gathering, I was struck with an entirely different note when I heard Germany's greatest naval writer, Captain Persius of the "Berliner Tageblatt", sadly remark that tradition was a powerful moulder of fighting men, and that British naval tradition reached so many centuries back—whereas Germany had absolutely no naval tradition—that the personnel of the British ships would outmatch that of Germany's. I was amazed to hear this from a German authority, but personal esteem for Captain Persius and the circumstances under which I heard his remark, made me discreetly silent later. Captain Persius, however, is now happily out in the open. From what I have seen of both sides, I would place the British morale through the entire war far above that of the German. An incident of the Battle of Jutland will not be amiss. Describing it, Admiral Jellicoe says:

The attack of the British destroyers was carried out with great gallantry and determination, and having frustrated Germany's torpedo attack on the 3rd Battle Cruiser Squadron, Commander Loftus Jones turned his division to regain his position on our battle cruisers. At this moment three German vessels

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came into sight out of the mist and opened a heavy fire, further disabling the "Shark" and causing many casualties on board; Commander Loftus Jones was among those wounded. Lieutenant-Commander J. O. Barron, commanding the "Acasta", came to the assistance of the "Shark", but Commander Loftus Jones refused to imperil a second destroyer, and directed the "Acasta" to leave him. The "Shark" then became the target for the German ships and destroyers. Commander Loftus Jones, who was assisting to keep the only undamaged gun in action, ordered the last torpedo to be placed in the tube and fired, but while this was being done the torpedo was hit by a shell and exploded, causing many casualties. Those gallant officers and men in the "Shark" who still survived, continued to fight with the only gun left in action, the greatest heroism being exhibited. The captain was now wounded again, his right leg being taken off by a shell; but he still continued to direct the fire, until the condition of the "Shark" and the approach of German destroyers made it probable that the ship would fall into the hands of the enemy, when he gave orders for her to be sunk, countermanding this order shortly afterward on realizing that her remaining gun could still be brought into play. Shortly afterward she was hit by two torpedoes and sank with her colors flying. Only six survivors were picked up the next morning by a Danish steamer.

How much more glorious for Germany had her whole fleet, instead of rotting in security, gone down fighting as did the "Shark". "She would have been defeated absolutely in such an engagement", said one British naval officer to me, "but had she fought to a finish, the United States, Japan, and France would have ranked far ahead of Great Britain in naval strength."

Not only is Admiral Jellicoe's book noteworthy in its discussion of broad principles, but to the landsman it is a treasure-house of interesting bits of detail. In the midst of the narrative we compare the speed of a torpedo with the speed of a shell; we learn methods of night signaling at sea so that the enemy may not be aware of such signaling, and the danger of revealing position if wireless is used. We know that at Jutland, Jellicoe's main fleet encountered the Germans twelve miles from where the signals from Beatty's Battle Cruiser Squadron had said it was—a discrepancy due to manœuvring while signals were passing in the fog. The battle was not fought in one small area of the sea, as many may suppose. According to Admiral Jellicoe:

> The battle cruisers steamed some sixty-four miles between 3.48 P.M., the time of opening fire, and 6.17 P.M., the time that the battle fleet commenced action, and a further distance of some fifty-seven miles to 9 P.M., when the fleet turned to the southward for the night. The whole fleet steamed some eighty-five miles during the period covered by the night action, 9 P.M. to 2 A.M.

The British have always contended that they fought Jutland under disadvantages of low visibility, whereas the Germans, facing in general westward as they fought, had no such disadvantage. Admiral Jellicoe contributes an interesting detail when he says:

> From 5 P.M. until after 6 P.M. the light was very much in favor of the enemy, being far clearer to the westward than to the eastward. A photograph taken on board the "Malaya" at 5.15 P.M. toward the western horizon established this clearly. Our destroyers shown silhouetted against the bright horizon were at least 16,000 yards distant.

That the British naval intelligence was not infallible is evidenced by the misinformation which the fleet commander had concerning enemy cruiser speed. Admiral Jellicoe says:

> I learned later, as an unpleasant surprise, that our 5th Battle Squadron, *when going at its utmost speed*, found considerable difficulty in increasing its distance from the enemy's 3rd Battle Squadron, consisting of ships of the "König" class; and on return to Scapa I received a report from the Admiralty

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which credited this enemy squadron with a speed of *23 knots* for a short period, this being the first intimation I had received of such a speed's being attainable by them.

Finally there are the details of the loss of Lord Kitchener, details which should finally kill the long persisting rumors in England that the British general is still mysteriously alive, or that some traitor in the War Office had revealed the departure plans, and that a spy had contrived to plant a time bomb on the "Hampshire". Admiral Jellicoe explains Kitchener's hurry to be off to Russia, and the consequent sailing of the "Hampshire" while the weather was still dangerously rough. We read that,—

. . . between 7.30 and 7.45 P.M. the "Hampshire" struck a mine about one and one-half miles off shore, between the Brough of Bairsay and Marwick Head; she sank in fifteen minutes, bows first. . . . There was at first doubt in the minds of some people as to whether the loss of the "Hampshire" was due to a mine or a submarine, but these doubts were set at rest by the sweeping operations which were undertaken as soon as the weather permitted. They resulted in the discovery of moored mines of the type laid in southern waters by enemy submarines, these mines being equally distinguishable from those laid by surface vessels.

I am in a position to add that if the Germans should some day publish a detailed account of their naval operations, they will add that one of their newly developed submarine mine-layers was cruising in those waters when it sighted a British cruiser, name then unknown. Cutting across well in advance of the cruiser's bows, the mine-layer planted two mines: her commander in his report to the German Admiralty was convinced that one of these took effect. The report was not published for obvious naval reasons.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Admiral Jellicoe's book is more than an authoritative work on the one great phase of the war on which he is the preeminent authority. In places it is nothing short of a stinging criticism which will stir up the pride of many Englishmen: perhaps quite as much as Lloyd-George's alarming speech at Paris in the autumn of 1917 aroused bitter resentment among the majority of Englishmen because of the outspoken, aimful truths which he revealed—a recognition of which truths, combined with more painful circumstances, finally resulted in the unity of military command under General Foch.

Some features of Admiral Jellicoe's strategy will probably be challenged by those who claim that he was not sufficiently aggressive in his policy. Personally, after having studied intimately economic conditions on both sides throughout the war, I feel more than ever convinced, after reading "The Grand Fleet", that Admiral Jellicoe's policy of playing safe was the only justifiable policy for a man conversant with all the facts of the case. His fleet was noticeably wearing down Germany from the beginning of 1916. After cutting across the North Sea in the late autumn of that year, after having managed to get out of Germany, I wrote in "The Land of Deepening Shadow":

It is all very well to complain about a few raiders that manage in thirty months to pierce the British patrol, or about the hurried dash of swift destroyers into the channel; but when you look from the white chalk cliffs of the Kentish coast at hundreds of vessels passing safely off the Downs, when you sail the Atlantic and the Mediterranean and see only neutral and allied ships carrying on commerce, when you cross the Rhine and stand in food lines hour after hour, and day after day, as I have done, where men and women who gloried in war now whine at the hardships it brings, when you see a mighty nation disintegrating in the shadow of starvation—and then pass to another nation, an island nation

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which, though far less self-sustaining in food, has plenty to eat, you simply have to realize that there are silent victories which are often farther reaching than victories of éclat.

Admiral Jellicoe's book has the added importance to Americans that when the chronicles of our own navy shall be written, we shall already have been made familiar with the setting for our fleet in European waters.

THE ROSSETTIS

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Early in the autumn of the year of revolution, 1848, a laborious young painter, named Holman Hunt, was asked to family dinner by his studio mate, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Many years later, Hunt described the household. His narrative follows, slightly condensed and retouched.

"The old gentleman (Gabriele Rossetti) was beginning to be an invalid, whose sight needed a projecting shade. The mother was the gentle and presiding matron we see St. Ann to be, in 'The Girlhood of the Virgin'. The elder sister (Maria, aged 21) was overflowing with attention to all, expressing interest in each individually; and Miss Christina (aged 18) was exactly the pure and docile-hearted damsel that her brother portrayed God's Virgin preelect to be.

"The father arose to receive me from a group of foreigners around the fire, all escaped revolutionists from the continent, and addressed me in English in a few words of welcome, as 'Mr. Madox Brown', a slip on which his elder daughter rated him pleasantly. The heated conference of the revolutionists was now in Italian, now in French; but the tragic passions of the group around the fire did not in the slightest degree involve the mother, the daughters, or the sons, except when the latter explained that the objects of the severest denunciation were Bomba, Pio Nono, and Metternich. When it was impossible for me to ignore the distress of the alien company, Gabriel (aged 20) and William (aged 19) shrugged their shoulders, the latter with a languid sign of commiseration, saying it was generally so."

There was an exotic dinner of macaroni and the like, while the revolutionists looked on, the old gentleman joining them between courses. After dinner dominoes and chess calmed the anti-monarchical storm, and young artist lads began to drop in. Among them was John Everett Millais, the painter; James Collinson, Christine's betrothed; and a rugged youth, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor. The young men soon went upstairs for a meeting of a new order, the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

Let us look backward and forward from the scene. The possibly rather absurd old man at the fireplace is a living power in resurgent Italy. The verses of Gabriele Rossetti, not fine but full of manly vigor and passion for liberty, are passing about Italy in manuscript and on the lips of patriots. Old Gabriele's life had been extraordinarily various. A blacksmith's son in the mountain commune of Vasto, his gift for drawing and poetry

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soon took him to Naples. His fame as an idyllic poet grew apace. He had served the royal opera as librettist. When the weak King Ferdinand I was driven to Sicily, Rossetti, already imbued with the doctrines of the French Revolution, readily obtained favor with Joseph Bonaparte and Murat. He took charge of the noble marbles and bronzes of the Naples Museum, adding archæology to poetry. When the Bourbon returned, Rossetti, a member of the free-thinking Carbonari, was in danger of judicial assassination. Just as the peril became imminent, Admiral Sir Graham Moore spirited him away to Malta. There his gift as an improvisatore brought him favor and kindness. But the fear of Bourbon persecution counseled a further flight, and in 1824, being forty-one years old, he begins a new life at London.

The tumultuous group of revolutionists about the fireplace represents only half of Gabriele Rossetti's activities. In the intervals of tutoring, and amid his duties as professor of Italian at King's College, London, he has been working out a grandiose theory of an apostolic succession of *illuminati*—a hidden political lore shared by the great writers, and ever potential for the liberation of mankind. He expounds the doctrine in many books: a commentary of "Dante's Inferno", 1826; the tract on "The Ante-Papal Spirit", 1832; "The Mystery of Platonic Love", 1840; "Dante's Beatrice", 1842. With his main theory that a symbolic political philosophy was concealed in nearly all great writers, scholarship has dealt skeptically; but his learning, ingenuity, and idealism have given a penumbral immortality even to his more fantastic studies.

With such a man marriage is an incident, however benign a one. In 1826 he wedded Frances Maria Lavinia Polidori. Her father, Gaetano Polidori, had been Alfieri's secretary, and was living precariously by private tutoring and casual literary work. His daughter Frances, a woman of rare sense and affection, was twenty-six in the month of her marriage, seventeen years younger than her husband. Within four years she presented Gabriele Rossetti with the four children we have seen as youths and maidens. At this moment, Gabriele already being of poor sight and health, she is eking out the scanty household funds by school-teaching, in which the two daughters aid her. For years she had led what to most women would be a harassed existence. Her door must open to a Masonic knock by whomsoever given. The family soon came to distinguish those who were freely received in the name of human liberty, by division into two main classes, *cercatori* (beggars) and *seccatori* (bores). Both she endured cheerfully.

In the evening we are considering, her husband has still about six years of increasing gloom before him, before death shall release him, on April 26, 1854. He was seventy-one and the day after his death was his wife's fifty-fourth birthday; she was still to live on thirty-two years, a sweet, balancing influence amid her gifted and erratic brood. Once in later years she confided to her steadiest child, William, that she adored intellect and had aspired to marry a man of great intellect and to have children of like powers. Having had her wish, she would exchange something of the intellect of her family for a greater endowment of common sense. I dare say that was already her secret mind on this evening, as her delicate girls went dreamily about household tasks, think-

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ing sonnets the while; and the *seccatori* muttered against thrones, and the young men above noisily planned a complete reorganization of art.

An informed and perceptive observer of the Rossetti household that evening would have noted how everything revolved about irrepressible Dante Gabriel, ready with a joke, or a new sonnet, eager to recite poems of a quality which he called Gothic—"The Blessed Damozel", or of a novel reflective quality—"Jenny". Browning he would intone voluminously—"Paracelsus", "Pauline"; likewise tirades from Keats and Shelley. Dominating, genial, merciless toward anything like tall talk or pretense, he fairly filled every room he entered. He made you feel small while he captivated you—a good friend, Frederick Shields, wrote years later. Dante Gabriel had already cut loose, in the interest of an artistic career, and he was the only member of the family who was not earning any money, being staked generously by Aunt Charlotte Polidori, who had faith and a good position as governess in a noble family.

Yet when Dante Gabriel went to his studio, he left abundant genius at home. Looking forward and backward at the two steady children, Maria and William, one finds they had already accepted the difficult task of stabilizing the superabundance of family temperament, and the deficiency of family revenues. Yet they both had desks full of prose and poetry, not wholly due to the family recreation of sonneteering in company. Maria, like Dante Gabriel and Christina, had even published verses at Grandfather Polidori's private press. For years, in the family correspondences she is taken for granted, much as Hunt does in reminiscence. She developed an intense piety which has received notable expression in her single remembered work, "The Shadow of Dante", 1874. That year, the family circumstances at last permitting, she indulged a long deferred desire and entered the Anglican Sisterhood of All Saints. Within two years she died a saintly death within convent walls.

The fact that William Michael Rossetti exhibited drawings to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, on the evening we are considering, shows that he had not yet fully realized his rôle as provider. To be sure, he had been taking the scanty pay of the excise office for three years. Within a year he was to establish relations with "The Critic" and "The Spectator", a prophetic induction into that ill paid but spiritually rewarding hack work which lies on the confines of literature. His multifarious writing can only be indicated. It included discerning memoirs of Keats and Shelley, several anthologies, encyclopædia articles, learned investigations for the Early English Text Society. It culminated in the numerous biographical works on his own family—most enduring, the official memoir of his brother, published in 1896. Thus he shines by a sort of reflected luster, though in any other family he would have been famous enough in his own right. His was the work of support and counsel, and never were these more loyally vouchsafed. Even after his tardy marriage in 1874, at the age of forty-five, to Emma Lucy Brown, daughter of Ford Madox Brown, he long remained contingent purse and rooftree to his kin. Dante Gabriel at all points leaned upon his good sense and critical discretion, though often enough at odds with his heavy-handed brotherliness. William Rossetti remained in the civil service until 1894, having

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served fifty years, and died only recently, a truly venerable and beneficient figure.

Of all the Rossettis Christina is the most visible to us. Her sensitive, brooding face appears in her brother's most loved picture. She was born December 5, 1830, to a life of aspiration and disappointment, harmonized throughout by a deep religious consecration. She promised her hand at eighteen to James Collinson, P. R. B., and broke the troth when he turned Catholic. For years she varied a constant, beautiful devotion to her aged mother with drawing, painting, and poetry. In 1862 she published with Dante Gabriel's delightful designs "Goblin Market and Other Poems", evincing an imagination at once delicate, intense, and highly intellectualized. At thirty-two, an invalid and increasingly a religious devotee, she fell in love with the scholarly translator and kindly gentleman, Charles Bagot Cayley. Their intimacy by her wish remained a tender friendship. Cayley had too little religion, as her former lover Collinson had had too much. As she put away happiness, her faith grew more triumphant. Through a painful and disfiguring illness her desire for liberation rings thin, sweet, and decisive in her poetry like a reiterant altar bell proclaiming the sweetness of Christ's oblation. Such verse was the staple of her second published volume, "The Prince's Progress", 1866; and the volume of 1881, "A Pageant and Other Poems", is still mostly religious, as was her final volume of 1893 named simply "Verses".

She outlived her mother by eight years, Charles Cayley by nine, dying in December of 1894. With the life-renouncing passion of Christina Rossetti I have the smallest sympathy; the exquisiteness of its results in poetry I cannot deny. The religious poems are full of a strange, calm ardor and of a noble sententiousness; "Goblin Market" mingles the symbolic, quaint, graphic, and tender in a fashion elsewhere unequaled. Those love sonnets of renunciation in the sequence "Monna Innominata" are stripped down to sheer feeling:

Many in aftertimes will say of you
"He loved her"—while of me what will they say?
Not that I loved you more than just in play,
For fashion's sake, as idle women do.
Even let them prate; who know not what we knew
Of love and parting in exceeding pain,
Of parting hopeless here to meet again,
Hopeless on earth, and heaven is out of view.
But by my heart of love laid bare to you,
My love that you can make not void nor vain,
Love that foregoes you but to claim anew
Beyond this passage of the gate of death,
I charge you at the Judgment make it plain
My love of you was life and not a breath.

The sonnet well illustrates the hardiness of her imagination and the austerity of her method. I wonder with what feelings the learned old bachelor Charles Cayley read it. In the ballads Christina echoes her brother Dante, but with a homeliness quite her own. Indeed a certain quirksomeness in her high thinking is most characteristic. It allies her to Henry More and Vaughan, or our own Father John Tabb. Mystics of the true stamp are generally wits *in posse*, with a certain playfulness toward their well-domesticated sublimities. To illustrate this quality I take rather than the familiar and magnificent solid lyric "Up-Hill", or the flame-like "All Saints", the slighter poem, "Beauty is Vain":

While roses are so red,
While lilies are so white,
Shall a woman exalt her face
Because it gives delight?
She's not so sweet as a rose,
A lily's straighter than she,

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And if she were as red or white
She'd be but one of three.

Whether she flush in love's summer
Or in its winter grow pale,
Whether she flaunt her beauty
Or hide it away in a vail,
Be she red or white
And stand she erect or bowed,
Time will win the race he runs with her
And hide her away in a shroud.

If the narrowness of Christina Rossetti's outlook makes her a minor poet, surely among the minor singers she is one of the greatest.

That her brother Gabriel was a minor anything is hazardous to maintain, so wide was his intelligence, so deep his capacity for emotion. In his father's home he breathed the gracious atmosphere of the early Italian poets —those amazing pioneers who first made modern poesy something more than play. Coleridge, Keats, and Shelley were even stronger influences, and the tang and vigor of Robert Browning worked beneficially upon Rossetti's — at times — languorous muse. He drew from Chatterton and Chatterton's ancient originals. At twenty-one he wrote to his brother William: "I . . . have wasted several days at the Museum, where I have been reading up all manner of old romaunts, to pitch upon stunning words for poetry." The best minds rallied to him, Ford Madox Brown, Robert Browning, John Ruskin, Frederick Shields, Edward Burne-Jones, William Morris, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Whistler, Swinburne—artists all it will be noted. There never was a more tremendous personality; and even when narcotic gloom invested him in his latter wretched days, friendship kindled the old fire. On his death the admirable Lady Mount-Temple wrote to Christina Rossetti: "Cheyne House was to me a gate of heaven, and his rich cordial greeting made it glow with heart as well as genius."

It was this sense of reality that led him, when a youth groping for a painter's fame, to the most robust and genuine artists of his day—Ford Madox Brown, and the budding Pre-Raphaelites, Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais. Their strenuous theories he took seriously only for a year or two before 1850. I fancy he loved them chiefly as listeners, got what he could from them and, as was his wont, passed on. Pre-Raphaelism has nothing to do with his developed art. It inspired one or two of his paintings: the lovely but feeble "Childhood of the Virgin", exhibited in 1848, and "The Annunciation" of 1850, which shared in the blackguardly condemnation then showered upon the Brotherhood.

That abuse won the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood their ablest champion in John Ruskin, and in Dante Gabriel a friend and sustainer. Already Elizabeth Siddal had become Rossetti's guiding star. Pale and inscrutable amid her glory of coppery hair, this young milliner's assistant entered into every cranny of her lover's life. He made her a poet and a painter of no mean imagination. There ensued ten years of the strangest, most ideal philandering. Her body was all nerves and frailty. Ruskin worried constantly about the pair, aided them, fretted them. It was possibly his insistence in helpfulness that kept Miss Siddal to be a wife. In May of 1860, Rossetti being thirty-two years old, they married. Her face took possession of his imagination. It reappears either as portraiture, or reminiscence in those brooding half-lengths of women which became almost his sole product. Even after her death her features blended with those of various

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women who sat for him. All share her intangible, hungry, disdainful beauty. Their married life lasted less than two uneasy years, when she died alone from an overdose of the laudanum which she took for neuralgia and sleeplessness. In an access of despair and remorse her husband buried in her coffin his life work in poetry. He had written poems when he might have been with her.

For some years his genius was chilled, and his body suffered with his mind. Horrible insomnia beset him. For relief he had recourse to chloral, became its slave. Life was possible for him only under the most considerate care. Successive friends became virtual keepers at the house in Cheyne Walk: Swinburne, Hall Caine, Theodore Watts-Dunton; William Morris and his lovely wife—whose face graces many of the pictures—often harbored him at Kelmscott Manor. In these days of obscuration there was still power enough in him to paint some of his best pictures and to write some of his finest poems. The mind triumphed marvelously over the drugged and neglected body. On April 9, 1882, he died, being not quite fifty-four years old.

As a painter Rossetti never attained professionalism. Very early he withdrew from exhibitions, and he never took the pains to learn his trade. For all that, he is one of the more remarkable figures in the art of the century. Backward looking and completely lyrical, morbidly lovely, his art is of the purest romantic texture. It has no more organization than is necessary to express single moods, and it is best in the swift evanescence of water-color. One sees it quite at its rare best in the Lady Lilith, at the Metropolitan Museum. He painted states of soul from some fancied past. In his Fiammettas, Blessed Damozels, Proserpinas—in the whole gallery of heavy-eyed women with tumid, unsatisfied lips and mystery of loosened hair—there is a single note of burden of love and imminence of suffering. Here are so many echoes of the fate of Elizabeth Siddal. Rarely he achieves the *naïveté* and direct emotion and pictorial completeness of "The Annunciation". His greater projects faded away as his Lancelot did from the walls of the Oxford Union, or remained only as sketches. In his world is no will and no action—just feeling. And the setting of such feeling is like some dream of bower of lady of olden time, perfumed, darkened, invested with richest stuffs, and situate above a tomb. Sincere and personal as is the note, its monotony palls. His art stands apart from all great traditions in a kind of exquisite soul-sickness. To paraphrase a famous line of Baudelaire, it represents the iridescence of emotional decay.

It is more and less than painting; more, in that the particular means no more, seems no more to matter, than does the formal structure of a dream; less, in that the means are insubstantial and approximate. Men he influenced painted Rossettis of which he was incapable himself—Whistler in "The Little White Girl"; Burne-Jones in "The Sidonia". As usual he seems greater than his work. His authority set the current of taste toward the splendor of the Middle Ages. His far more learned and robust friend William Morris, with whom Rossetti was in business relations, conceived the issue with creative passion. Thus vicariously Rossetti was potent in the revival of the beauty of the old crafts.

My perhaps harsh judgment of his pictures is in a measure his own, for he regarded his poetry more highly.

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Before he was twenty, poems as remarkable as "The Blessed Damozel", "My Sister's Sleep", "Dante at Verona", and "Jenny" were in hand. All his life he recited his poetry in a very personal and effective cantilation. It had the fame of mystery, as his friend George Merdith's verses long had. In 1850 he conceived the idea of a journal, to contain his own work and to defend the artistic ideas of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It was characteristically his brother William who added the editorial burden to the many he already carried. The still-born four numbers of "The Germ" contained the prose tale "Heart and Hand", "My Sister's Sleep", "The Blessed Damozel", "Six Sonnets for Pictures", "The Carillon", "Noon", "Pax Vobis", and "From the Cliffs". It had after all a certain reading, and soon became a treasured rarity for the bibliophile. For the discriminating it sufficiently announced a new poetic genius of high order—hardy in imagination, subtle in contemplation, solid and rich in style. By 1854 were in train "The Bride's Prelude" and "The Burden of Nineveh", the dramatic monologue "A Last Confession"; and, more notable, the perfect ballads "The Staff and Scrip", and "Sister Helen"—by the oddest paradox, that complex of superstition, hate, and desire came out in "The Dusseldorf Artist's Manual", conducted by Mary Howitt. From the late 'fifties and early 'sixties date the finest sonnets in "The House of Life". I have insisted on these matters of chronology to show that, barring his boyhood rhymes, Rossetti had no experimental or incomplete period. By his twenty-sixth year his vision was as lucid, his mind as finely searching, his style as nobly ordered as it ever was to be.

In 1860 he published "The Early Italian Poets", an extraordinary achievement in translation. The best of him, however, soon went to the grave at Highgate. At last friends wrung from him a consent to recover the manuscript from Elizabeth Siddal's coffin. Friendship has rarely inspired a grimmer office or a more justifiable. In 1870 the "Poems" were published much as we have them. They brought him fame and even money, and incidentally a cruel and covert attack by his fellow poet "Robert Buchanan", in the article "The Fleshy School of Poetry". The resulting controversy has today little importance; at the time it hastened Rossetti's break-up and perhaps deprived us of poems due. In 1881 appeared the last volume in his lifetime, "Ballads and Sonnets", containing with new material much of the collection of 1870. After his death his brother William, in 1886, brought out the two volume edition of the "Collected Works", which, despite later reprints of one sort and another, may be regarded as definitive.

Thirty years ago, when the love sonnets of Dante Gabriel Rossetti were to me as to many of my college mates a sacramental induction into the holiest of mysteries, I would have staked my life on the thesis that there could be no greater sonnet writer, whereas I took the ballads rather calmly. Now the ballads for their primal, sharp tang of passion, for their lordly narrative stride, their entire solidity and rightness, seem to me the greatest the century produced. Their particular atmosphere of terror and superstition, I have seen equaled only in the quite marvelous and apparently unread verses of Eugene Lee Hamilton. Rossetti virtually reversed the famous Latin motto into *superstitio sine religione*, for, though he

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craved a confessor at the last, he lived outside of religious bonds. But his superstition, unlike that of the German balladists and Scott and even Tennyson, was not of the fancy but deep in the marrow. Browning had a similar gift of living into old fears and credulities, but he smeared himself over the past. Even Tennyson is just a shade the lordly showman in "The Revenge", or better analogy—"The Lady of Shalott". Rossetti, on the contrary, with a far more sensitive insight, recaptures the simplicity of the old ballads, where without rhetoric plain words seem to do double duty. Even stanzas detached from context carry their thrill. Take from the ballad "Sister Helen",—

"Outside it's merry in the wind's wake,
Sister Helen:
In the shaken trees the chill stars shake."
"Hush, heard you a horse-tread as you spake,
Little brother?"
(O Mother, Mary Mother,
What sound tonight, between Hell and Heaven?)

Nothing is explained. The impression is sinister and bodeful in its own right.

The one hundred and one sonnets in "The House of Life" constitute a sequence only in the sense that all contemplate life as interpreted through love. There are groups of a sententious and moral purport which seem members of some comprehensive plan never wholly realized. But strict consequence has never been the way of the greater sonneteers—their consistency is imputed by the commentators, and to lovers of poetry is of secondary interest. It is strange that contemporaries found Rossetti's sonnets overluscious. On rereading them I am constantly amazed by their vigor, by a kind of harshness, by ambiguities due chiefly to condensation, by the robust quality of an imagery which often reduces metaphor to the single choice word. Where there is defect—and most of the sonnets show flaws—it is due to the thought somewhat impetuously overrunning the formal structure. I can hardly pick a sonnet as impeccably right as the ballad of "The White Ship". Yet I cannot imagine a nobler or sweeter introduction to the mysteries of love and life. To reverent and ardent youth "The House of Life" will always be a golden book. It has naturalized in the English-speaking world a contemplative sort of love poetry, which was that of Dante and his predecessors and of the Elizabethan sonneteers, and Rossetti is free from a cloudy Platonism often latent in his exemplars. He explores passionately but lucidly on the border-line of body and spirit, never confusing the two. The strength of the work is most marked in the many sententious sonnets, such as "The Song Throe", or the three sonnets "The Choice". I choose, rather, one that shows the delicate vividness of the poet—qualities allied to the rare best painting of his Pre-Raphaelite comrades:

To be a sweetness more desired than spring;
A bodily beauty more acceptable
Than the wild rose-tree's arch that crowns the fell;
To be an essence more environing
Than wine's drained juice; a music ravishing
More than the passionate pulse of Philomel;
To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell
That is the flower of life!—how strange a thing!

How strange a thing to be what man can know
But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest glow;
Closely withheld, as all things most unseen,
The wave-bowered pearl—the heart-shaped seal of green
That flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow.

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English poetry in the direct sensuous tradition of Keats and Tennyson has always seemed to me to suffer from just a shade of excess of professional unction—a hint of muskiness. And the French decadents carried such essenced perfection to an extreme. Rossetti's painting is redolent of this defect, if defect it be; his poetry is quite free from it. A kind of unprofessional genuineness, such as one gets, if in very different flavor, from both Wordsworth and Byron, is its leading note. It has next to no fashion of time about it, and that is a good augury of immortality.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES AS CENSORS

BY JOHN COTTON DANA

Librarian, Newark Free Public Library

You ask me to write about the public library as a censor of the public's reading. Your readers will look at the title of this response to your request and will say at once that here is talk of the folly and stupidity of all censorship, and will hope that here that folly and stupidity are roundly condemned. They will be disappointed; for I have here tried to tell those same readers that when they hasten to gird at censorship in libraries they are misled by a phrase. To a very simple, obvious, blameless, and quite needful function of a public library, they give a bad name. They call it "censoring"; and they then unthinkingly proceed to give to the librarian's endless efforts to make a wise choice of books for his library, all the bad qualities that the ancient and long-befouled word "censoring" carries in its train.

So you have here, not exactly an apologia for the librarian's choice of books, but an attempt to explain why he chooses at all. Perhaps, however, my paper will give some comfort to those who, being hypnotized by a word, spontaneously damn library book selection when it runs counter to their own notions; for I have put into it, with some hesitation but with no modesty, a few words on the stupidity of bigotry in a librarian, and on the sinfulness, in a librarian, of permitting his own pet fancies, creeds, doctrines, and certainties to affect his book selection, and to make of him a missionary to his community instead of a hospitable Keeper of the Inn of All Comers and a tactful purveyor of all the ideas of all mankind.

The librarian of a public library is a censor of books and reading. Of the millions of books already in the world, and of the thousands of new ones published each year, he can buy only a few. Those he buys he approves of as the better ones for his community to own and read. All the others he disapproves of, for the time being; that is, he exercises his power of censorship against them.

This censorship is the outcome of the limited character of every library's book-fund, and underlies all of a librarian's book-buying. Of the books he does not buy he rejects some because he thinks it is not wise to place

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them on the shelves of the library which the community has established. This is censorship of exclusion. Certain other books he buys, but thinks it not proper to place them on open shelves. These he withholds from the general reader and brings out only on special request. This is censorship of seclusion.

It is not necessary to give much space to a demonstration of the truth of the statements thus far made; but as they are the bottom facts of library censorship, which is a very delicate and rather difficult process, it will be profitable to consider them further.

The majority in a given community vote to have a public library and to take by tax a little money for its maintenance from the pockets of each and all of its members. The avowed purpose of the community in thus doing is to help itself to become happier, wiser, and better. As a library is a dead thing unless it has a person of skill, energy, learning, and imagination to manage it, the community engages for its library a librarian. This librarian is entrusted with the task of buying for the library books, pamphlets, journals, and magazines; though sometimes unfortunately this work is taken over by trustees. The librarian tries to select for purchase —and note, again, that selection, or choice, is imposed on him continually, his purchasing power relative to the supply of books being very, very small —the books that in his opinion will do more to add to the pleasure, the sum of knowledge, and the encouragement of good habits of the owners of the library than will those that he does not select, but rejects. This is what I have already called the censorship of exclusion. Its practice, I repeat, is an essential part of every librarian's work. Skill in the art of exclusion is tacitly demanded of him by his community, and that he has that skill is a fact which his community for the most part quite as tacitly assumes.

Pardon me if I am wrong in thinking that to say four times over, as I have, rather obvious things is not vain repetition. That book selection is not bad censorship but mere book selection, is a fact not readily accepted by most of us.

Obviously the line between the books included and the books excluded by librarians in the practice of this form of censorship is laid down tentatively only, and is constantly being shifted. It takes in and leaves out books in accordance with decisions based on varying incomes, varying sizes, and varying qualities of library-supporting communities, and varying numbers and characters of books already in stock. The line does not, in any two communities, pursue the same course through the vast horde of the world's books. It shifts in obedience to the characteristics of each community, as the librarian interprets those characteristics, and in obedience to the conditions precedent in which each library is placed as to stock on hand, funds, and use. It shifts also in obedience to the librarian's own personal views and tastes; though the intrusion of himself in the work of selection and rejection is in most cases quite as involuntary as it is undesirable.

The gist of this whole affair of censorship lies in this: a community decides to own in common a few of the world's millions of books; it engages an expert to select them; this expert, in accepting the position of community librarian, sells his services as such

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expert to the community; having thus sold his expert services he is in honor bound to use them in gathering (by inclusion or choice, and therefore and at the same moment by exclusion and rejection) the books his expertness designates as best fitted to form the library of the community that has hired him. Obviously his first duty is to make his selection such as will be grateful to the community; and quite as obviously he will, in preparation for this difficult task of fitting his book selection to the community, study that community's tastes, needs, educational status, and its bias in religion, politics, and personal behavior; and, finally, and quite as obviously, he will so censor his own purchasing as to keep from the shelves books which he thinks the community does not need; books which he thinks will not add to the community's pleasure or help it to be wiser and better, and books which will, by their presence, arouse such antagonisms and discussions as will curtail the use made of the library and so reduce its influence for happiness, wisdom, and good conduct.

Please note that I do not say that the librarian rejects books of which he does not personally approve, or selects books which uphold his personal doctrines. So to do would be frankly to put his own peculiar opinions at the fore and to seek to forward them at public expense. And so to do would be to assume a power of censorship which his position as a paid expert library-builder does not give him in the slightest degree. The censorship which is the outcome of this usurped power to use a community's money to promote his own personal views is entirely reprehensible, no matter how "moral", "loyal", "religious", "constitutionally sound", "patriotic", or "acceptable to the majority" may be the opinions or theories the librarian may hold and try, by skilful selection of books, to promote. This form of library censorship, though exceedingly rare in fact, is in the opinion of a few always threatening to manifest itself.

Is the librarian, then, a mere mush of compromise? Must he have his ear forever to the ground and hear only the roar of mediocrity and conventions? Can he never make his library rise above the level of his community?

Briefly set down, the answer to these questions is, no. A full answer would be a story of "The Complete Librarian and How He Conducts Himself", too long to be given here in full.

One of the obstacles to the spread of knowledge in a democracy is, that a democracy can have no censor—meaning here by "censor" one whose powers are not limited by popular clamor and whose tenure of office cannot be terminated by recall. I do not need to add that in so far as this country has suffered autocratic censorship in recent months, so far it has not been a democracy.

One of the aids to the growth in a democracy of wisdom and of the habit of self-control and of the feeling of individual responsibility, each and all far more important than knowledge, is the lack of autocratic censorship. The librarian, in his very modest field of work, is not a censor with unlimited power. He is merely a censor with unlimited opportunities. He has agreed, in the act of accepting his position, to devote his brains and energies to making the institution in his charge as helpful as possible to the increase of happiness, knowledge, wis-

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dom, and social behavior in those who maintain his institution. He knows that if he does not exercise at all his power in the choice of books—his censorship—there will come to his shelves volumes which will arouse such antagonisms, such criticisms, such misapprehensions, and such fears of hurtful consequences as will make his library a mere center of controversy, shunned by most and quietly and helpfully enjoyed by none.

On the other hand, he knows that his community is ready to a man to applaud the doctrine that its public library must contain, so far as the limits set by income permit and so far as the needs of its special community require—sources of knowledge on all subjects, arguments for and against all doctrines, and the best products of the imagination and fancy of all men of all time. He must make his library a complete encyclopædia of human thought and action. This he is bidden to do by his common sense and by the unspoken command of those who have engaged him to construct it.

Let me call attention more definitely to the fallacy which is used to bolster nearly all criticism of the librarian's decisions in his task as censor. The fallacy lies in the word itself, and is of the kind known as "giving a dog a bad name". To most, the sight of the word "censor" brings up the thought of autocratic and arbitrary authority over what a free man may and may not read. To the librarian who has merely made, as to a certain book, one of the decisions he must make about every book he considers for purchase, an indignant citizen who wants to see that particular book or, in an opposite case, wants no one else to see it, hastens to apply the term "censor". He thereby, at once and most unjustly, implies, to all who hear the word, that the librarian has assumed and exercised arbitrary power, is narrow-minded and bigoted, and wishes to promote his own evil doctrines or to suppress the good doctrines of others. This form of fallacy has been much used in recent months by those who have made haste to demonstrate their own excellence by giving their own characters a good name —say, "patriotic"—and then, with equal haste, damned others by giving them a bad name—say, "disloyal". Further exposition of its sinfulness is quite unnecessary. Those who like it and find help in it will continue to use it. The librarian is peculiarly well situated to suffer from the harm it can do. "Most of us", we say, "know what is good for others in the way of reading matter." "The judgment of any one of us", we insist, "is conclusive as to what he wants to read. Yet here", we exclaim in horror, "is a librarian who dares to say that others may read, if they will, things which we do not think they ought to read; and even goes so far as to say that I shall not read what I want to!" "Here is 'censorship' with a vengeance", say we. "Here comes back upon us the autocrat of the reading-table and the destroyer of the liberty of the press!"

What really happened was simply this: the librarian selected for purchase a book which he thought to be fit to fill a gap in the encyclopædia of books which he has been years in constructing, and did not select another book which he thought his community's library did not need. He is forcing no doctrine or fact or dream down anyone's throat. We who dislike a book can let it alone. We who are sure it is harmful can afford to be modest in our certitude. "And for my own liberty of reading"—thus we

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ought to speak—"it seems on second thought not to have been infringed by the librarian's decision to buy another book and not the one I especially desired. Possibly he has the community's needs in mind, and not mine only! Possibly I shall find the book I want is not worthy after all! He a censor? He is merely building a special library for a certain special community."

But how does all this work out in practice? In the main it works out very well. My public library experience extends over thirty years; the censorship storms that I have passed through may number six, and most of the six were very mild. A few bits of experience may help to show that wise book selection has impediments other than the limitations set by one's own intelligence.

A self-proclaimed veteran of the Civil War—this was twenty-five years ago—insisted that I buy an expensive book on that war, because he was a veteran! The book did not fit the library's purse or its needs, and the veteran went away angry. Probably as a mere man he was quite worthy; as a veteran and critic of my censorship, he was impossible.

To Denver often came, in the 'nineties, agents for things *de luxe* from the east. To them it seemed ample argument for the purpose to show the names of great libraries "in the east" which had ordered their wares. To me, my censorship being under condemnation by great libraries, these names were my first steps toward misprizing the management of those same great libraries! Later I was to learn that about ninety per cent of library malfeasance and nonfeasance is due to trustees who wish to act as librarians.

The veteran and the book agents were sellers of books, not mere citizen patrons of the library. But it is useful to mention them because they frankly expressed, for financial reasons, such criticisms of the librarian's judgment as the more modest citizen reader often entertains but usually conceals. Contact with these fellows gave me more than a hint of the thoughts that are often moving in the breasts of the general public. To what I learned from them I added what I learned from the man, for example, who felt that Madame Blavatsky would redeem the world if the library bought her freely; from the free-silver enthusiast who publicly pilloried me because my library in Denver acquired almost as much of "sound-money" as it did of "free-silver" literature!

These are not censorship cases, you say? Yes, they are; only the censorship was exercised in a direction which you rather approve of. And I note them to lead to a statement of my general doctrine of compromise in book choosing. It is this: "A librarian should try to get for his community—subject of course to purse limitations and to the theory that a library should grow up well-balanced and not one-sided—all the best presentations of all facts and theories whatsoever, and all fairly accredited imaginative portrayals of life; but should check his efforts by a skilful anticipation of what his community will quietly accept". This is merely putting more baldly what I have already said. The community wants a complete, well-rounded encyclopædia library. The librarian is in duty bound to try to get it. No considerations born of his own theories on morals, politics, government, art, or religion should affect him. His discretion,

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within the limits I have several times noted, should be born entirely of his study of his community's needs and of the effectiveness of each book in its efforts to carry a message.

Special conditions make countless exceptions, of course. A public library is not a law library and can stop at a good law dictionary and books on lawyers and law history. A public library is not a medical library, usually; though my present one is, and practises seclusion on books for doctors at the doctors' own request.

And the limit of tolerance in his community a librarian cannot always forecast with accuracy. Three ladies called on me in Denver and said they were the Purity in Literature Committee of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. A friendly conversation indicated that they had read all they could find on the shelves of a set of Zola on which I had greatly prided myself; and that the reading had shown them that the books were harmful—to others. The incident passed pleasantly and the books were moved back to a shady corner.

A lady of avowed patriotic temperament complained to a group whose patriotism was shouted from the housetops—by the group—and they in turn to a journal whose patriotism ran to bold head-lines, that my library had in it books in which Germans were spoken of in quiet tones. In this particular incident it was clearly shown that a librarian's censorship, exercised with discretion, is approved by his trustees, his community, and his local press.

I hope I have made it clear that library censorship is a benign necessity; that no librarian can always practise it to perfection; that trustees can easily touch it with its ancient odium, as did those who once barred Huck Finn; that the librarian's own high moral sense can make it ridiculous and often has, as when the librarians of Massachusetts publicly condemned Robert Chambers, and again when the ladies from children's libraries waged open war on the Katzenjammer Kids; that catholicity is its life-blood and tact its methodology.

A paper like this ends quite properly with advice. Remember always that a public library belongs to its public and not to its librarian. If you are of the public of a library which seems not to be fulfilling benignly its duties of censorship, go and tell the librarian. If he is a good librarian he will try to hold to his decision, but will listen to reason. If he is not a good librarian—I am sorry for your library!

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VICISSITUDES OF THE VOCABULARY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I

Those of us who really love literature cannot help having a keen relish for the dictionary. It may tempt us to desultory reading; but it is certain always to reward us if we are properly receptive and if our curiosity is as alert as it should be. We cannot consult it without an immediate increase of information; and we always find it full of "good stories", as the Scotch gardener said, even if they are "unco' short" as he regretfully admitted.

Of late the dictionary has been more or less diverted from its original purpose by ambitious editors; and it has been distended by all sorts of extraneous contributions, literary and graphic —by maps and by plates of flags and of coats of arms, by the inclusion of historical, biographical, and geographic material. A heterogeny of miscellaneous matters attests the competitive enterprise of the publishers of the Century, the Standard, and the International; and no doubt this comprehensive amplitude is justified by its convenience. But the abiding value of the dictionary, its excuse for being, its fount and origin, is still its catalogue of words, its orderly arrangement of the verbal riches of our incomparable language, ever increasing as the inevitable result of the endless energy which is the chief characteristic of the race that has the English language for its mother-tongue. We take down the dictionary sometimes to look up the exact meaning of the very newest words, and sometimes to ascertain the content of words so old that they are novel to most of us. And when the word we are seeking is important enough to be elucidated by illustrative quotations signed and dated, then we find both profit and pleasure in the swift revelation of its history, of its source, of its transformations, of the modifications of its meaning, and of its differentiation from its synonyms. We are reminded of its precise limitations and even of its occasional misuse due to confusion with a kindred term.

When I happened not long ago to open that noble monument of linguistic research, the Oxford Dictionary, I could not resist the impulse to browse up and down its compact columns, after I had found the information I was in search of; and I chanced upon the word *dictionary*, noting especially three of the illustrative quotations. The first of these was a remark of Archbishop Trench in 1857 to the effect that "a dictionary, according to that idea of it which seems to be alone capable of being logically maintained, is an inventory of the language"; and in this remark we can find the genesis of the Oxford Dictionary itself. The second was a characteristic utterance of Emerson's in one of the essays collected in "Society and Solitude" and published in 1870: "Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read . . . it is full of suggestion—the raw material of possible poems and histories." And the third was taken from a volume of "Lectures on Preaching", delivered by Dr. R. W.

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Dale in 1878: "A dictionary is not merely a home for living words; it is a hospital for the sick; it is a cemetery for the dead."

Dr. Dale's sentence calls attention to the fact, often forgotten, that a dictionary must record not only the terms of today familiar to all of us even if we may fail to employ them with precision; it must also serve as an asylum for aged and decayed words no longer strong enough to withstand the fierce competition which is ever visible in the vocabulary and which is a condition precedent to the vigor and vivacity of the language. Our attention is frequently called to the unending expansion of English; and the dictionary-makers vie with one another in capturing every new-fledged word; they point with pride to the thousands of linguistic novelties which they have been swift to include in their latest editions.

But we do not always remember that an inventory of the language must be hospitable also to the dead and dying words, to the decrepit terms pushed out of popular favor by the onrushing throng of sturdy newcomers. Some of these striplings who insist on invading the vocabulary were born in the library or in the laboratory and some of them were generated spontaneously in the shop and in the street; but no matter where they may have been cradled they have the energy and the ambition of youth, and with the unconscious cruelty of the young they shoulder out of the way their elders and betters. They know that they are the shock troops which are essential to progress; and they have no pity for the invalid vocables who cannot even hold the line, no longer fit for service and certain to be superannuated sooner or later.

It is no matter of surprise that the publishers, as soon as they have got out one of their huge and swollen tomes in which they have vainly endeavored to include all the words of our language, dead and alive, go to work at once to get out a smaller volume to contain only the twenty or thirty thousand words which are indisputably living and which have the longest expectation of life. Many of these robust youngsters have not attained to their majority; but none the less do they thrust themselves forward and crowd aside ancient and honorable terms now too enfeebled to defend themselves in the struggle for existence.

II

The coming in of golf brought into general use a score or more words which were novel to the average Briton and American, even if they may have long been current on the seashore links of Scotland. Even those of us who have never been lured into playing the ancient and honorable game have been forced to learn its language. We are all more or less familiar with *foursomes* and with *putting-greens*, with the *brassie* and with the *tee*. But very few of us have ever had any occasion to ascertain the technical meaning of *eyas* or *rufter-hood* or *yarak;* and it is safe to say that scarce one widely-read man in ten thousand could explain what *bewits* are or what are *varvels*. Yet these queer vocables were familiar to all who pretended to good breeding when the noble sport of falconry was still in fashion. The technical terms of hawking numbered at least two or three score; and we must recapture as best we can the meaning of a few of them if we want to apprehend the full purport of certain lines of Shakespeare. The gallants who sat on the stage of the Globe theatre all under-

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stood Othello when he cried out,—

If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off.

But this speech is quite incomprehensible to any of the occupants of the orchestra seats of our New York playhouses—unless by chance Rudyard Kipling happened to be one of them. He knows the special vocabulary of falconry, as he knows many another of the myriad special vocabularies which make up the English language. Not only does he understand the technicalities of hawking when he hears them, he can employ them with his customary accuracy. At least so we must believe when we note that he has prefixed to one of the chapters of "Kim" a manufactured quotation from the dialogue of an unnamed and non-existent "Old Play":

Your *tiercel's* too long at *hack*, Sire. He's no *eyass*
But a *passage-hawk* that footed ere we caught him,
Dangerously free o' the air. Faith! were he mine
(As mine's the glove he binds to for his tirings)
I'd fly him with a *make-hawk*. He's in *yarak*
Plumed to the very point—so manned, so weakened. . . .
Give him the firmament God made him for,
And what shall take the air of him?

Just as one sport succeeds another in popularity, ousting its predecessor from favor and then perhaps after a hundred years or more of universal vogue withdrawing into obscurity as its successor supplants it, so now and again a new science comes into prominence and compels us to acquaint ourselves with its newfangled technicalities, while another science sinking into discredit carries down with it all its own special terms. In the past quarter of a century bacteriology has proved its indispensability; and we have had to learn the significance of *antiseptic* and *germicidal* and to recognize that *culture* has taken on a new meaning in addition to those it had half a century ago. But we have now no occasion to store our memories with any of the strange terms of the pseudo-science of alchemy which was losing its right to be reckoned as a science at least three hundred years ago. These strange terms, withdrawing from our every-day speech, have found refuge in the dictionary, where we have to pursue them if we wish to apprehend the richly realistic dialogue of Ben Jonson's best comedy, "The Alchemist". It is at least doubtful whether all the groundlings who stood in the open yard of the Globe Theatre could have defined all the technical terms that the playwright employed with precision:

Take away the *recipient*,
And *rectify* your *menstrue*, from the *phlegma*.
Then pour it, o'er the *Sol*, in the cucurbite. . .

Can you *sublime* and *dulcefie*? *Calcine*?
Know you the *sapor pontick*?

But even if most of the London playgoers of the early seventeenth century could at least guess at the content of these words, it is certain that every one of the New York playgoers of the early twentieth century would confess blank ignorance. Long ago the varied vocabulary of alchemy was dismissed into innocuous desuetude.

Yet it is never safe to assume that all the tenants who slumber in the linguistic graveyard are dead and gone. There are words not a few of which have lain in this verbal necropolis for long years and which were only sleeping, all the while ready to awaken from their trance and to come forth at the call of a poet who needed

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their services and who summoned them again to draw the breath of life. Lowell declared that Emerson's "eye for a fine, telling phrase that will carry true is like that of a backwoodsman for a rifle; and he will dredge you up a choice word from the mud of Cotton Mather himself".

Keats went back to Spenser and resuscitated from suspended animation words which Spenser in his turn had revived from Chaucer and not always with understanding. Chaucer, for example, speaks of those who *derring* (daring) *do;* Lydgate misinterpreted this and Spenser misconstrued it, taking these two words for one; and so it came about that Scott and Bulwer Lytton talk about "deeds of *derring-do*". A few years ago E. B. Tylor asserted that English is "in a freely growing state, and capable of adding to itself by almost any process found in any language in the world"—an assertion which covers its capacity to add to itself by making one new word out of two old words, joined in their own despite.

III

More than half a century ago, William Cullen Bryant drew up a list of the locutions of which he disapproved —the words, the usages, the phrases that he did not wish to see in the columns of the evening paper he had edited for many years. The American poet had a fine feeling for propriety of speech; and he had also a high regard for the purity of English. His qualifications for expressing linguistic prejudices were obvious; and there were many who were ready to bow to his authority in his own time. His "Index Expurgatorius", as it was called, was borrowed from the "Evening Post" by other newspapers in all parts of the country. It had its day of vogue and it was frequently invoked by the purists and the pedants who are always with us. Even now, as we approach the end of the second decade of the twentieth century, Bryant's list remains a significant document, although its impressiveness has departed. We can still read this catalogue of a poet's likes and dislikes with profit, even if we have only a diminishing respect for his opinions. We cannot help seeing that not a few of his verbal decisions have been recalled by the universal suffrage which always has the last word in matters of language. Public opinion finds means to express itself and to overrule the judgments of the courts which may have tried to assert an unwarranted jurisdiction over our parts of speech. Fortunately for the vigor and for the diversity of English our energetic tongue is not under the control of scholars and schoolmasters—or even of poets.

Bryant laid his interdict upon *talented* and *reliable,* both of them accepted today as words in good standing, having lived down the stigma of their illegitimate birth. He objected to those malformed verbs *collide* and *donate,* both of them winning their way because they have demonstrated their utility. He insisted that *lenity* and *jeopard* should be preferred to *leniency* and *jeopardize.* Now, there is no doubt that *lenity* and *jeopard* are older and therefore more respectable than those literary upstarts *leniency* and *jeopardize;* and we may even go further and admit that when we had *lenity* and *jeopard* there was no necessity for inventing *leniency* and *jeopardize* and no advantage in it. None the less is it a fact that the two later forms have substituted themselves for the two older and that the two older have now so completely

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dropped out of use that to employ them today would almost savor of affectation.

In like manner, and with as little reason, *antiquarian,* which was originally only an adjective, is establishing itself as a noun and is superseding *antiquary,* once the only proper designation for a man interested in antiquities. A century ago when Scott wrote his novel he called it "The Antiquary"; but if he were with us today and still engaged in improvising fiction, he might hesitate whether he ought not to entitle his story "The Antiquarian". A precise speaker once refused to admit that he was an antiquarian, insisting on being termed an antiquary, explaining that he was "a noun and not an adjective". Whoever he was, he must have been a contemporary of Scott's; and his protest, if he had survived to make it now, might seem pernickety, not to call it pedantic. *Antiquary* is on its way to the hospital for incurables, where it can occupy a bed adjoining those reserved for *jeopard* and *lenity.*

In his lectures on "English, Past and Present", Trench declared that the "mysterious sentence of death which strikes words, we oftentimes know not why, others not better, it may be worse, taking their room, will frequently cause in process of time a word to perish from one branch of a common language while it lives on in the other". Here in the United States we have kept alive *fall* as a synonym for *autumn;* and our British cousins on the far side of the Western Ocean have allowed it to die. We have retained and they have dropped *to wilt* (to wither and to fade as a flower); an expressive word which it would be a pity to lose. We still call a man who makes up prescriptions a *druggist;* and our kin across the sea prefer now to call him a *chemist*—which he is not. The vocabulary of the King James version of the Bible seems to have influenced the current speech of New England more deeply than it has affected the current speech of old England; and as a result many good old words, *vouchsafe,* for example, and *stalwart,* have not with us Americans the slightly archaic flavor they seem to have with the British.

On the other hand, other good old words, *to blast,* for instance, and *to bloom,* have somehow been degraded in England by misuse in objurgation and as mild substitutes for the bolder verbs of profanity. Perhaps just at this moment an American author would hesitate to use *fierce* in its true meaning; and both American and British men of letters have long had to forego the employment of *awful* and *terrible, horrid* and *weird,* all four of them defiled by wide-spread misusage. Evil connotations corrupt good words.

We have retained the acclimatized *gusto* as signifying hearty enjoyment but we have let slip the more completely Anglicized *gust,* as a synonym for "taste". Yet it had a pleasant aroma of its own two centuries ago, when one of Cotton Mather's contemporaries declared that "in his style the author of the 'Magnalia' was something singular and not so agreeable to the Gust of the Age".

IV

But dead and buried as *gust* may be, there is always a possibility that a master of language may call it back from the tomb and breathe the breath of life into it again. Trench in his little book marshaled a formidable army of resuscitated words which were once given up for dead on the field of battle. Two centuries ago edi-

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tors of Chaucer and compilers of dictionaries dismissed as having departed this life vocables as vivacious today as *anthem, deluge, problem, illusion, sphere, phantom, plumage,* and *shapely.* And Trench drew the conclusion that the meaning of Chaucer was more readily apprehended in the nineteenth century than it had been in the seventeenth, owing to the multitude of words which had been rescued from the morgue.

Trench himself did not always approve of these verbal revivals, finding some of them ill-advised. "Possessing *manual*", he wrote, "we need not have called *handbook* back from an oblivion of nine hundred years"—a curious opinion, since the native *handbook* is a more truly vernacular word than the imported *manual.* Nor was Trench always inspired in his prophecies as to the future viability of words. He originally delivered his lectures in 1855 and he thought that *to burgeon* and *to sag* were then in a moribund condition and that *dullard* and *mother-naked* were in a state of decline and likely soon to be borne away in the plumed hearse of the verbal undertaker.

Among our kin across the sea *rooster* and *shoat* (a little pig) have so completely faded from memory that our British cousins often denounce them as abhorrent Americanisms. The British have also allowed *chore* to go out of use, retaining it only in the modified compound *charwoman;* and both in Great Britain and in the United States we have been willing to let two synonyms for *shirt* drop out of the vocabulary—*smock* and *shift.* Yet *smock* still survives in the compound name *smock-frock* and *shift* still survives in the adjective *shiftless,* denoting a fellow so ineffectual that he "hasn't a shirt to his back".

It would lead me too far afield if I were to attempt to discuss the many words which are not actually dead or even dying, but which have lost their honor and which live on after their fame has been stained by degradation and disgrace. Once upon a time *libel* was only "a little book" and carried with it no connotation of personal insult; and it may be noted as curious that in French a corresponding opprobrium has been visited upon *pamphlet,* which is still only a little book in English, whereas in French it now indicates a libel. The verb *to garble* has also descended in the scale; as Trench pointed out it originally meant only "to sift", to select for the purpose of getting at the best, whereas now it implies a selection for the purpose of getting at the worst.

In Ben Jonson's time *to censure* carried with it no suggestion of disparagement. It meant only to estimate and to judge—to express an opinion either favorable or unfavorable as the case might be. Although Bacon (in 1625) seemed to use the word with an anticipation of its present meaning "to find fault", declaring that he "would not *censure* or speak ill of a man", Benjamin Franklin, writing almost exactly a century later (in 1729), employed it in its older sense, expressing the hope that he might be "censured with candor". A similar fate is impending for the corresponding verb *to criticize.* In the vocabulary of literature this still indicates an unbiased exercise of the judgment; but in our every-day speech it has come to imply "fault-finding". On the other hand, *to appreciate,* which has hitherto been used to mean the making of an unprejudiced estimate, is now used to imply the expression of a favorable opinion. Perhaps these modifications of mean-

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ing in *censure, criticize,* and *appreciate* are all of them evidences that we find it difficult to be just and dispassionate and that we tend unconsciously to be either gentler or harsher than we ought to be.

FRENCH LITERATURE OF TODAY

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

I

France is still in the throes of war, and it may be doubted if the three generations affected by the great conflict will ever allow themselves to forget it. With a certain anxiety and unease one asks one's self whether the literary art which, above all other arts, means the most to a civilized nation, is in France to be so far affected by the terrible events of the last four years as henceforth to tint every picture, and to throw a veil, however gossamer, over each creative study of life. Since the armistice no French publisher has made the slightest attempt to stop the flow of war books; the kind of pressure which is being exercised in London over novelists and even essayists is quite absent in Paris.

Every war that eats into the soul of a nation, as did, into that of France, the great Napoleonic epic and the brief but none the less terrible humiliation of 1870-71, alters and violently disturbs the imaginative focus of each artist belonging to that nation. For a while, it might almost be said for as long as thirty years, Napoleon killed both literary romance and historic research. Not a single great novel was written during the Napoleonic era, and what history was written, was written to his order. But with the coming of what then seemed eternal peace, there sprang into life that marvelous group of romantics which hailed Victor Hugo as king, and that no less remarkable if less efflorescent school which owed its initial existence to Henri Beyle (Stendhal), and of which the greatest of all still remains Honoré de Balzac.

Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie meant to be kind, and were certainly generous to letters. The empress was an eager and intelligent reader, but the whole trend of her court was toward a kind of delicate and brilliant frivolity and wit which only found an inspired composer in Offenbach, and an uninspired recorder in Octave Feuillet. As to really serious work, and the achievement of writers who looked to posterity for their reward, every student of French literature will remember the determined efforts that were made to suppress "Madame Bovary".

The events of *l'année terrible* swept away as with a great besom the charming, insincere frivolities and brilliancies which had centered in the court of the Tuileries. For one thing, the censorship of books was abolished. Every imaginative writer was allowed to say exactly what he liked and, what is perhaps more to the point, as he liked to say it. Zola, whom we now think of as old-fashioned, became the god of his literary generation, and that not only in France. The cruel, biting gifts of Guy de Maupassant were allowed full play. In compari-

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son with these two writers Alphonse Daudet—with his clear-cut, pitiless studies of a life which was realized to be much more that led by ordinary people than that described by either Zola or Maupassant—made a strong appeal to the French bourgeoisie. In some ways Daudet was the real realist of his day, and the reader who now wants to know what sort of men and women composed the court of Napoleon III should read "Le Nabab" and "Les Rois en Exil". Daudet had no need to invent. He had but to remember. As a young man he had been private secretary to the Duc de Morny, half-brother and only close friend of Napoleon III. The novelist was much blamed for describing his late employer under the thin disguise of "Duc de Mora"; but in the novel which treats of that strange being are pages as valuable and important to the future historian as are any of the chapters in Saint-Simon's memoirs.

II

The dawn of the twentieth century seemed to bring to the French writers, if not to the whole of the French nation, a great change with regard to Germany—what the French call an *apaisement*. Modern German literature, German music, and modern German philosophy proved extraordinarily attractive to a certain type of French mind. The standard-bearer of those who were sometimes very bitterly called by their critics "the Franco-Germans" was of course Romain Rolland. His "Jean-Christophe" did not evoke in France the enthusiastic admiration with which it was greeted by English and American critics; but, even so, it certainly had a great effect on both French readers and French writers. For one thing, it was what the human mind always longs for—something really new, both as regards form and execution; and each successive volume of the famous series was hailed with a chorus of pleasure and of appreciation. One asks one's self *now* whether Romain Rolland is to be one of the writers whom the war will have morally killed. Most French people would answer indignantly in the affirmative, for, when the war broke out, the author of "Jean-Christophe" refused to "take sides". Retiring to Switzerland, he from there issued the book which, translated under the title of "Above the Battle", has been used as a text-book by British pacifists. If I may venture on a prophecy, Romain Rolland will probably keep his foreign public, but he has lost forever the moral esteem of his own countrymen and countrywomen. Tried by the ordeal of fire, he has been found by them, at all events, lamentably wanting.

Anatole France is now in a very real sense the grand old man of French literature, and one of the most moving and fine things connected with L'Union Sacrée was the way in which Royalists and Clericals made up their long-standing quarrel with that great writer. On his side there has never been a line, in any of his war writings, which could offend the most narrow-minded and scrupulous *dévot*. I hear that a great effort is being made to persuade Anatole France to write the same kind of novel about wartime Paris that he did about the French Revolution. For many reasons I consider it extremely unlikely that he will consent to make the attempt. It is the past that has always attracted him, and now, at the age of seventy-five, after having deliberately set aside for five years all the work in which his soul delights, he is far

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more likely to return to his first love, mediæval France.

III

One may say with certainty that the drama will be the first French art connected with literature to throw off the influence and shadow of war. At the present moment the Paris theatres are enjoying an extraordinary prosperity. They are making no effort to discover new talent; they are quite content to bring out the old popular plays written ten, twenty, even forty years ago. But this state of things, so unfortunate for contemporary dramatic art, will very soon right itself. The theatre has proved that there is a section of the French public eager and willing to forget the war. Even if that were not so, the drama, far more than is the case with ordinary literature, cannot harp always on one string, even if that string plays on the agonies and the triumphs of a successful war. On the other hand, the many curious conditions which are bound to be the outcome of so vast and complicated a human upheaval as that which has just taken place will naturally give dramatists and novelists plenty of material.

France has always been the home of keen, eager, and highly intelligent criticism. Already the leading critics are asking themselves how far those novelists and dramatists who were admired and popular before 1914 will reconquer their old place in public estimation. Will it come to pass, as it most certainly did after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, that a new band of writers, armed with new methods and new enthusiasms, will arise and take their place?

There is now being published an infinitely pathetic anthology entitled "Ecrivains Français Morts pour la Patrie". In each case a short account of what the soldier-author wrote, and how he met his glorious death, precedes an extract from his published work. Already four sections of the anthology have been published, and it is nowhere near an end. As one reads one feels that these young men were not only the promise but in some cases the performance of literary France, and that it will be years before their children and their brothers will be old enough to take their place.

One thing is quite clear. The French imaginative writer is an instinctive realist—and that, whatever he imagines himself to be. That is the reason why we always see reflected in the French literature of the moment not only what is happening in France, but what is going to happen. To give but one instance: decades elapsed before the British novelist or playwright brought the effects of the divorce law into his novels and plays. But the moment France secured her divorce law, and that though the nation had no particular use for it at the time, the infinite romantic possibilities connected with divorce were instantly grasped by the creative artist. Sardou, as always first in the field, produced his brilliant satiric comedy "Divorçons". Even good old Octave Feuillet (whose stories, by the way, give an extraordinarily vivid picture of the society which surrounded the Empress Eugénie) wrote "Le Divorce de Juillet". Yet some fifteen years were to go by before legal separation and remarriage became at all usual in France.

During the twenty years which preceded the war the extraordinary increase which took place in the number of divorces alarmed all French thinkers, moralists, and statesmen, and more than one noted writer tried his

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hand at what is an unfamiliar medium in French literature, the problem novel. Such a study of civilized life in relation to divorce was Daudet's painful story, "Rose et Ninette", written with the avowed object of showing how disastrous an effect on the children is the divorce of their parents. After an interval of some years Daudet's elder son, who had married and divorced the granddaughter of Victor Hugo, wrote a novel on much the same theme, which he dedicated "To my dear Wife", the lady in question being of course Jeanne Hugo's successor.

Whether the present easy-divorce law is to be modified will certainly be the first important social question to agitate what may be called French peace opinion and peace thought, and books dealing with the subject are already being eagerly prepared, both by those whom the French call serious writers, and by the novelists. It is a curious fact that many of the older French statesmen and moralists who, forty years ago, worked hardest to secure the passing of the law, have now become its most violent opponents. This change is not only owing to the fact that easy divorce destroys what has always been in France the sacred ark of the covenant, namely, the family, but because it is believed greatly to affect the population question. In order to safeguard the interests of the family, the French divorce law was so drawn up as to make it very much more difficult for the parents of children to obtain legal relief than for the childless to do so. The French being a logical people, there was the inevitable consequence; and just now the one thought and object of those who are governing France is to replace the human losses caused by war.

I hear that M. Bourget is at work on a novel which will not be in any special sense a war novel. He is one of the writers who is sure to keep his pre-war position, for no man has a quicker and more instinctive knowledge of what his public desires, and that though there are many fastidious readers who regret his early and typically French studies of human life. Yet another reason which will contribute to Bourget's after-war success is the fact that he has become naturally "reactionary", and that thus he will honestly and instinctively reflect an important section of the new France.

IV

Even during the war there was a huge public eager to read a novel which described the happy, frivolous France which seems for the moment to have passed away. A daring experiment of the kind was Paul Margueritte's "Jouir", which has already sold 40,000 copies, and that though it was published in two volumes, an extraordinary departure for any French publisher to make. The brothers Margueritte are the sons of a famous French general killed at Sedan in 1870. At one time it looked as if they were going to devote the whole of their literary life to writing round the Franco-Prussian War. From the beginning Paul was the more powerful and the more vigorous of the two, and "Jouir" gives a picture, which has been described as Zolaesque, of life as led just before the war by the French idle rich at Nice on the French Riviera.

To the same public, perhaps to a rather choicer public, will appeal the collected works of Octave Mirbeau. Mirbeau was a realist, but there were also in his nature alternate streaks of poetry, of sensual violence, and of

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a kind of savage cynicism which set him apart from the school to which he was supposed to belong. Never really successful, and therefore never commanding really high prices, he wrote each year dozens of short-stories which were published in such Paris daily papers as the "Gil Blas", the "Echo de Paris", and the "Journal". It is the best of these stories which are being collected and published. Excellent as are some of these, one asks one's self dubiously whether poor Mirbeau would have been glad or sorry to see them in volume form. Maupassant, who at one time in his early career as a writer also poured out dozens of short-stories in order to make ready money from week to week and from month to month, left formal injunctions that only his own selection should appear in permanent form. But as he grew more and more famous after his death, his injunctions were disregarded.

A type of war book for which one may prophesy a very long life is that which appeals to the eternal child hidden away in every reader. A story of real adventure, of exciting and breathless escapes, always has a public waiting for it. The head of the French Secret Service is going to write an account, not of how the spy service was organized but of how it was carried out, and this book is sure of immense popularity.

M. Leroux, the author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room", in his new thriller takes his celebrated hero, "Rouletabille", to Krupp's. The tale was written at a time when there was no thought of an armistice, and it will be curious to see whether its sales will be affected in an adverse sense by the fact that this is a war story, or whether they will be increased. For the moment there is a dearth of sensational fiction. The French novels now being published are of a sentimental type, and they are by writers whose names are for the most part still quite unknown.

V

One cannot but admire the enterprise which presents the French reader with a complete edition of the translated works of George Meredith. Ten translators are engaged on this most difficult labor, and perhaps the palm should be given to M. Boussinesq, who has achieved a real *tour de force* in his "Shagpat Rasé".

George Meredith loved France with all his heart, and that over the long years when France and England had become alienated, and when the intellectual leaders of the British Empire were fascinated by both German philosophy and by Teuton virility and power. As is well known, Meredith foresaw the great conflict which has just drawn to a close, and never doubted that right would conquer might. In his little house, under the shadow of Box Hill, Surrey, he kept in the closest touch with all that was best and newest in the French literary world. His fine face would light up when talking over the latest French book of verse or romance, and he presented the writer of these lines, because of her French blood, with what he confessed to be his own favorite among his books, "Beauchamp's Career", in which he had crystallized both his love of his friend, the late Admiral Maxse, and his love of France. It is therefore fitting that now, at this great crisis of French history, his works should be introduced, and that under the best auspices, to the French people.

One may foretell a good sale for the quaintly named "La Cuisine des

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Alliés"; and the two ladies, Grace Clergue Harrison and Gertrude Clergue, who have compiled the volume, may be congratulated on having persuaded M. Hanotaux, statesman and historian, to write a preface. The dishes include typical American, English (Scotch, Canadian, Indian), Belgian (Flemish), French, Italian, Japanese, Polish, Russian, and Serbian dainties. It may, however, be hinted that the *cordon bleu*, whatever be her nationality, will sigh when reading over some of these recipes, for they naturally do not take much heed of the present world food shortage.

Another work which has for its object that of familiarizing the French with their allies has the touching title "Ce que les Etats-Unis nous Apportent". Though only out a very short time, it is already having a very large sale. Some idea of its contents may be gathered from its subtitle, which informs the reader that America brought France food, ships, gold, soldiers, and last, not least, other allies!

VI

More perhaps now than when the war was actually in being, I am often asked to name what I consider were the best books written in French about the war. It is difficult to make a choice, for the level has been extremely high. Partly because the French publishers have had to face, almost from the day war broke out, a position of extreme difficulty, not only as regards paper but with respect to their personnel, they have been chary of bringing out second-rate books. It may also be incidentally stated that the censorship was very strict. No book dealing with the war which was then in being could be published without being submitted to a very strict military judge and some of the most notable war diaries and records have tantalizing blank spaces, which perhaps in subsequent post-war editions will be filled with startling printed matter.

To my thinking the two best French novels about the war are by writers as different as two writers can well be. In "La Veillée des Armes" Marcelle Tinayre has etched for all time a wonderful picture of how the first days of August, 1914, affected the average Parisian of every class. It is only a simple little story, and yet it may be said with certainty that it will remain as integrally a part of French imaginative literature as Thackeray's account of the eve of Waterloo in "Vanity Fair" is in English literature.

The other war novel which deserves to live is of a very different type. "Les Heures de Guerre de la Famille Valadier" is by Abel Hermant. This remarkable writer before the war devoted his brilliant gifts to drawing the most cynical pictures of human nature ever imagined by a creative brain since Juvenal wrote his Satires. There is in every country, and especially in every capital, a section of society which revels in the possession of vast wealth without any of the duties which are generally attached to such possessions. It was this section of society which Abel Hermant described in what seemed to be a spirit of pure detachment. For over a year after the outbreak of war Hermant published nothing; but in the autumn of 1915 there came a moving and, in parts, delightfully amusing story in which a Parisian of the clubman type describes the war adventures and difficulties, endured for the most part with gay, heroic courage, of a Parisian theatrical family. The story is not fitted for the schoolroom, for of course Abel Hermant remains himself; but

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those familiar with "Les Petites Cardinal" will understand when I say that the war experiences of the Valadier family recall as no other book has ever done that satirical classic.

"Gaspard" had an immense vogue among the allies of France, but French soldiers on the whole resent the book—just as do so many English soldiers the Tommy drawn by Kipling. Frenchmen all tell you, with some irritation, that "Gaspard" is absurdly unlike the average poilu, and would be regarded as a freak in any regiment. The same divergence of opinion between the foreign reader and the French critic exists with regard to another book which has been immensely popular outside France, that is, "Le Feu" by Barbusse. "Le Feu" has irritated most Frenchmen to madness. Many go so far as to describe it as an unpatriotic book. A war book of which every French soldier approved, and yet which did not give in any sense an idealized picture of war, is called "Journal d'un Simple Soldat". The author has humor and tenderness, as well as philosophical insight. Almost alone of those French writers who have written of their war experiences, he was intimately acquainted with Germany, aye, and even fond of Germany, before the war.

A small book which I believe will live long after much of the war literature of our time is forgotten or only consulted by the historian, is entitled "Une Ville Envahie". There is nothing to show what town in the occupied districts of France was described by the anonymous writer, but he gives a wonderful though very restrained and quietly drawn picture of the sufferings endured by those who lived for four and a half years under the German domination. Yet another book which was written by a soldier who was a writer in the days of peace is the fine "Sous Verdun". The reader will be disappointed who seeks in this book an account of the epic struggle with which the name of Verdun will be forever associated; it deals with events which took place in 1914, and describes the early victorious fighting about which at the time no one heard authentic details, and yet which played so great a part in the victory of the Marne. Soldiers will tell you that "Sous Verdun" contains the best account of the Frenchman as fighter that has yet been written.

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SARRÁN

BY SAMUEL McCOY

Sarrán, the music master,
  Has gone beyond the sea;
His journeyings are vaster
  Than guessed by you or me. . .
We knew his heart was broken,
  Though *why* we did not know—
Sarrán, what word was spoken,
  That made you smile and go?

Beyond the wine-dark mountains,
  Beyond the violet sea,
Beyond the silver fountains
  Of purple Castaly,
Beyond the reach of vision,
  (O matchless melody!)
He hears the harps Elysian
  Of a lost eternity!

On earth he might not listen,
  On earth he might hear not;
On earth no tears might glisten
  Within his eyelids hot;
On earth he knew no fountains
  (Nor ever might he know),
But past the wine-dark mountains
  The singing waters flow.

Redeem his ancient honor,
  Redeem it with a song;
Redeem it, you who won her
  And left him only wrong;
Redeem it, dole thus flinging,
  (He will not thank you now),
He hears alone *her* singing. . .
  (Her soul alone knows how).

Beyond the sunrise mountains,
  Beyond the sun-swept sea,
Beyond the deathless fountains
  Of laughing Castaly,
Beyond the reach of vision,
  (O matchless melody!)
He hears the harps Elysian
  Of a lost eternity.

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THE LONDONER

LONDON.

I am expecting in the near future a terrific row between the novel-publishers and the subscription libraries about the price of novels, and the fun ought to be furious enough to be amusing to American readers. But American readers can have no idea of the tyranny exercised in England by the subscription libraries, nor of the circumstances that give rise to it. They should be put in possession of the facts. First of all, then, it must be made clear that the direct sale of novels through the booksellers forms in England only a small part of the total sale which a novelist may expect. Possibly there are not a dozen novelists whose books are *bought* by the novel-reading public. Novels are still so despised as a form of literary recreation that one does not buy them. One borrows them from one of four large subscription libraries. And one then goes about saying that the particular library to which one subscribes is the worst in the world. It is impossible, one says, to get so-and-so's book. The libraries themselves beg subscribers to furnish a list of alternatives to the titles most desired. The unfortunate member then finds himself supplied with, at best, a tenth choice. At most, he gets something he does not want, and waits for many weeks for the books he passionately needs. Novelists constantly receive complaints from would-be readers that their books are unprocurable. Publishers constantly receive complaints from the novelists themselves. They are helpless.

Why is this? Incredible as it may seem, it is the fact that none of the circulating libraries is run at a genuine profit. Each of them is hampered by a competitor subscription figure that is too low. All are thereby forced to "starve" new books. One stands more chance of getting a new Wells or Bennett or Dell or Kipling than of getting a book by a less well-known writer, because it is the habit of the libraries, in buying copies of a new book, to calculate the chances of selling these copies (after a lapse of time) second-hand, to minor libraries, to public libraries, and so on. Many public libraries, for example, never buy a novel new. They buy it second-hand at a reduced price, six months after publication. Accordingly, the subscription libraries, arguing that their loan departments do not show a profit, go blindly for the works of novelists of whose second-hand sale they are sure, and proceed desperately to check enthusiasm for authors relatively untried. You will say, why not raise the subscriptions? That, of course, is the only way out of the difficulty, and it is bound to come. But not one of the libraries has the courage to take this step, and they cannot combine, because one of their number is run as a side-show, an advertisement, by an enterprising firm. It is said to be unnecessary for this particular library to show a profit on its working. And as long as this remains so, the other three are afraid that they will drive parsimonious subscribers into the enemy camp and ruin their own membership. Subscriptions therefore remain low, and the service un-

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satisfactory. Yet such is the meanness of the average novel-reader that while he desires the newest books, he will not buy them. He puts up with the books he does not want. When the books he really has asked for are at length available, he no longer wants them. They are old. He must have something hot and wet from the press, and he would rather grumble than pay a higher rate. He pays as little as two guineas a year for the privilege of borrowing *four* new books at any one time. He ought to pay at least twice as much.

The situation recently has been comically complicated by a new difficulty. Expenses have gone up all round, and the cost of producing books has leaped from week to week. Stationers, printer, binders—all have demanded huge advances in price. The booksellers have demanded better terms. The publishers of England, probably the dullest and most jealous body of people in the two hemispheres, have fluttered, and frizzled, and compromised; but although there is an assembly called the Publishers' Association, it is a fogyfied institution and does nothing to create unity. The members will not ratify its decisions. All the publishers are at sixes and sevens. In the effort to make a change without changing anything at all, they "camouflaged" (as the much overworked term has it). They departed from the rule of publishing novels at six shillings (subject to twenty-five per cent cash discount, and therefore sold to the public at four and sixpence net), and made the selling price five shillings net, charging the booksellers and libraries at the old price. The libraries made nothing by the change, the booksellers an additional sixpence, and the publishers had still to face the new manufacturing prices. They tried to take it out of the authors. Somehow the authors, although persuasively appealed to, had a strong sense that their own bills were mounting and that any concession would reduce income. "Very well, then", said some of the publishers, "we must publish novels at six shillings net." "If you do that", said the booksellers, "we shall boycott those novels." The libraries concurred.

The publishers were so frenzied at this that they took the step. Orders were reduced. The boycott was attempted. It broke down, but the publishers had to give better terms to the trade. Now, as the result of all the fuss, novels are being published at five shillings, six shillings, six and sixpence, six and ninepence, seven shillings, seven and sixpence, eight shillings, and nine shillings—irrespective, in all but one or two instances, of merit or extensiveness. Those are the seeds of the rumpus. The booksellers do not mind. On the higher price they make more profit. But the libraries have to pay more for their books, *and their subscriptions remain unchanged.* The situation has real possibilities.

The novels published at the highest prices have been Wells's "Joan and Peter" (nine shillings), and the reprints of Stephen McKenna's "Sonia" and Compton Mackenzie's "Sylvia Scarlett" (both eight shillings each). In all these three cases there has been a considerable direct sale to the public. One West End bookseller alone has sold 750 copies of "Sylvia Scarlett", which in this country is a notable feat. It is on the books at seven shillings and seven and sixpence that the libraries have been meeting trouble half-way. Those are the books which are suffering most from "starvation".

* * * *

One remarkable fact that comes to

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my notice is that, of all recent novels, the one most widely read in officers' messes in France is McKenna's "Sonia". Wherever one went the book was in evidence. All the nurses read it. One nurse was heard (by a friend of mine) to say, "And if I hadn't anything else to read, I just read 'Sonia' all over again". It is a curious thing, because the book is a rather second-rate intellectual novel. Its only claim on popular attention is that it is "about the war". And yet many English publishers long ago adopted as a maxim, "No war novels wanted". War books in general have now slumped badly. "Sonia" continues to sell. A significant fact.

* * * *

Another noticeable slump has been in poetry. At the beginning of the war, when sentimental wiseacres were trying to prove that the world had changed, and that the literature which made them uncomfortable was finally scotched by the war-spirit, poetry had a great vogue. Everybody wrote poetry. It was the fashion to buy it, to quote it, to write about it as expressing the true spirit of the younger generation. And now? Everybody is still writing poetry, but it is no longer the fashion. The poets still hurry each evening to the Café Royal; but only the most notable of them have any following. I could give several instances of magically dwindled sales, of disappearances from the newspapers, of the decline, decay, death, of this short-lived poetical rebirth. One young poet, a friend of mine, has wisely turned to lyric-writing for our music-hall stars. She has a gift. She is prospering. Not all the poets have such adaptability, or such breadth of inspiration. Their lot is extremely hard, and will be harder yet.

* * * *

By the way, I notice that two anonymous English books are being published in the United States. The first of these, "The Burning Spear", is by a very distinguished writer indeed. It is a satiric picture of the war, and of an amiable sort of modern Don Quixote who became intoxicated by the heroic leading articles of such foaming journalists as J. L. Garvin. The interest of the book lies in the sharp encounters of this idealist with the realities of a more normal attitude to life and the war. It is a very whimsical book indeed, and it will be amusing to see how quickly the authorship is guessed. One fact ought to give away the secret; but I am not going at this moment to give the fact away. It will be time enough to do that when everything is known. The other book is a slighter affair, although I have already seen a page about the book (containing three reviews of it) in a Chicago newspaper. It is a little indictment of a sex, and it is called "Women". In one of these reviews the book was attributed to Arnold Bennett. I can authoritatively state that Arnold Bennett is not the author.

* * * *

Bennett has just finished a new play, which I have read in type-script, but which I must not describe. It is an extraordinary performance. For those who regard Bennett as a mere master of detail, his forthcoming dramatic experiments will be something of a shock. They are nothing if they are not romantic in theme and treatment. Or rather, they are essentially romantic in conception. The truth is that Bennett is determined to break away from the present theatrical convention. The English theatre has been for so long a mess of sentiment and photography and fudge, that it has no

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life. The plays now running in London provide a lamentable exhibition of imbecility. They are vulgar, empty, and old-fashioned, full of worn stunts and sexual heroics for subalterns; and Bennett has not only realized this but has determined to throw his power into an effort to revive the drama. As he is one of the most astounding men in the country, and as he has more sense of cosmopolitan literature and art than any of his contemporaries, he may succeed in his aim. He deserves to succeed.

The general impression of Bennett is that he is a shrewd man of business; and that his association with art is accidental. Those who dislike his work, and those who have been repelled by his abrupt manner, join in suggesting that he makes, at any rate, a business of art. This is not true. He likes to pose as a shrewd man of business, and of course he *is* shrewd; but his very shrewdness is a *naïveté*, and the essential character of the man is one of quite exceptional kindness and generosity. His attitude to art is one of the most sincere devotion. He is even an artist in his attitude to life. He is the most open-minded man I have ever met, and the most modest. He is one (of the few men) who enjoys his own personality. It amuses him intensely, realistically. He is not a cynic, not an ironist; he is a realist.

He is always anxious to hear the views of others, and many people divine his profound sympathy, with the result that he is sometimes rather bored by overeager, overvoluble egotists. But he is also colossally merciless. He has been known to silence an aggressive and babbling woman with the remark, "You don't know what you're talking about" . . . a retort very candid and very true, but also discomfiting. On the other hand, when some rather mediocre person has been stammering through a statement of genuine belief which was altogether impossible as a theory of life, I have heard him say, "Well, Mr. Blank, with all respect to your opinion . . . I don't agree with you". I will not go so far as to say that even this retort is palatable, but it is characteristic of his steadfast refusal to risk misunderstanding. J. M. Barrie once wrote a story in which a moral coward, asked how his brother Henry was, had not the courage to say that he had no brother, and was accordingly saddled for life with a mythical relative, as to whose life and fortunes he was forced to invent particulars. Bennett is not a moral coward, and will have nothing to do with brother Henrys. He rarely imposes his own views argumentatively; but he has enormous and devastating moral power, as I shall show. During a time of acute petrol shortage two ladies, intimately known to him, planned a motor tour. They regaled him with an account of their hypothetical tour, which involved the use of his own car. He listened calmly. At the end of the recital, still perfectly calm, still with unblemished geniality, Bennett said, "And you're going on this tour?" "Yes", they chorused. "I'm surprised", said Bennett. That was all. They did not go. Now the point of the story is that the whole scene was humorous, and was appreciated by the ladies as humorous. Nevertheless, they did not go. He did not morally disapprove; he did not argue; yet the effect of the remark was as great as was the effect of Denny Machin's momentary use, in retort, of the name "Rothschild". Denny had his engagement-ring returned, and naïvely remarked to himself: "I only said

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Rothschild. Can't a man say Rothschild?"

* * * *

In great contrast to Bennett is John Galsworthy, who is now visiting the United States. I wonder what Americans will make of Galsworthy. He is very typically English, scrupulously polite, well-bred, and pleasant in manner. Yet he strikes one as cold, even in his sympathy. He is very objectively observant. One meets his steady eyes and feels that no feature is overlooked, no possible unconscious revelation of character ignored. His expression is one of sympathetic scrutiny, as of judgment reserved but incessantly at work. With Bennett one never feels that one is deliberately observed. Occasionally there is perhaps one very swift glance. He observes otherwise than with his eyes and his deductive processes. The method is part of his general sensitiveness to phenomena. Galsworthy seems to be focusing you, quietly and surely measuring and weighing. Wells, to complete the trio, twinkles at you, his large eyes mischievously sly. You feel that his extraordinarily rapid wit is making wicked little dashes into caricature, that you are pierced and riddled by his merciless comic sense. Galsworthy's scrutiny is serious. He is intensely serious, but I should say never frigid. He resembles his books very closely. They are temperate, well-bred, delicate, sympathetic, and full of beautiful cameos. But they are cold. There is no mischief in them. Galsworthy wouldn't hurt a fly. Again, I wonder how he will strike Americans.

* * * *

It is not often that an American novel has a real instantaneous literary success in England. Possibly we are slow to learn: our interest in the work of other nations, although not ungenerous, is indolent. But Joseph Hergesheimer's book, "The Three Black Pennys", which Galsworthy singled out last year for high praise in a New York paper's symposium, has attracted the pundits. It is being very cleverly advertised, and it is good stuff. I should say that Hergesheimer is pretty sure of a wide public here—not as wide, as universal, as the public of Gene Stratton-Porter, of course; but the genuine thing, none the less. We take a fair amount of interest in such novelists as Edith Wharton, and Howells is known to a few. Quite a lot of people have heard of Frank Norris, and have read O. Henry. But it would be untrue to say that American literature has much of a vogue here; and if Hergesheimer makes good it will be a distinct feather in his cap. More power to him. It would be hard indeed if such quality were to be denied recognition.

The truth is, Hergesheimer may be as distinctively American as you like, but all the same he writes in a way that many English readers will suppose to be distinctively English. In England we generally expect an American novel to be very sentimental, and very sententiously aphoristic. We expect it to be untrue to our own experience of life. (The same might be said of our own popular novels, which fill a demand). Nothing on earth, not even the genuine novels of all the good American writers ever born and enjoyed over here, will cure us of that expectation—unless somebody like Hergesheimer gets properly started with those who sway English literary opinion. His success might mean a great deal to the relations of the two countries. If there comes a time when his English public is half as large as his American public, he will have

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helped the intellectual *entente* to which some of us are looking. It is all very well for you to read our novelists, good and bad; you must also send us novelists who show a life we can understand. Not "big" books, not symbolist stuff about mammon and self, not invertebrate tales about girls or old women or old men who never open their lips without an Emersonian gem of shrewdness and humor rolling out. . . . We read these, and the sentimental among us love them; but they cut no ice. We want stuff we can live ourselves into. Simple stuff that moves us, that seems to be about men and women who have common ground with us in the matter of feeling and impulsive conduct. Hergesheimer's book may have success because it is a simplified work of art, and because in each one of its three parts it is strictly and beautifully realistic.

SIMON PURE.

A SONG FOR A MAN

BY S. M. M.

You, man, have a home and a wife and a child; what song do you sing?
I have a mate on her nest with a little blue egg under each gray wing,
And for joy of this thing
I sing,
Sing to my brooding bird-wife of the skies above her,
Sing of the birdlings now soon to awake neath the soft breast of her,
Sing at the dawn, at the dusk, that I love her, I love her!
A bird on a nest with a little blue egg under each gray wing
Is a simple thing;
For the heart of a woman, the soul of a child, O man, what rapturous song
do you sing?

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CASUAL REFLECTIONS ON A FEW OF THE YOUNGER ENGLISH NOVELISTS

BY AMY LOWELL

When I was a girl I used to read, in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë", of the large boxes of books sent her by the publisher William Smith Williams, and of her comments upon them. Such a pleasant custom seemed, however, to belong to the leisurely days of fifty years ago, and if I had pondered the matter at all, I should have found it as quaint, and agreeable, and bygone, as Chelsea teapots or frilled and layered valentines. It was during the dull days of convalescence after an operation that I learnt that chivalrous consideration may still be a part of the equipment of publishers, even of young and rousingly up-to-date publishers.

One morning, one of those torpid mornings which only people on the delaying high road of recovery are doomed to experience, there arrived a large box of books. Books which were "not for review", so ran the sympathetic inscription. Books just to read, sent from a publisher to a writer! The idea had a pungency; the books must be read.

Now I have an inconvenient reading soul; it picks and chooses to suit itself, with no regard to my mental requirements and still less to the sensibilities of kind donors. Many a time has this reading soul of mine put me to immense embarrassment by refusing to have anything to do with some volume that I ought to read, that, perchance, is a gift from the author and I *must* read, but which it simply and hopelessly ignores. "All in good time", says my soul, and perhaps in six months I find myself devouring the book with gusto. Perhaps, and perhaps not. Some books never get read, I admit it to my shame, but really that is no fault of mine, I am simply at the mercy of this singularly obstinate other fellow.

But the circumstances of my "not for review" package were intriguing. Although not without misgivings, I cut the string, and fell over head and ears into the society of a group of the younger English novelists. It is of no use for the instructed reader to sniff that I should have read them before; of course I should. But the fact remains that for the most part I had not. Ah, but if I am procrastinating, I am also insatiable. That first package was followed by another, and afterwards I pursued my quarry alone. The following weeks remain in my mind as a blur of young writing England. I forget how I got well. I think I left my room and once more entered the world of men when I had put down the last volume. I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Messrs. Gilbert Cannan, John D. Beresford, Compton Mackenzie, Frank Swinnerton, Stephen McKenna, and last, but by no means to me least, Dorothy Richardson.

A year or so ago, Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould wrote a paper on some of the English novelists, in which she said (I quote from hearsay, not having read her article) that they were all alike and very dull. I agree

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that they are alike, so alike that that alone is matter of comment, but dull, no; to me they are anything but dull, since I finished their books and very few modern novels hold my attention long enough for that.

I suppose that it is their reverence for truth, that strange awe of fact which we have learnt from the Russians, not entirely to our advantage, which keeps these young writers so steadily to one theme. They dress it up and set it about on the canvas of their experience, but it is the same old subject after all, dearest of all human subjects, the inexhaustible theme of self. In how large a proportion of the novels is the hero a young writer striving to make a place in literature, combating London lodging-houses, breaking through the snares of pretty ladies, subsisting upon an inconsiderable number of shillings per week, and tending his soul as though it were a hothouse flower! The period clashes past him like the 'busses beneath his window; contiguous persons, as typical as he is himself, impinge upon his progress; social evolutions, like so many squares of Alice's looking-glass chequer-board, contain him and pass him on with whatever effect may be. There are no plots in these splendid young novels, there are only men; but I, being also a modern, greatly prefer this, since I find life more interesting than mechanism and emotion more important than ingenuity.

Well, here we have it, the great reason for the sameness of these young men with one another, and the difference of all of them from the novelists, not only of the Victorian era, but of the generation just older than themselves. The novel of plot was succeeded by the novel of sociology; the novel of sociology has given way to the novel of individuality. Now, the experience of young writing persons being a good deal like the experiences of other young writing persons, the stage for these various egos is very much the same. They differ as green and blue plums differ, and not in the least as plums differ from barberries. Mrs. Gerould perhaps does not like plums, and, craving oranges and apples and pomegranates, finds an exclusively plum diet monotonous. But, granted a weakness for this very fruit, there is enough range in taste and color to make a dish of them excellent eating.

Let us take a few characters at random. There is Mr. Cannan's Mendel, the artist Jew beating against a world of Gentiles; Mr. Beresford's Jacob Stahl, the German Jew hybridized upon an Englishman, a writer this time, crowded by both poverty and tradition; Mr. Mackenzie's Michael Fane, priggish æsthete stunted by the necessity for exertion, the victim of his own consciousness of effort; Mr. McKenna's David O'Rane thrusting himself down the throat of convention; Mr. Swinnerton's Velancourt choked by the realization of an unsympathetic world; Miss Richardson's Miriam Henderson, a strange combination of young exuberance and bitter introspection.

This is all the fruit of one tree, running the gamut from succulence to shrivel. For here is an art of *nuances*, shades are the important things, a half an angle makes an entire story.

One cannot help wondering, as one reads these books, whether the writers of the present age really lead a more circumscribed life than their elders of the Victorian era. With what unanimity is London the background for these stories! Slight ex-

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cursions into the country, mostly the home counties as in "Plasher's Mead", serve as the only relief. Dickens himself was not more cockney, but Dickens was a sort of *genius loci;* his London was subsoiled with folk-lore and surfaced with the personality of place. In the new books, London is a painted drop-scene; as an entity, it is scarcely to be observed.

For a change, the characters occasionally dash over to Paris for a week or so, and do all the regulation things proper to young artists in the Latin Quarter of fiction, but usually they stay very much put in their London flats and lodging-houses.

It is the same with class as with place. These are tales of the *bourgeoisie,* with side dips into Bohemia and the slums. The upper classes are, for the most part, arrogantly ignored. The books are redolent of a naïve snobbishness. Well did Thackeray write a "Book of Snobs". Snobbishness is the fly in the amber of English greatness. In a recent English autobiography this remarkable passage from a letter appears, quoted apparently with entire satisfaction:

> It is pleasant indeed to see his dear face, and to find him always so affectionate, and so unspoiled by his being so much sought after in a kind of society entirely different from anything we can enter into.

This in 1850; but the author goes on to comment, almost wonderingly, on the "simple kindness" of "time saved, day after day, for an invalid sister, by a run-after young man of twenty-seven". This sort of thing is horrible; it could not go on. But yet one feels that the now thoroughly submerged upper classes would be justified in exclaiming:

> Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love
> But why did you kick me down-stairs?

The Victorians toadied to the upper classes, the Georgians snub them; but in neither one case nor the other is there that simple acceptance of a social fact that one would like to see. It is hard for English and Americans to understand each other, and surely the base of this misunderstanding lies just here. The feudal system has broken down in bitterness, and, looking on, one can only say, "Alas!" and pass by. Democracy means the equality to admit inequalities without rancor. Which one of the nations is democratic? America used to be; is it now?

I digress; but one always digresses in reading, and, after all, overtones are what make the mellowness of literature. How many books one reads which remain always and only themselves. These young Englishmen stretch the mind on, and out, and far back, and forward. One reflection leads to another. I have no intention here of resolving the tangle; I have been content to wonder at the knots.

Perhaps I ought at once to disarm the meticulous reader by admitting that this is an eighteenth century essay. I am taking no account of those pigeon-holing tactics so carefully learnt from Germany in the days before the war. I have a great admiration for the qualities of Anglo-Saxon genius, and I care very little for the efforts of some of our writers to divert it from its proper channels. By all means let us steal and graft from other literatures, but, also, do let us be sure that the stem is our own. A very pretty flower can be got from a slip of French, Italian, or Spanish stock. Oriental varieties flourish not too badly on our native soil. But the Russian genius is inimical to us. Their dour fatalism is alien to us in every way; buds with a tendency to dry-rot

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before flowering are hardly worth encouragement. And this tendency to dry-rot is rather painfully noticeable in some of these writers, particularly in Mr. Cannan and in Mr. Beresford, I should say. For one thing, their books are too long; for another, they are almost devoid of humor. Take that gem, Mr. Swinnerton's "Nocturne", and mark its swiftness and clarity. As far as the pure art of writing is concerned, this volume is certainly head and shoulders above the rest.

But there are two books to which these criticisms of narrowness of place and environment do not apply. I refer to Mr. McKenna's "Sonia" and Mr. Mackenzie's "Sylvia Scarlett".

"Sonia" is frankly a novel of the upper classes, and the upper classes treated without a hint of snobbishness. It is gracefully, charmingly written, in a style which must be called distinguished; but it is a little old-fashioned, the recent old-fashioned of day before yesterday. It is the story of a man, and so far it belongs to the individual school; but the man, David O'Rane, is interested in uplifting the world, and with this idea we step back into the practice of a decade ago. The book is a bit inconsequential; the minor characters, even Sonia Dainton, blurringly drawn. The story seems constructed only to throw up the figure of O'Rane, who dominates it much in the manner of the portraits of seventeenth century generals plastered in herculean proportions upon a background of diminutive battles. The story is a little slow in action, somewhat loosely knit in construction. O'Rane reaches no conclusion, neither does the author; the volume ends with a question-mark, and by that question-mark we are very much back in the year of our Lord 1917.

Mr. McKenna's second book, "Ninety-Six Hours' Leave", must cause those who take their literature over seriously great pain. It is a trifle, and such a bubbling, effervescing trifle. Such spirits are in the true line of Anglo-Saxon genius. It is written in a style quite free from mannerisms, and with a nice dash to it. The matter is slight and quaint, and had the author's invention held out as exuberantly to the end of the book as the beginning promised—it doesn't. The end flattens rather splay-footedly. Still the book is a fine bit of joking, and in a new vein for the young and serious "intelligentsia". We hope that Mr. McKenna will go on, pruning up his plots until they have the distinction of his manner of writing them. The question-mark is all very well when it rounds a philosophy; it is scarcely so happy a colophon when it applies to literary construction. Still, Mr. McKenna and Mr. Mackenzie are the only ones of these novelists in whom the excellent vein of English humor seems to be in a flourishing condition. If only the war has purged literature of adolescent spleen! Tragedy and humor are healthy, but moon-calf melancholy is scarcely robust enough as a sentiment upon which to found a great literary revival. And that this is a genuine literary revival, I think there can be no doubt, although it is too early to measure its dimensions.

Robustness and humor are by no means lacking in Mr. Mackenzie's last book, "Sylvia Scarlett". Here is that curious anomaly in twentieth century fiction, the picaresque novel. We can trace the line down directly through "Don Quixote", "Rabelais", "Gil Blas", "Le Capitaine Fracasse", etc.

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It is a *genre* of the rarest growth in English literature. Butler's "Hudibras" might come under that head, with certain reservations; and so might Borrow's "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye"; but perhaps the purest example is Sterne's "A Sentimental Journey". It is a distinctly modern twist to make the hero a woman. Sylvia Scarlett is far and away the most original character drawn by any of these young writers, if we except the grotesquerie of "The Wonder" by Mr. Cannan; but the poor deformed monstrosity who goes by that name can hardly be called a "character" at all. He is a ghastly phenomenon, finely imagined and presented, more subtly horrible than any of Hoffmann's figures, but no more than they to be ranked with the real personalities of literature. Sylvia Scarlett is as absolute as Hamlet, and she moves with the same inevitable freedom from control. Once having conceived her, Mr. Mackenzie was obliged to let her act as she would. That is the charm of her and of the book; in no other of these novels is there the same sense of life and inevitable action. The story rushes along from adventure to adventure, held in place by the singularly gallant and lovable personality of the heroine. Some shallow critics, with a strange lack of understanding, have spoken of the book as "disgusting". The innate purity of Sylvia, presented without a trace of sentimentality, apparently makes no appeal to these hurried and case-hardened souls. Had Sylvia been a goody-goody, they would have understood; the unconventional invariably blurs the vision of stereotyped minds.

And the humor! The delicious, light, pathetic humor! Here is something which could never have been done in just this way before the present century. Where the older novelists would have been maudlin or vulgar, Mr. Mackenzie is firm and sympathetic. Take the scene in the churchyard, with poor lonely little Sylvia writing her epitaph:

> "Here lies Sylvia Scarlett, who was always running away. If she has to live all over again and be the same girl, she accepts no responsibility for anything that may occur." She printed this on a piece of paper, fastened it to a twig, and stuck it into the earth to judge the effect.

This is certainly exceedingly funny from one angle, even robustly funny, but how lonely it is too. There is our era, and the reason for the force of the book.

The South American scenes are excellent—violent, rattling—with the flame that is Sylvia somehow purging the whole in a clean fire. What shall one say of those people who do not see this? What indeed; except that one gets out of a book in proportion to what one is capable of putting in.

In the end, when Sylvia has been abandoned by the man she trusted, the inevitable question-mark of our age is repeated in a blare of unconquered trumpets:

> At the last moment, in searching through her trunks, she found the yellow shawl that was wrapped round her few treasures of ancestry. She was going to leave it behind, but on second thought she packed it in the only trunk she took with her. She was going back perhaps to the life of which these treasures were the only solid pledge.
>
> "This time, yes, I'm off with the ragglety-taggle gipsies in deadly earnest. Charing Cross", she told the taxi-driver.

A book indeed. In many ways, a very great book. Jumbled, as all Mr. Mackenzie's books are, but with hints of a width and freedom utterly foreign to his contemporaries. "Carnival" and "Sinister Street" gave Mr. Mackenzie his reputation, but "Sylvia Scarlett" tops them easily. Where they are confused and incoherent, this

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volume holds the chord of a contained personality, and the episodes, many though these be, fall into a lucid place because of their relation to it. Had Mr. Mackenzie been able to give the same reality to the characters of his other books, the effect might have been the same in them. But where Michael Fane and the others live as clever creations of an artist's brain, Sylvia Scarlett exists with the separateness of something not conceived, but known and recorded. An achievement this; and with it Mr. Mackenzie stretches ahead of Mr. Cannan, Mr. Beresford, and Mr. McKenna. Only Mr. Swinnerton, in "Nocturne", and Miss Richardson, on rare occasions, can approach this consummation.

My recollection of Mr. Beresford sees his work as a long and rather level line of story. I suppose the up-to-date reader will be horrified if I say that he interests in much the same way that Trollope does. All his traditions of novel-writing are diametrically opposed to Trollope's, of course, and yet there is an ambling sameness which forces the comparison. The analytical method had not been discovered in Trollope's day, but many of its best results are imbedded in his work. I recommend anyone who has never done so to read "He Knew He Was Right", for here is one of the most masterly presentations of the slow oncoming of insanity to be found in all literature. Life is not the only thing which has taken on a new interpretation in these last years; if ever anything needed a new consideration and appraisement it is the mass of Victorian writing. But I am off after another butterfly and must regain the road and Mr. Beresford.

"God's Counterpoint" is less subdued than the Jacob Stahl trilogy. Mr. Beresford's tram-car is off the level of cobbles into a wider country. The change is grateful, but even this book, which has seemed so daring to certain observers, opens up again a question which has intruded between the covers of each of these books in turn, of each and of all of them, by whomsoever written. What makes these young men so pruriently prudish? Their reticencies are drawn so sharply that one cannot help suspecting an obscene thought behind. Is the outspoken slime of James Joyce and others of his kidney responsible for this self-consciousnes? Nakedness is more modest than an obviously chosen drapery. These young men choose dangerous subjects and drape them to pass the censor, but one could wish for a finer and more noble simplicity of treatment. Thomas Hardy has shown us the way. Are we too small to follow in his footsteps?

The greatest limitation of these men is their subject-matter. In "On the Staircase", Mr. Swinnerton makes one of his characters say:

> The modern writer, like the modern composer, is poor in thematic material. He accordingly occupies his talent with atmosphere.

Yet I should say that atmosphere, save in the realm of psychology, was rather singularly lacking in most of these books. We have the atmosphere of mental states certainly, but the persons move, as it were, against a background of neutral-tinted screens. Quite modern this, quite in keeping with the practice of our present-day stage settings, but a bit dissatisfying to a colorist, and already the vogue is *vieux jeu*. For, in Miss Richardson's three novels: "Pointed Roofs", "Backwater", and "Honeycomb", there is a new technique. The answer lies in a somewhat singular phenomenon: these authors are novelists and novelists alone. Not one of

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them, with the exception of Miss Richardson, is blessed, or cursed, with a particle of the poet's vision or point of view. I can hardly think of a group of writers who are so completely prose-thoughted. Compare their treatment with that of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, for instance; compare it even to that of Dickens, a master poet of place and weather. Mr. Swinnerton gives us descriptions, Mr. Mackenzie in "Plasher's Mead" has pleasant pages teeming with country flowers, but these are written in prose. They are prose-conceived and prose-presented. Miss Richardson, on the other hand, has something of the poet's sensuous delight in mere seeing, and, with this, much of the poet's originality of presentation. Compare any passage in any of these authors to this in "Honeycomb":

1

The West End street . . . grey buildings rising on either side, feeling away into the approaching distance—angles sharp against the sky . . . softened angles of buildings against other buildings . . . high moulded angles soft as crumbs, with deep undershadows . . . creepers fraying from balconies . . . strips of window blossoms across the buildings, scarlet, yellow, high up; a confusion of lavender and white pouching out along a dipping sill . . . a wash of green creeper up a white painted house front . . . patches of shadow and bright light . . . Sounds of visible near things streaked and scored with broken light as they moved, led off into untraced distant sounds . . . chiming together.

2

Wide golden streaming Regent Street was quite near. Some near narrow street would lead into it.

3

Flags of pavement flowing along—smooth clean grey squares and oblongs, faintly polished, shaping and drawing away—sliding into each other . . . I am part of the dense smooth clean paving stone . . . sunlit; gleaming under dark winter rain; shining under warm sunlit rain, sending up a fresh stony smell . . . always there . . . dark and light . . . dawn, stealing . . .

4

Life streamed up from the close dense stone. With every footstep she felt she could fly.

5

The little dignified high-built cut-through street, with its sudden walled-in church, swept round and opened into brightness and a clamour of central sounds ringing harshly up into the sky.

6

The pavement of heaven.

To walk along the radiant pavement of sunlit Regent Street forever.

Mr. Randolph Bourne, the brilliant young critic whose recent death has so saddened his contemporaries, was the first to point out that Miss Richardson's work was imagistic. Since then, many reviewers have enlarged upon the fact. This is quite obviously true, but whether Miss Richardson learnt the method from the practice of current poetry, or whether, as I incline to believe, it is in the air, no one who does not know Miss Richardson herself can determine.

It is the same with the narrative as with its setting. It is conceived from the outside in, as it were, which is eminently imagistic. How often have not I, personally, been accused of presenting the greater by the less, a method which baffles many people apparently, and which they decry as proving a desire on my part to belittle moments and events of significance? And yet this very apperception of fact through its circumferences is the method of life. How do we apprehend love, for instance? Is it not by the thousand little trivial things that love does? How patriotism? By the files of boys in khaki marching past our windows, by the new hat we forego to purchase a liberty bond, by little printed words on

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the page of a newspaper. The great emotions, the great events, are all made discernible to us by a myriad infinitesimal, trifling touches. It is a convention to record them in the large, for they can only have reached us through the bewilderingly small. Imagism knows this and calls it "suggestion"; Miss Richardson knows it, and has written three remarkable novels by the light of her knowledge. They have puzzled some readers, others have found in them a rare and invigorating freedom for the pursuit of truth. May Sinclair says:

> To me these three novels show an art and method and form carried to punctilious perfection.

And again:

> It is as if no other writers had ever used their senses so purely and with so intense a joy in their use.
>
> This intensity is the effect of an extreme concentration on the thing seen or felt . . . Her novels are novels of an extraordinary compression and an extenuation more extraordinary still.

Mr. Beresford, in his introduction to "Pointed Roofs", announces that he has read "Pilgrimage" (the generic title of the whole work of which all three volumes are but parts) three times, and goes on to say that he is only afraid of annoying both critics and public by "a superabundant eulogy". So much for the judgment of others of the craft. But both Miss Sinclair and Mr. Beresford tangle themselves up in discussions of realism and idealism, in hair-splitting agonies as to whether Miss Richardson's art is "objective" or "subjective". With much travail, an unexpected thought is finally born to each; namely, that the book is at once realistic and romantic, that the subjective method must include the objective. The proverbial camel struggling to squeeze through the needle's eye can have encountered scarcely more difficulty in transit than these excellent *prose* novelists in their attempt to follow the special swiftness of the *poetical* novelist. I pointed out in my "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry" that this fusion of realism and romanticism, so ardently striven for by Heine, was the very stock in trade, or better, the vital aim, of modern poetry. And, behold, a novelist great enough to see life whole and indivisible! Do let us have done with "kultur" and treat, even art, with crass common-sense. As Mr. Quiller-Couch says: realism never wrote anything, it was so-and-so. Miss Richardson, being a woman and not a formula, writes with the whole of herself. We are all realists, some of us are poets; Miss Richardson is both, as a balanced artist should be, and, so being, is English to the core as neither Mr. Cannan nor Mr. Beresford can ever hope to be. The formula has ensnared them, can they ever escape?

Even when the specific aim of these writers is to portray the artistic character, as Mr. Cannan attempts to do in "Mendel", for instance, it is rather the external mannerisms that are given than the spirit which informs them. I have said that it is only by external touches that one can apprehend an internal fact. But to the artist that fact must be obvious and absorbing, for, failing comprehension in himself, these touches are of no more account than so many particles of dust. Mr. Cannan and Mr. Swinnerton deal glibly with schools and manners, but always as recording journalists. Why? I think because the method, being based on a misconception, breaks just here, the formula clamps down on any farther-reaching comprehension; or, if one prefers, the limitations of the men themselves

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have been raised to the dignity of a canon of art.

Henry James speaks of these young authors as "saturated" in the realities of their subject; but Mr. Beresford, with a finer understanding, says that Miss Richardson alone has really "plunged". To drop the guiding strings of cant and splash in, is what is wanted; and, seeing this, most of these men appear rather to be shivering after a knee-deep dip. For art is virile, it requires an awful and never failing energy. Nothing is so exhausting as creative invention. I believe that the reason so many drop by the way is more because the necessary vitality is lacking to them than through a paucity of talent. The sentimental has gone, thank goodness! But it is a confession of inability to permit a negative to rule one's art. With all the knowledge of their craft which these young men superabundantly possess, one sees them writing always with eyes nervously fixed upon a gigantic "Thou shalt not!"

The truth is what we are already beginning to feel is a truism too trite for expression, but which must be expressed here if these writers are to be understood. The social order is breaking up under our noses. It had begun before the war, but what was a slow crumbling has become an avalanche. These books stand midway between two stabilities. One we know, for it is past; the other we believe must be. They are shifting and uncertain as the time is uncertain. They have no boldness of invention because the sources of invention, the array of customs and manners which make up any contemporary life, are for the moment clogged. They hesitate and grope, and only in this trilogy of Miss Richardson's do we fall again into anything like a sure stride, and even here the stride is only sure by comparison. The time has got these authors by the throat. Mr. Cannan attempts escape through cynicism; Mr. Beresford shuts his eyes and darkens the windows of his laboratory; Mr. McKenna whistles and collates old prints; Mr. Swinnerton sets his face and plods ahead with bulldog heroism and pathos; Mr. Mackenzie drinks a toast "to the next man that dies"; but Miss Richardson opens the window and insists that since the sun is still shining it is better to notice the fact and get what good we may.

Gallant souls; sincere artists; these are the stuff of which literary revivals are made. Your era may have gone down under the guns, but you will always be that era and perhaps a new one as well.

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CHALLENGE AND QUEST

BY H. W. BOYNTON

At least, the war has made a few breaches in the stupid wall of indolent incomprehension that has so long separated us even from our closest kinsmen; so that an Italian or a Swede in his native dress and speech has been only one degree less alien (and comic) to us true-born Americans, than a Slav or a "Chink". Oddly enough, but for France, it is the literature of neutral countries that has been specially opening up for us during these years of struggle—the Swiss Vallotton, the Dutch Couperus, the Spaniards, Alarcón and Blasco Ibáñez, the Danish Nexö, the Swedish Lagerlöf, have all become known to us in English, or at least widely known, during this period. Most popular among the Scandinavians, of course, has been Selma Lagerlöf. Stories like "The Emperor of Portugallia" and "Liliecrona's Home" have hit a large English-reading public "where it lives", because they are both very simple and very moving. Bless us (we say), I wonder if these Swedes aren't a good deal like folks, after all—when they're home, anyhow! More remarkable is the fact that some fourteen editions of Dr. Lagerlöf's first story, "Gösta Berling's Saga", have been printed in America. For that narrative is so rambling and fanciful and exotic in its setting and atmosphere as to offer little, one would think, to the brisk eye of the western world. Yet there is something about it. . . . The American-Scandinavian Foundation now presents it in stately two-volume form, being volumes X and XI of their Scandinavian Classics: a series of translations issued "in the belief that greater familiarity with the chief literary monuments of the North will help Americans to a better understanding of Scandinavians, and thus serve to stimulate their sympathetic cooperation to good ends".

But why haven't we known something before this of the Norwegian, Bojer? I for one, after reading "The Great Hunger", feel aggrieved at my own stupidity in having let ignorance of a cousin-tongue conceal the very existence of a story-teller who (to judge by this one) has been telling magic tales for nearly a quarter of a century, just over the wall. I suppose Mr. Galsworthy, who alludes to Bojer as "the distinguished Norwegian writer", must have been "listening in" for some time. It appears that this story has moved him beyond bounds, so that he has actually been brought to express his opinion of it in print. "This", he says (in his first sentence as quoted by the publisher), "is the first work of fiction I have ever reviewed." It is all the more remarkable that in his second sentence he falls so readily and unerringly into the lingo of the confirmed reviewer: "It has the stark realistic spirituality characteristic of a race with special depths of darkness to contend with, and its northern sunlight and beauty". If he had mentioned the virile quality of the story, and its convincing action, and its grip on the eternal verities, he would have done the whole trick. However, whatever our suspicions of the alleged "stark realistic spirituality" of the

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book, we may heartily agree with Mr. Galsworthy's summing-up: "a very fine work, both in execution and meaning". It is fine and strong and simple, and its theme cannot be put better than Mr. Galsworthy puts it: "What is it we are all after, what is the Ultima Thule of our souls, if we may use that word? Desire to reach, that is 'the great hunger'."

From what the publishers let fall, I judge "The Great Hunger" has an autobiographical basis. Johan Bojer, like the Peer Holm of the book, was a boy of good blood brought up in a laborer's family; went to work in early life, and was ambitious enough to get his schooling at the same time. Here no doubt the resemblance ends. Peer Holm is the love-child of a Norwegian officer and a frivolous woman. His father sees to his welfare and bequeaths him a little sum which helps him set his foot on the first rung of the upward ladder. That his road is to be upward he never doubts: the only question—a question which goes long unanswered—is whither that upward road leads, what is its real goal? At first he dreams childishly of becoming a priest, a bishop: "a sort of heavenly messenger with snowy white robes and a face of glory", a heavenly power also who, if need were, "would lift up his finger, and all the stars should break into song". But that road is closed to him by poverty. He takes a menial job in Christiania, and sets himself to fierce study by night; gets admission to an engineering school. A great grief comes to him in the loss of the sister he has found for a time. His faith in God is gone, and faith in science, in the triumph of materialism, is all he has to cling to. Always there is the question of the farther goal:

> I am going to be a great engineer. And then? I will be one of the sons of Prometheus, that head the revolt against the tyranny of Heaven. And then? I will help to raise the great ladder on which men climb aloft—higher and higher, up toward the light, and the spirit, and the mastery over nature. And then? Live happily, marry and have children, and a rich and beautiful home. And then? Oh, well, one fine day, of course, one must grow old and die. And then? And then? And then?

The first steps, at least, are in sight. Peer mounts them, till he is a great and famous engineer. He has done marvels in the East—has helped harness the Nile, for one thing. But he has no real faith in this, and tosses away his career in disgust. "To help mankind to make quicker progress—is that nothing?" asks a dazed stay-at-home who would have given his ears to be in Peer's shoes. "Lord!" retorts Peer. "What I'd like to know is, where mankind are making for, that they're in such a hurry." "That the Nile Barrage has doubled the production of corn in Egypt—created the possibilities of life for millions of human beings—is that nothing?" "My good fellow, do you really think there aren't enough fools on this earth already? Have we too little wailing and discontent and class-hatred as it is? Why must we go about to double it?"

Then love and mated happiness come to Peer. I recall nowhere a more beautiful interpretation of the lover's first entranced realization of his love than in the passage that describes Peer's white night in his boat, drifting alone on the lake: "Merle—was ever such a name? Are you called Merle?" But even mated happiness can only still the Great Hunger, not satisfy it. His old work calls, his old unrest, and now misfortune dogs him. Only when he has lost everything, property, health, his child, does he get a glimpse of the real meaning of ex-

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istence, the real secret—the divinity of man. It is he who has made God: "In the midst of his thraldom he has created the beautiful on earth; in the midst of his torments he has had so much surplus energy of soul that he has sent it radiating forth into the cold deeps of space and warmed them with God".

"The Challenge to Sirius" is a story embodying, in negative or at least passive fashion, a similar idea. Every human life, says the story-teller, is a challenge to Sirius, "to the great Indifference". The cold stars should not condescend always—"the remoteness of these Great Ones was being assailed, for men were finding that in their own hearts burned a spark of the fire that had set the stars alight". Therefore, since any human life bears witness to this truth, let us take the case not of a strong Peer, eagerly seeking, but of an amiable Frank, removed from the commonplace only by a faculty of withdrawal. He knows when to quit his latest road, but he leaves his next turning pretty much to chance. He knows enough to leave the Isle of Oxney for London when it is time to try his wings; he knows enough to return to the soil when his wings prove too weak to lift him to any sort of genuine success as a writer. He knows enough to leave his London mistress (surely a very modern young woman for the Victorian 'fifties!) when the news of his country sweetheart's marriage reveals to him his real passion. But he doesn't know enough either to stay away from that now forbidden sweet, or to attempt it manfully. After some seven years of snooping on the outskirts, he does muster up courage enough to put his arm round her—only to discover that she has no notion of leaving her husband and children even for the man she ought to have married. So then he drifts off to America, and for lack of anything better to do, enlists in the ranks of the Confederacy, and fights (at great length) under that standard, till, at its hapless downfall, he is impelled to drift again. In the upshot, he drifts home to find his old love a widow, to marry her and live contentedly enough ever after. In the interim he has had a high romantic affair with a daughter of the Confederacy, but somehow, we gather, his heart has always been true to Poll. The truth is, he has been a decent enough, blundering, well-meaning sort of fellow from childhood, and will be to the end. Perhaps decency and a childlike heart are as effective challenges to Sirius as more heroic qualities: this, at least, is what the author seems to be saying.

This writer is almost mistress of a vivid and eloquent style—almost, because now and then it fairly gets the upper hand. In passages of natural description she is often extremely effective:

> The Isle of Oxney was a little pip of a county wedged between Sussex and Kent. . . . It rose out of the marsh to a couple of hundred feet, and went hillocking east and west for about four miles, a mile less north and south. As soon as the marshes were left behind the ground became good marl, and there were many farms caught in a web of little twisting lanes. The farms were mostly tumbling places, for in the Isle of Oxney the earth was stingier than it looked, but their riot was a wholesome, vegetable kind—bright colours and soft pungent smells like wasp-thridden apples lying in the grass. . . .

Now and then, perhaps, one is a little suspicious of this artist's alert felicity in the use of odd epithets and turns of phrase:

> The funeral was on a typical April day, with sudden snorting showers, followed by wistful spreads of sunshine, while the primroses scented the damp lanes through which John Rainger's coffin bumped in a farm-cart.

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I am tempted to vie with Mr. Galsworthy's "realistic spirituality" by applying the phrase "sentimental naturalism" to the "Nono" of Gaston Roupnel. This is a story of peasant life in Burgundy. Nono, the central figure, is a poor wine-grower, an honest, simple fellow in whom, for all his grossness and stupidity, there is a kernel of goodness and even a spark of idealism. He loves the soil to which he is a slave. The sight of thrifty fields, the smell of growing things, the stray calls of nature, lift and console his uncouth, wistful spirit. In human affairs he is bungling and unfortunate enough. There is nothing on his surface to inspire the respect of men or the love of woman. At five-and-twenty he marries a girl whom he has watched grow up, and who is now left alone by the death of her mother. She is not a bad girl, but very feminine and frail; and a male brute has already possessed her. This fellow continues to pursue her after her marriage. She cannot resist him, though she has a real affection for Nono and would like to be faithful to him. Also she is of the pleasure-loving type, and can but be impatient of his dull ways. The birth of a child keeps them together for a time, but the break is sure to come. The mother runs off with her original owner and Nono is left to twenty years of sorrow and regret. He becomes the drunken butt of the countryside, always babbling of his lost wife and of what they have been to each other. His daughter grows to womanhood to be in turn betrayed. Then his wife returns to the neighborhood with the brute she has served so long, who is now near the end of his evil days. Finally, after his death, Nono takes her to him again, and to their old home, where a grandchild is in need of the care of the broken but by no means vicious old woman. There is still an Indian summer before them. Says the good Nono:

> Come, you mustn't cry, because we've everything to make us happy: the little one, wood in the wood-stack, bacon in the salting-tub, wine in the cellar. . . . besides all that, we can love each other, and in a lasting and supreme way which was unknown to us in the time of our kisses. . . . For be sure, it ain't in vain that we've suffered.

If this is romance reduced to almost its lowest terms (not quite, for the author of "Limehouse Nights", for instance, has achieved lower) it is none the less the real thing—a divine spark here not of will or challenge but of unselfish and indomitable love.

A year or two ago the house of Knopf had the enterprise to undertake a series of "Modern Spanish Novels". Among the early numbers appeared "The Cabin", to be highly praised by critics and pretty comfortably ignored, apparently, by the public at large. I doubt if one out of ten among the readers who made such a thumping success of the English version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" knew that an earlier novel by Ibáñez had recently appeared in English. For their benefit (and that of its publisher, who might fairly have had the luck to issue "The Four Horsemen") a revised edition of "The Cabin" is now available. *Per contra*, the actual publisher of "The Four Horsemen" now takes a leaf from Mr. Knopf's book and offers an English rendering of an Argentine classic, "Amalia". It is in truth a better story, better translated, than the "Martin Rivas" which Mr. Knopf had Englished as a Chilean masterpiece. Mr. Knopf doesn't seem to have the lucky end of it, so far. I wish Mr. Dutton had followed his example in telling the reader something about the author. I make out that the book is at least half a century old, and

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that for nearly as long as that it has existed in Russian, German, and other versions, though it is now for the first time put into English.

"Amalia" is a story of its period, done in the great Dumas tradition. Speech is often highflown, actions are often "heroic" in that spectacular sense which has now long been relegated (at least so far as English is concerned) to the literature and drama of the Great Half-baked. Noble sentiments—which never show even their faces in the society of the knowing ones, the world of Wells and Shaw—here take the floor, boldly, sure of "a hand". Strangely enough (by our current standards) this does not mean that humor is lacking in a narrative which concerns not only the ardent Belgrano, as humorless as Romeo, but the witty and warm-fancied Daniel Bello, the absurd Don Candido (a sort of Argentine Aguecheek), and the subtle and malicious Dona Maria Josefa Ezcurra. This is a tale of the Argentine of the eighteen-thirties and forties, a loose congeries of provinces in which the leaven of free unity was working, but as yet feebly and blindly. It was under the banner of "Federalism" that Juan Manuel Rosas, governor of Buenos Aires, succeeded for a time in making himself dictator of the whole country. "His policy was one of isolation for the Republic, this policy extending even to its commercial relations with other countries; and for the country itself of retrogression and ignorance." Therefore he played for the favor of the lowest class, and used all possible methods of repression against the liberal party, or element—the "Unitarians", who included virtually all citizens of intelligence or breeding.

The action of the romance begins some five years after the usurpation of power by Rosas. General Lavalle, former governor of Buenos Aires and military leader of the Unionists, or Unitarians, has recently taken the field, has been acclaimed in several provinces, and before the end of the present story has approached within striking distance of Buenos Aires with a force sufficiently large to give him a fair chance of success in an attempt against the city. What is lacking is a spirit of unity and concerted effort on the part of the liberals, both within and without the city. Unhappily the trend of the national character has so long been toward selfish individualism that it is unable to come up to the scratch in this emergency. Rosas's rule is based on personal force, cunning, and his ability to inspire fear among followers and enemies alike. A few intelligent citizens of the oppressed city perceive that with the organization of even a hundred patriots a fatal blow might be struck against the precarious authority of the dictator. But not a hundred, not forty, even among those who are heartily enough in sympathy with the Unionist cause, can be got to act together. Their only leader is young Daniel Bello, a man of rare courage and insight. He sees what is needed, and does not mince matters as to the facts:

> Would you have a country, would you have liberty, would you have free institutions, unite together against the enemy of our social reformation—ignorance! against the instigator of our savage passions—political fanaticism! against the propagator of our disunion, of our vices, of our rancorous passions, of our vain and stubborn spirit—religious skepticism. For believe me—we have neither religion, virtue, nor knowledge; and we have nothing of civilization but its vices.

The orator is applauded, but the time is not ripe. The little band of half-hearted liberals melts away at the threat of danger; Lavalle withdraws at the moment when a bold advance

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would have turned the tide against the tyrant. It was not till some fifteen years later that his fall came, that he was exiled, and the Argentine Republic began to deserve its name.

So much for the book as history: its real test comes, of course, in its quality as a story; and this quality is high. At no time does the story-teller permit his central action, which rightly concerns only a few persons, to be submerged by data or generalization. The steadfast Amalia and the delicate Florencia are as well contrasted as their lovers, Eduardo the romantic and Daniel the adroit. The action moves steadily if not swiftly to its tragic conclusion—which a shallower romancer would have avoided for the conventional "happy ending".

This fidelity to the human story, to the solid golden thread of a limited action involving a small group of "characters", is what we must pay tribute to, first of all, in Mr. Walpole's "The Secret City", as we did in "The Dark Forest", of which it is a sequel. But in the later instance the feat is far more difficult. In "The Dark Forest", the story of the Russian-Galician campaign, the author had, complex as it seemed, a relatively simple problem. He had to make his romantic tale interesting in itself, and also as embodying that whole experience (which was of course his own experience) of a campaign beginning in hope and ending in disaster, a campaign between the "clods and Hamlets" of the blundering north, and the kaiserlings of the efficient south. But the Russia of the war had, after all, a certain unity, at least of appearance. There was fighting to do against a particular enemy, and you were either for or against it. After its first moments, on the other hand, the Russia of the Revolution was an almost impenetrable mess. For most of us, it remains so to this day. What Mr. Walpole, in the person of his Durward, tries to do is nothing less than to give (always through the medium of his personal narrative) some sort of interpretation—some glimpses beyond the surface at least—of that mess. He disclaims all pretensions to authority. No English eye, he confesses, can comprehend "either Russia as she really is, or Russia as Russians see her". All he can give is an impression: "Of Russia and the Russians I know nothing, but of the effect upon myself and my ideas of life that Russia and the Russians have made during these last three years I know something."

Durward's service at the front has left his mark, he is no longer fit for the Red Cross, and lingers invalided in Petrograd, at first through inertia, and later because the city has laid its enchantment upon him. He sees it as a temporary foothold of man in the midst of a vast inimical world of natural forces. It is a "secret city", in which strange impulses are at work. It is physically ominous:

> The town, raised all of a piece by Peter the Great, could claim no ancient history at all, but through every stick and stone that had been laid there stirred the spirit and soul of the ground, so that out of one of the sluggish canals one might expect at any moment to see the horrid and scaly head of some paleolithic monster with dead and greedy eyes slowly push its way up, that it might gaze at the little black hurrying atoms as they crossed and recrossed the grey bridge.

Chance gives Durward intimacy in the household of certain relatives of that mighty surgeon and ruthless lover Semyonov, who was the dominating figure in "The Dark Forest". You recall that having won Marie away from Trenchard he loses her by death, and that Trenchard, to his mind, gets the advantage of him by dying shortly

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after. Semyonov longs to follow her in turn, but death does not find him, and some kink of honor forbids suicide. His only hope is to torment some fellow being to the point of murder; and that is his game, at last successful, in the present story. His hapless victim Markovitch is one of those strange creatures of paltry presence and conduct and a kind of stifled nobility of soul, with whom Russian fiction abounds. His wife Vera, calm and maternal, yet touched also with the Slav madness, is an amazing portrait; her sister Nina, wilful, petulant, child-hearted, is not less so in her way. Involved with them, not to be detached from their fates, are the three Englishmen, Durward the sensitive, Bohun the snob, and Lawrence the imperturbable whom Russia so easily moulds to her liking. . . . Their tale is to be read, not summarized, and in it the tale of Russia in her throes, struggling toward we know not what strange final parturition: a fellow being Russia, at all events, and therefore not to be despaired of.

Gösta Berling's Saga. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Lillie Tudeer. Two vols. The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

The Great Hunger. By Johan Bojer. Translated from the Norwegian by W. J. Alexander Worster and C. Archer. Moffat, Yard and Co.

The Challenge to Sirius. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Nono: Love and the Soil. By Gaston Roupnel. Translated by Barnet J. Beyer. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Amalia: A Romance of the Argentine Translated from the Spanish of José Marmol by Mary J. Serrano. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Secret City. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company.

THE SCRIBE'S COLOPHON

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Thy tasks are heavy, kindly Master! When
Through weary hours I drove the faltering pen
(That still across the ending parchment runs
In service of my brothers and Thy sons),
Too hard I deemed Thy tasks—till, sudden came
A breath from Thee that roused my spirit's flame,
And toil was utter joy.
Oh, Thou,
Who deignest, even now
From Heaven on Thy scribe to look,
Bless the three fingers that have writ this book!

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THE LITERARY AFTERMATH OF THE WAR

BY WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

There are a hundred ways to tell how the history of the world is going which are not known to mere historians, but are the breath of life to many men besides. Among them one reigns supreme; it is the list of newly published books. There in a convenient, concrete form one finds from week to week, almost from day to day, distilled and crystallized, not only the actions but the very thoughts of men. And never more than now; for never in the world's history were thought and action so swiftly reflected in print, and seldom, if ever, was there so much thought and action to be reflected as at present. What, then, are we to learn from the most recent books?

First comes the literary aftermath of war, the lessening stream of personal experience, which not long ago poured its vast tide of "war books" into the hands of avid readers. There is a certain melancholy tinge to these last leaves. It must fill an accomplished correspondent with sadness to have so good a war, with its illimitable wealth of unexcelled material, drop, so to speak, from under him at the precise moment that he is best prepared to exploit its infinite possibilities. Such, no doubt, has been the fate of many promising manuscripts in the past few months. Some have escaped that fate, to our advantage as to theirs. Among them two are eminent: Irvin Cobb's "The Glory of the Coming", and Floyd Gibbons's "'And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight'". Both authors are unusually gifted and typical men of letters in a double journalistic sense, and in these volumes, which have escaped the peace, we have some of the best correspondence which our side has produced. They do not possess the haunting charm of Philip Gibbs, with whom they may well be compared. He somehow manages to transfer the beauty and significance of English life to Flanders battle-grounds, and to give a certain heroic quality of high tragedy to even the slightest details of his great pictures. The Americans have a more direct appeal; they seem more intimate and more alive. To them the war is no dim, far-off struggle of superhuman figures, fighting as men fight in history. It is direct, immediate, the imminent business of life. And if their work lacks the finish and the background of the Englishman, it meets the final test of literary craftsmanship, it is uncommonly good reading!

Moreover, it answers the question which filled our hearts not long ago, and answers it in the affirmative. It shows that, in our curt, expressive phrase, our men "came through"; that, in a larger sense, this civilization which we have built was sound and unafraid when tried in the furnace of war; that our men—and our women, too, as "Mrs. Private Peat" in the volume which bears her name still further demonstrates — were brave and competent; and this must give us all fresh heart. And were there any lingering doubt, it would be dispelled by the Books of Saints and

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Heroes which fall from the press, the stories of the gentlemen-adventurers. For whether we hang in suspense over the exploits of the French ace of aces, as related by M. Bordeaux in his "Guynemer, Knight of the Air", or read in "The American Spirit" the letters of young Kilburn Adams who, like so many of his kind, hurried to the great, compelling hazard, we cannot but feel, with all our great regret, that what we held most dear has justified itself in its sons and their sacrifice.

Now that the curtain of silence has been partly drawn, now that we read the stories which not long ago it was impossible to tell, we can appreciate this more; for we can better see what it was we had to face. No one can read M. Jean Massart's fascinating tale of "The Secret Press in Belgium", whose life forms a romantic page in journalistic history, without finding between the lines of its absorbing narrative of moving accidents by flood and field, something of the enemy it deluded so successfully. In particular, no one can lay down Jones and Hollister's still more informing narrative of "The German Secret Service in America", without a keener realization that we had to do—perhaps we still have to do—with an opponent even more adroit and more unscrupulous than we had dreamed until the full tale of his activities was cast in one account. And one who has been in closer touch with all these dark and sinister designs is more than glad to see the unlovely portrait of the fount and origin of these evils, Bernstorff, placed where he should be—the frontispiece—that all who run may read.

Nor do the lessons of the war end here; indeed these volumes seem to testify that they have just begun. Whether we turn to doctors or libraries or economics we find guidance for a future—which we are hoping will not come to pass. The debt we owe to medicine, as revealed in Woods Hutchinson's "The Doctor in War", for new weapons in the conflict which never ends; to political economy, as Clark, Hamilton and Moulton's "Readings in the Economics of War" demonstrates, for revenue and expenditure, credits and interest—these do not make for the absorbing interest of such experiences as those of Gibbons and Guynemer and Adams on the battle-field, but they will affect our future in ways which even the champions of the Great Adventure cannot touch. And reading in Mr. Koch's "War Libraries", in the light of that "column of brilliant sparks" which showed that the priceless illuminated manuscripts of Louvain had perished from the earth, gives one a fresh sense, even in this field, of what price we paid for all this knowledge.

To a nation like the United States, which Admiral Mahan profoundly observes is, from the standpoint of world politics, an island and must be so defended, such a selection from the writings of the master of us all in naval affairs as Mr. Westcott has made in his "Mahan on Naval Warfare", and such a study as that of Commander Gill of "Naval Power in the War", come with peculiar force and timeliness. They are of the highest importance to all men concerned—and that means every one of us—for, as the great philosopher observed three centuries ago, "Dominion of the sea is the epitome of monopoly", nor have we reason to question that dictum as we look back across the last four strenuous years.

Now—braving Raleigh's observation that it is dangerous to follow too

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closely behind Time since one stands in danger of having his teeth kicked out—come the first budding histories of the late conflict, pushing their leaves through the spring mould, to remind us, among other things, that the war is done; and beside them, bearing the same message, the full-blooming flowers of peace, tinged with the brilliant hues of the millennium. Histories like Professor McMaster's "The United States in the World War", and Dr. March's "History of the World War", if, as Mr. Dooley says, they are "interestin' but not conclusive", have, besides the valuable material they contain, one great purpose to serve: they begin to provide the perspective which is so necessary to understand not only what has gone before but what is to come after.

To this end, such volumes as Viscount Bryce's "Essays and Addresses in War Time", Professor Ely's "The World War and Leadership in a Democracy", Mr. Powers's "The Great Peace", Mr. Tead's "The People's Part in Peace", even Professor Hocking's "Morale and Its Enemies", and Dr. Gulick's "Morals and Morale", contribute mightily. For these studies of politics and economics and society and peace, even the accounts of that mysterious, newly canonized product of the human mind, morale, which has been drawn from its ancient hiding-place into almost excessive publicity, testify to another thing. It is that peace has its problems and dangers, as well as its victories, no less renowned than those of war. "There is", as Bryce points out, "no necessary connection between fighting quality and intellectual quality", for the dull Spartans fought better, on land at least, than the bright Athenians. And having demolished in so far as possible the fallacy with which the late German propaganda sought to infect us—that of the biological analogy between nature and human society—he distinguishes, as we must all distinguish if our society is to survive, between material, intellectual, and moral progress. He insists once more on—what cannot be too strongly emphasized—the necessity of correlation between these basic elements of a healthy society if it is to remain sound and enduring. And this, in the last resolution, seems to be the fundamental lesson of the war as of the peace which is to come.

But not the last word. That is reserved for a very different kind of fruit of world conflict—the Books of Lost Causes and Impossible Loyalties —which are, to many minds, neither lost nor forgotten, but form an active and peculiarly vocal element in the great controversy with which the world resounds. Of these Miss Connolly's Sinn Fein narrative, "The Unbroken Tradition", and the speeches of the late Karl Liebknecht as set forth in Mr. Zimand's translation with an introduction by Mr. Weyl, under the title " 'The Future Belongs to the People' ", are significant examples. For it is inevitable that such a stirring of the depths as we have undergone brings to the surface much of the underlying bitterness and discontent of men, and we have both national and industrial grievances to reckon with.

Nor is either grievance insignificant. It is true that, despite the tragic factor in such books as these, in each there is a touch of unintentional comedy. As one listens to the speeches of Liebknecht and the story of Miss Connolly's Odyssey, as he hears the solemn chorus of Social Democrats applaud the one and Miss Connolly's relative ejaculate her nat-

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ural astonishment at the other, the voices blend into a weird antiphony—"'My God!' said Margaret." "'Very true!' said the Social Democrats." "'My God!' said Margaret." "'Very true!' said the Social Democrats." It is true that the words of the champions of a new order inspire neither confidence nor fear to an American trained in the hard school of political experience, and that to him the sentiments voiced by Liebknecht and his followers seem to lack prophetic inspiration. They may be revelations to a German Social Democrat, but they seem something less than news to most of us. It is true there is no one but regrets the tragic outcome of the ill-planned and worse-advised rebellion of 1916, for nothing is more evident than that such doctrines and such methods as we have seen in Ireland and in Germany and their connection in the past four years, lead nowhere except to futile tragedy but partly dignified by sacrifice. Yet in a world devoted to publicity and to the rights of the oppressed, so full of vocal grievance, so given to words and ignorance, so prone to mistake emotion for reason, we must consider such phenomena—not, indeed, with a view to embrace all causes insistently declared, but to adjudge their merits and deficiencies, to compare the argument with the facts, and to determine which is sound and what and how much of remedy they require.

And this is the value of surveys of current life in current literature. They may provide amusement and food for thought, but they provide that without which amusement and even thought are of small avail—perspective, the long view of things.

The Glory of the Coming. By Irvin S. Cobb. George H. Doran Company.

"And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight." By Floyd Gibbons. George H. Doran Company.

Mrs. Private Peat. By Herself. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Guynemer, Knight of the Air. By Henry Bordeaux. Yale University Press.

The American Spirit. Letters of Briggs Kilburn Adams. The Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Secret Press in Belgium. By Jean Massart. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The German Secret Service in America, 1914-1918. By John Price Jones and Paul Merrick Hollister. Small, Maynard and Co.

The Doctor in War. By Woods Hutchinson, M.D. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Readings in the Economics of War. Edited by J. Maurice Clark, Walton H. Hamilton, and Harold G. Moulton. University of Chicago Press.

War Libraries and Allied Studies. By Theodore Wesley Koch. G. K. Stechert and Co.

Mahan on Naval Warfare. Edited by Allan Westcott. Little, Brown and Co.

Naval Power in the War. By C. C. Gill. George H. Doran Company.

The United States in the World War. By John Bach McMaster. D. Appleton and Co.

History of the World War. By Francis A. March. The John C. Winston Co.

Essays and Addresses in War Time. By the Rt. Hon. Viscount Bryce. The Macmillan Co.

The World War and Leadership in a Democracy. By Richard T. Ely. The Macmillan Co.

The Great Peace. By H. H. Powers. The Macmillan Co.

The People's Part in Peace. By Ordway Tead. Henry Holt and Co.

Morale and Its Enemies. By William Ernest Hocking. Yale University Press.

Morals and Morale. By Luther H. Gulick, M.D. Association Press.

The Unbroken Tradition. By Nora Connolly. Boni and Liveright.

"The Future Belongs to the People." By Karl Liebknecht. The Macmillan Co.

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HUGH WALPOLE

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

When I went to England recently on a war mission, there were three literary men I wanted, more than all others, to meet, if I could. They were Rudyard Kipling, Arnold Bennett, and Hugh Walpole. The order in which I name them is the order, I think, in which they should be placed in one's mind.

Seldom do our dreams come true. But my average, in this case, was high. I did not meet Kipling; I almost met Bennett; and I saw Walpole three times—once at breakfast, for an hour and a half, in his bachelor chambers in Ryder Street. And while I missed Kipling and Bennett, perhaps I made up for that loss in the sense of enjoyment I found in a young man who is, I venture to say, the hope of English literature now; a young man who, to use Stevenson's phrase, "will hold the fort in perilous days", and carry on the torch.

On a trip like mine, you usually meet a man in a crowd; and it was so with Walpole and me. We were brushed against each other in the corridor of the Ritz where someone was giving a luncheon for our party of editors. I recognized him at once, though I had not known he was to be present. I had seen his photograph—that strong, lusty, boyish face, with eyes a little vague behind big tortoise-shell glasses; the kind of man you would be sure to pick out in any gathering. For, if Hugh Walpole is anything, he is distinguished, and you know at once that the society he writes of in some of his books is known to him at first hand; that he has not a veneer of manners, but that manners are his by inheritance. You feel that he has lived in high, candle-lit rooms in London, and that he has sat down with dukes and duchesses and other such fast-disappearing folk. Also, he has the voice of culture, and he is as leisurely as his books—those deep, rich volumes that go to the very roots of life; that dig not only around and into the mystery of existence, but penetrate beyond and underneath it. They are astounding performances for one so young; and my own feeling of Walpole is that he is a Keats of prose; one who, baptized in some divine fire, has a double vision, and is almost clairvoyantly able to see the shadow of our dreams. There is indeed something uncanny in the way Walpole comprehends this troubled life, and piles observation on observation at the sides of the trench where he works. He has that genius for the illuminating phrase, whether it is a description of a person or a scene, which puts him in the class of the masters of literature.

We were fortunately seated next each other on that day we met, and I liked him at once when he said, "We can't, of course, have any real talk here. You must come and dine with me at my rooms". Moreover, it was impossible to speak of art when politics was the main topic all around us in those thrilling days toward the close of the war, and when every one of us at the luncheon was hurrying away on some important errand. The novelist had

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to get back to the Ministry of Information, and he looked at his watch, like any business man, when he thought it was time for him to go. He knows Russia as few men in England today know it; and his work for the Ministry, I was told, was invaluable. Those who have read "The Dark Forest" would guess this, I imagine, and would realize that his knowledge would be utilized by the British government in the war. He has never used Russia merely as a background for his stories; he intimately knows that sad, disintegrated land, and has put his ear to her heart, his finger on her pulse. And he goes back to Russia, as he goes back to old characters, eternally finding something new to reveal for us, and passionately interested in every phase of her social disorder and burning unrest.

My days were a long schedule in England, just as Walpole's were; and so it was not until I returned from France that a certain delightful Major A———, who is too modest to have his name given in print, could arrange my second meeting with his friend. Walpole had told me that this Major A——— was the salt of the earth; and as I had thought so too, even on my first talk with him, I was only too glad to put myself in his hands, knowing that he would fix the proper time and setting for another meeting. He did. I couldn't get around for dinner, so a breakfast was arranged, at which we three met again—the breakfast in Ryder Street, St. James's, that paradise of bachelors young and old, where Dickens and Thackeray loitered for a brief period, in the very heart of teeming London, yet quiet enough to suit the most temperamental man of letters. A proper place, I thought, for Walpole to live, remembering "The Duchess of Wrexe" and that other beautiful story of London, "The Green Mirror", with its descriptions of the solemnity of life in the English capital. Here were the very gray buildings Walpole likes so well to tell about, the sense of remoteness right in the midst of things, and I climbed the stairs expectantly. I knew exactly the kind of room I would step into—a room lined with books in dignified bindings, with a table set by the window, and a hush over it all—just the room for a bit of intimate talk. I was not "interviewing" Walpole, as well he knew, nor was I "studying" him for publication. I am writing this now only because I want this young English author to visit America again—he came here once as a boy—and I hope Americans will get some picture—if a sadly inadequate one—of the kind of man their guest is to be.

Walpole is modest. He won't talk of himself much, and I imagine it would take several years of friendship to come to know him as one would wish to know him. But he is enthusiastic about everything, and eager for your point of view. I remember telling him of a woman who never ended her sentences—a most exasperating person; and he laughed and said: "She'd be a good minor character, wouldn't she, sometime? Rather funny, that". I said he would find many types in America that would interest him, for he has a delightful sense of humor. Do you remember that scene in "The Green Mirror" where the hero and heroine flirt and send messages to each other through a copy of "Pride and Prejudice"? That is one of the finest bits of light writing I know, as sparkling as champagne, revealing a true and delicate appreciation of comedy. How lovely it would be on the stage!

Walpole, I took it, likes to loaf about

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London, and go into the country, as every Englishman does, for the week-end. He likes his freedom—his ability to rush off to the Continent and hear good music now and then; and since he has no family ties to hold him back, he does this very often. Altogether, he leads the kind of life a literary man should lead, and, as Browning puts it, "does that which some men dream of all their lives". He does not have to hurry anything for the printer, and although I did not inquire, I suppose he would spurn the use of a typewriter. His is the kind of composition one cannot conceive as being written in any way except with a pen—undoubtedly a quill pen, too. You would as soon think of Dante dictating to a stenographer, as Walpole picking out the letters on a typing-machine.

One of the first things Walpole said to me was that he wished to come here when the war was over. He couldn't recall us well, for he had been very young when he stayed in New York—in the old Chelsea district, I believe it was; and he was passionately anxious to read some books about us before he came back. He said that even Bennett's "Your United States" did not give him the conception of us that he had hoped for; and I told him that he couldn't do better than to read Julian Street's two volumes, "American Adventures" and "Abroad at Home" for a true picture of America and Americans. For Street had gone leisurely through his own country several years ago, on two memorable trips with Wallace Morgan, while Bennett had scampered about, writing, I admitted, with brilliancy, but with no complete understanding of our ways and manners. When I got back home, I sent Walpole the volumes, and I got Street to write something on the fly-leaf of each. I recall that he urged the Englishman not to neglect the South when he came on his visit, which I hope is not far distant; to be sure to see, in its entirety, that part of our wonderful country which foreigners are only too likely to miss. And that made me think what a magnificent novel Walpole could write, with the South for a setting, if he could be induced to live here long enough to absorb, for instance, the leisurely and colorful life of cities like Charleston and New Orleans. This Englishman might get a flavor there which we, because of our propinquity, do not get; and he might do for the romantic South what he has done for romantic London.

Walpole sat at the feet of Henry James; but he was wise enough, he told me, to get away from that influence before it was too late. This is no disparagement of his master; it is simply another revelation of his own artistic wisdom; for no young writer can remain too long under the spell of a greater man without taking on the mannerisms as well as the manner of the older artist. There is not a glimmer in Walpole's work of this youthful influence, except his perfection of English, his adherence to the old traditions, his firm determination to write, not with an eye on serial markets, but ever for the test of the years. "I'm not a continued-story man", he laughingly said. And thank God he isn't! We have enough of them over here. "But one man in America I like tremendously is Joseph Hergesheimer. That fellow can write", he followed up. "Yet he's a popular magazinist, too, isn't he? It must be a knack; but I'll never get it." And he didn't seem anxious to acquire it at all. Then, when I urged him again to come to America, where new vistas would open and shine for him, he

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said: "But they'd want me to go about and speak, wouldn't they? And I'm no talker at all. I don't like formal dinners—banquets—at all." It was almost pathetic the way he said it; and my heart went out to him. I assured him that we would be civilized enough to let him alone if he really wanted to be left alone; but it might be hard to get the kind of privacy he had in England, since he was now definitely of age, artistically, and we like to make a fuss over a visiting celebrity. He blushed at this; and I wondered for a moment if I had said the wrong thing. "After the war", he went on, "maybe I'll come. I'd love to; for you've been mighty fine to me there, and I'd like to shake America's hand."

We would like to shake his, too.

"Won't you have some more tea, or some more fish?" he asked, after we had talked incessantly about the war.

But I knew my time was up—and his, too. For he was still clerking it in soldierly fashion at the Ministry, and conscientiously keeping hours at his desk in Norfolk street. I, too, had to catch a train—for I think our party was going to Winchester that day. So the Major and Walpole and I went out into the silent little street, where a few shopkeepers had taken down their shutters. And the author of "Fortitude" went, with strength of character, as he should, to the War Office, while I looked after him a moment and then turned toward the station.

"I hope our next meeting will be in New York", I said to myself. And now that the war is over, something tells me that it will be.

SPRING COMES BACK

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

Spring comes back like an oldtime lover
  Half forgotten, shut out of mind,
Blithe and swift as in days long over,
  Still as laughing, as wild and kind.

Ah, we forget his faithless wooing,
  All the mock of his promising,
What now else but our love's renewing,
  Locked to the heart and the lips of Spring!

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JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER VIII

Religion

§ 1

Always in after years Jeremy remembered that party of Miss Maddison's—not because it was there that he had won his first fight, but for the deeper reason that from that day his life received a new color woven into the texture of it; even now when he thinks of those hours that followed Miss Maddison's party, he catches his breath and glances around him to see whether everything is safe. The children, on arriving home that evening, found that their father and mother had already returned from Drymouth. Jeremy, sleepy though he was, rushed to his mother, held her hand, explained his black eye, and then suddenly, in a way that he had, fell asleep there where he was and had to be carried up to bed.

When he awoke next morning his first thought was of his mother. He did not know why: she was so definitely part of the background of his daily life that he felt too sure of her continual and unvarying presence to need deliberate thought of her. But this morning he wanted to get up quickly and find her. Perhaps her absence had made him feel more insecure, but there had also been something that night—something in her face, something in the touch of her hand. . . .

And the other thing that he realized was that summer had truly come. He knew at once that hot smell that pressed even through the closed window-panes of his room; the bars and squares of light on the floor when he jumped out of bed and stood upon them seemed to burn the soles of his feet, and the rays of light on the ceiling quivered as only summer sunlight can quiver. The two windows of his bedroom looked back behind Polchester, over fields and hedges, to a dim purple line of wood. A tiny stream ran through the first two fields, and this little river was shining now with a white, hot light that had yet the breeze of the morning ruffling it.

He ran to his window and opened it. Beyond the wall that boarded their house was a little brown path; even as he watched, a company of cows were slowly wandering along. Already they were flapping their ears lazily in anticipation of the flies, and the boy who was driving them was whistling as one only whistles on a summer morning. He could see the buttercups, too, in the nearest field; they seemed to have sprung to life in the space of a night. Someone was pulling the rope of a well somewhere, and someone else was pouring water out upon some stone court. Even as he watched, a bee came blundering up to his window, hesitated for a moment and then went whirring off again; and through all the sun and glitter and the sparkle of the little river there was a scent of pinks and mignonette and hay and even, although it could not really

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be so, of the gorse. The sky was a pale white-blue, so pale that it was scarcely any color at all, and a few puffs of clouds, dead white like the purest smoke, hovered in dancing procession above the purple wood. The sun burned upon his bare feet and his head and his hands.

This coming of summer meant so much more to him than merely the immediate joy of it: it meant Rafiel and Cow Farm and the cave, and green pools with crabs in them, and shrimping and paddling and riding home in the evening on hay-carts, and drinking milk out of tin cans, and cows, and small pigs. It meant peeling sticks and apples, and collecting shells and fishermen's nets, and sandwiches and saffron buns mixed with sand and hot ginger beer; one's ears peeling with the sun, and church on Sunday with the Rafiel sheep cropping the grass just outside the church door; and Dick Marriott the fisherman, and slipping along over the green water in his boat, trailing one's fingers in the water, and fishy smells by the sea-wall, and red masses of dogfish on the pier, and the still, cool feel of the farmhouse sheets just after getting into bed—all these things and a thousand more the coming of summer meant to Jeremy.

But this morning he did not feel his customary joy. Closing his window and dressing slowly, he wondered what was the matter. What could it be? It was not his eye—certainly it was a funny color this morning and it hurt when you touched it, but he was proud of that. No, it was not his eye. And it was not the dog, who came into his room, after scratching on the door, and made his usual morning pretense of having come for any other purpose than to see his friend and master—first looking under the bed, then going up to the window pretending to gaze out of it (which he could not do), barking, then rolling on a square of sunlit carpet and, after that, lying on his back, his legs out stiff, his ridiculous "imperial" pointed and ironical; then suddenly turning, with a twist of his legs, rushing at last up to Jeremy, barking at him, laughing at him, licking him and even biting his stockings—last of all seizing a bedroom slipper and rushing, wildly, into the schoolroom with it.

No, there was nothing the matter with Hamlet. Nor was there anything the matter with Miss Jones, free, happily, from her customary neuralgia and delighted with the new number of "The Church Times". Nor was it the breakfast, which today included bacon and strawberry jam. Nor finally was it Mary or Helen who, pleased with the summer weather (and Mary additionally pleased with the virtues of Lance as minutely recorded in the second volume of "The Pillars of the House"), were both in the most amiable of tempers. No, it must be something inside Jeremy himself. . . .

He waited until the end of breakfast to ask his question: "Can I go and see mother, Miss Jones?"

Mary and Helen looked across at him inquisitively.

"What do you want to see your mother for now, Jeremy? You always see her at twelve o'clock." Miss Jones pushed her spectacles lower upon her nose and continued her reading.

"I want to."

"Well, you can't now."

"Why not?"

"Because I say not; that's enough."

But Jeremy was gentle today. He got off his chair, went round to Miss Jones's chair, and looking up at her out of his bruised eye,

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said in his most touching voice:

"But, please, Miss Jones, I want to. I really do."

Then she said what he had known all the time was coming:

"I'm afraid you won't see your mother today, dear. She's not well. She's in bed."

"What? Is she ill?"

"She's tired after her journey yesterday, I expect."

He said no more.

He tried during the whole of that day not to think of his mother and he found that, for the first time in his life, he could do nothing else but think of her. During the morning he sat very silently over his lessons, did all that he was told, did not once kick Mary under the table, nor ask Miss Jones to sharpen his pencil, nor make faces at Hamlet. Once or twice, in a way that he had, he leaned his head on his hand as though he were an ancient professor with a whole library of great works behind him, and when Miss Jones asked him whether he had a headache he said, "No, thank you", instead of seizing on the wonderful opportunity for release that such a question offered him.

When they all went for a walk in the afternoon he sprang, for a moment, into something of his natural vivacity; they came upon a thin, ill-shaven tramp, dressed as a sailor, with a patch over one eye, producing terrible discordance from a fiddle. This individual held in one hand a black tin cup, and at his side crouched a mongrel terrier whose beaten and dishevelled appearance created at once hopes in the breast of the flamboyant Hamlet. This couple were posted just outside Mr. Poole's second-hand bookshop, close to the second box and, for a moment, Jeremy was enthralled. He wanted to give the hero his week's penny, and upon finding that his week's penny was not—owing to sweet purchases on the previous day, he began elaborate bargainings with Miss Jones as to the forestalling of future pennies. Meanwhile Hamlet leaped, with every sign of joyful expectation, upon the pauper dog, the blind sailor began to hit wildly about with his stick, Mr. Poole's second box was upset, and the sailor's black patch fell off, revealing him as the possessor of two beautiful eyes just like any other gentleman, and a fine vigorous stock of the best Glebeshire profanities. Mr. Poole, himself, an irascible old man, came out, a policeman approached, two old ladies from the close, well known to Jeremy, were shocked by the tramp, and the cathedral bell, as though it had just woke up to its real responsibilities, suddenly began to ring.

All this was, of course, delightful to Jeremy, and offered so many possible veins of interest that he could have stayed there for hours. He wanted very badly to ask the sailor why he covered up a perfectly wholesome eye with a black patch and he would have liked to see what Hamlet could do in the direction of eating up the scattered remnants of Mr. Poole's second box. But he was dragged away by the agitated hand of Miss Jones, having to console himself finally with a wink from the august policeman who, known throughout Polchester as Tom Noddy, was a kindly soul and liked gentlemanly little boys but persecuted the street sort.

For a moment this exciting adventure carried him away and he even listened for a minute or two to Mary who, seizing her opportunity, began hurriedly: "Once upon a time there lived a sailor, very thin, and he never washed and he had a dog and a violin—", but soon he remembered and

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sighed and said, "Oh, bother, Mary!" and then walked on by himself. And still all through that hot afternoon, when even the Rope Walk did not offer any shade and when the Pol was of so clear a color that you could see trout and emerald stones and golden sand as under glass, and when Hamlet was compelled to run ahead and find a piece of shade and lie there stretched, panting, with his tongue out until they came up to him—even all these signs of a true and marvelous summer did not relieve Jeremy of his burden. Something horrible was going to happen. He knew it with such certainty that he wondered how Mary and Helen could be so gaily light-hearted and despised them for their carelessness. This was connected in some way with the hot weather; he felt as though, were a cold breeze suddenly to come and rain to fall, he would be happy again.

There had once been a boy, older than he, called Johnny Bain, a fat boy who had lived next door to the Coles. Whenever he had had the opportunity he had bullied Jeremy, pinching his arms, putting pins into his legs, and shouting suddenly into his ears. Jeremy, who had feared Johnny Bain, had always "felt" the stout youth's arrival before he appeared. The sky had seemed to darken, the air to thicken, the birds to gather in the "rooky" wood. He had trembled and shaken, his teeth had chattered, and his throat grown dry for no reason at all.

As he had once felt about Johnny Bain so now he felt about life in general. Something horrible was going to happen. . . . Something to do with Mother. . . . As he came up the road to their house his heart beat so that he could not hear his own steps.

§ 2

They entered the house and at once even Mary, preoccupied as she was with her story about the sailor, noticed that something was wrong.

"Rose! Rose!" she called out loudly.

"Hush!" said Miss Jones. "You must be quiet, dear."

"Why?" said Mary. "I want Rose to——"

"Your mother isn't at all well, dear —I——"

And she was interrupted by Rose who, coming suddenly downstairs with a face very different from her usual cheerful one, said something to Miss Jones in a low voice.

Miss Jones gave a little cry: "So soon? . . . A girl . . ." and then added, "How is she?"

Then Rose said something more which the children could not catch and vanished.

They all went upstairs. Then in the schoolroom Miss Jones said an amazing thing:

"I must tell you all, children, that you've got a new little sister."

"A new sister!" screamed Mary.

Helen said: "Oh, Miss Jones!"

Jeremy said: "What did she come for just now when mother is ill?"

"God wanted her to come, dear", said Miss Jones. "You must all be very kind to her and do all you can——"

She was interrupted by a torrent of questions from the two girls. What was she like? What was her name? Could she walk? Where did she come from? Did father and mother find her in Drymouth?—and so on. Jeremy was silent. At last he said: "We don't want any more girls here".

"Better than having another boy", said Helen.

But he would not take up the challenge. He sat on his favorite seat on

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the window-ledge, dragged up a reluctant Hamlet to sit with him, and gazed out down into the garden that was misty now in the evening golden light, the trees and the soil black beneath the gold, the rooks circling slowly across the sky above the farther side of the road. Hamlet wriggled. He always detested that he should be cuddled and he would press first with one leg, then with another against Jeremy's coat; then he would lie dead for a moment, suddenly springing with his head up in the hope that the surprise would free him; then he would turn into a snake, twisting his body under Jeremy's arm and dropping with a flop on to the floor. All these manœuvres today availed him nothing; Jeremy held his neck in a vise and dug his fingers well into the skin. Hamlet whined, then lay still and, in the midst of indignant reflections against the imbecile tyrannies of man, fell to his own surprise asleep.

Jeremy sat there while the dusk fell and all the beautiful lights were drawn from the sky and the rooks went to bed. Rose came to draw the curtains and then he left his window-seat, dragged out his toy farm and pretended to play with it. He looked at his sisters. They seemed quite tranquil. Helen was sewing and Mary deep in "The Pillars of the House". The clock ticked. Hamlet, lost in sleep, snored and sputtered; the whole world pursued its ordinary way. Only in himself something was changed: he was unhappy and he could not account for his unhappiness. It should have been because his mother was ill, and yet she had been ill before and he had been only disturbed for a moment. After all, grown-up people always got well. There had been Aunt Amy who had measles and the wife of the dean who had something, and even the bishop once. . . . But now he was frightened. There was some perception, coming to him now for the first time in his life, that this world was not absolutely stable, that people left it, people came into it, that there was change and danger and something stronger. . . . Gradually this perception was approaching him as though it had been some dark figure who had entered the house and now with muffled step and veiled face was slowly climbing the stairs toward him. He only knew that his mother could not go, she could not go. She was part of his life, and she would always be so. Why, now when he thought of it, he could do nothing without his mother; every day he must tell her what he had done and what he was going to do, must show her what he had acquired, and must explain to her what he had lost, must go to her when he was hurt, and when he was frightened and when he was glad—and all these things he had never even thought until now.

As he sat there the house seemed to grow even quieter and quieter about him. He felt as though he would have liked to go to the schoolroom door and listen. It was terrible imagining the house behind the door—quite silent—so that the clocks had stopped and no one walked upon the stairs and no one laughed down in the pantry. He wished that they would make more noise in the schoolroom. He upset the church and the apple farm and Mrs. Noah.

But the silence after the noise was worse than ever.

Soon Miss Jones took the two girls away to her room to fit on some clothes, an operation which Helen adored and Mary hated. Jeremy was left alone and he was, at once, terribly frightened. He knew that it was of

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no use to be frightened and he tried to go on with his game, putting the church with the apple-trees around it and the Noah family all sleeping under the trees; but at every moment something compelled him to raise his head and see that no one was there, and he felt so small and so lonely that he would have liked to hide under something.

Then when he thought of his mother all alone and the house so quiet around her and no one able to go to her, he felt so miserable that he turned round from his village and stared desolately into the fireplace. The thought of his new sister came to him, but was dismissed impatiently. He did not want a new sister—Mary and Helen were trouble enough as it was—and he felt, with an old weary air, that it was time, indeed, that he was off to school. Nothing was the same. Always new people. Never any peace. . . .

Jeremy, left alone, had a desperate impulse to scream that someone must come, that he was frightened, that something horrible was in the house. He stood up, staring at the closed door, his face white, his eyes large and full of fear. Then he flung himself down by Hamlet and taking him by the neck, whispered:

"I'm frightened! I'm frightened! Bark or something. . . . There's someone here!"

§ 3

Next morning Mrs. Cole was still alive. There had been no change during the night; today, the doctor said, would be the critical day. Today was Sunday and Mr. Cole took his morning service at his church as usual. He had been up all night—he looked haggard and pale, wearing the expression as of a man lost in a world that he had always trusted. But he would not fail in his duty. "When two or three are gathered together in my name . . ." Perhaps God would hear him. . . .

It was a day of tremendous heat. No one had ever remembered so hot a day at so early a time of year. The windows of the church were open, but no breeze blew through the aisles. The relentless, blazing blue of the sky penetrated into the cool shadows of the church and it was as though the congregation sat there under shimmering glass. The waves of light shifted, rose and fell above the bonnets and hats and bare heads, and all the little choir-boys fell asleep during the sermon.

The Cole family did not fall asleep. They sat with pale faces and stiff backs staring at their father and thinking about their mother. Mary and Helen were frightened; the house was so strange, everyone spoke in whispers and, on the way into church, many ladies asked them how their mother was.

They felt important as well as sad. But Jeremy did not feel important. He had not heard the ladies and their questions—he would not have cared if he had. People had always called him "a queer little boy" simply because he was independent and thought more than he spoke. Nevertheless, he had always in reality been normal enough until now. Today he was really "queer", was conscious for the first time of the existence of a world whose adjacency to the real world was, in after days, to trouble him so often and to complicate life for him so grievously. The terror that had come down upon him on the previous day seemed today utterly to soak through into the very heart of him. His mother was going to die unless something or somebody saved her. What was dying?

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Going away, he had always been told, with a golden harp, to sing hymns in a foreign country. But today the picture would not form so easily. There was silence and darkness and confusion about this death. His mother was going, against her will, and no one could tell him whither she was going. If he could only stop her dying, force God to leave her alone, to leave her with them all as she had been before. . . .

He fixed his eyes upon his father, who climbed into his pulpit and gave out the text of his sermons. Today he would talk about the sacrifice of Isaac. "Abraham, as his hearers would remember . . ." and so on.

Jeremy listened and gradually there grew before his eyes the figure of a strange and terrible God. This was no new figure. He had never thought directly about God, but for a very long time now he had had Him in the background of his life, as Polchester Town Hall was in the background. But now he definitely and actively figured to himself this God, this God who was taking his mother away, and was intending apparently to put her into some dark place where she would know nobody. It must be some horrible place, because his father looked so frightened—which he would not look if his mother were simply going, with a golden harp, to sing hymns. Jeremy had always heard that this God was loving and kind and tender, but the figure whom his father was now drawing for the benefit of the congregation was none of these things.

Mr. Cole spoke of a God just and terrible, but a God who apparently for the merest fancy put His faithful servant to terrible anguish and distress and then, for another fancy as light as the first, spared him his sorrow. Mr. Cole emphasized the necessity for obedience, the need for a willing surrender of anything that may be dear to us, "because the love of God must be greater than anything that holds us here on earth". But Jeremy did not listen to these remarks; his mind was filled with this picture of a vast, shadowy figure, seated in the sky, his white beard flowing beneath eyes that frowned from dark, rocky eyebrows out upon people like Jeremy who, although doing their best, were nevertheless at the mercy of any whim that He might have. This terrible figure was the author of the hot day, author of the silent house and the shimmering darkened church, author of the decision to take his mother away from all that she loved and put her somewhere where she would be alone and cold and silent—"simply because he wishes . . ."

"From this beautiful passage", concluded Mr. Cole, "we learn that God is just and merciful but that He demands our obedience. We must be ready at any instant to give up what we love best . . ."

Afterward they all trooped out into the splendid sunshine.

§ 4

There was a horrible Sunday dinner when the silence, and the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and the dining-room quivering with heat, emphasized every minute of the solemn ticking clock—Mary suddenly burst into tears, choked over a glass of water, and was led from the room. Jeremy ate his beef and rice pudding in silence except that once or twice in a low hoarse voice he whispered: "Pass the mustard, please" or "Pass the salt, please". Miss Jones, watching his white face and the tremble of his upper lip, longed to say something

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to comfort him but wisely held her peace.

After dinner Jeremy collected Hamlet and went to the conservatory. This, like so many other English conservatories, was a desolate and desperate little place where boxes of sand, dry corded-looking bulbs, and an unhappy plant or two languished, forgotten and forlorn. For Jeremy the place had had always an indescribable fascination. When he was very young there had been absolute trust that things would grow, that every kind of wonder might spring before one's eyes at any moment of the day. Then when no wonder came, there had been the thrill of the empty boxes of earth, the probing with one's fingers to see what the funny-looking bulbs would be, and the watching of the fronds on the pale vine. Afterward there was another fascination—the fascination of some strange and sinister atmosphere that he was much too young to define. The place, he knew, was different from the rest of the house. It projected, conventionally enough, from the drawing-room, but the heavy door with thick windows of red glass shut it off from the whole world. Its rather dirty and obscure windows looked over the same country that Jeremy's bedroom window commanded. It also caught all the sun, so that in the summer it was terribly hot. But he loved the heat.

Another thing that Jeremy felt there was that he was in a glass cage swinging over the whole world. If one shut one's eyes, one could easily fancy that one was swinging out, swinging, swinging . . . . and that suddenly, perhaps, the cage would be detached from the house and go sailing, like a magic carpet, to Arabia and Persia and anywhere you please to command . . . easily and quickly.

Today the glass burnt like fire and the green fields came floating up like running water. The house was utterly still; the red glass door shut off the world. Jeremy sat, his arms tightly round Hamlet's neck, on the dirty floor; he was a strange mixture of misery, weariness, fright, and anger. There was already in him a strain of impatience, so that he could not bear simply to sit down and bewail something as, for instance, both his sisters were doing at this moment. He must act. They could not be happy without their mother; he himself wanted her so badly that even now, there in the flaming conservatory, if he had allowed himself to do such a thing, he would have sat and cried and cried and cried. But he was not going to cry. Mary and Helen could cry; they were girls; he was going to do something.

As he sat there, getting hotter and hotter, there grew, larger and larger before his eyes, the figure of Terrible God. That image of Someone of a vast size sitting in the red-hot sky, his white beard flowing, his eyes frowning, grew ever more and more awful. Jeremy stared up into the glass, his eyes blinking, the sweat beginning to pour down his nose, and yet his body shivering with terror. But he had strung himself up to meet Him. Somehow he was going to save his mother and hinder her departure. At an instant, inside him, he was crying: "I want my mother! I want my mother!" like a little boy who had been left in the street, and at the other, "You shan't have her! You shan't have her!" as though someone were trying to steal his toy village or Hamlet away from him. His sleepy, bemused, heated brain wandered, in dazed fashion, back to his

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father's sermon of that morning. Abraham and Isaac! Abraham and Isaac!

Abraham and Isaac! Suddenly, as though through the flaming glass something had been flung to him, an idea came. Perhaps God, that huge, ugly God, was teasing the Coles just as once He had teased Abraham. Perhaps He wished to see whether they were truly obedient as the Jampot had sometimes wished in the old days. He was only, it might be, pretending. Perhaps he was demanding that one of them should give up something, something of great value. Even Jeremy, himself. . . .

If he had to sacrifice something to save his mother what would be hardest to sacrifice? Would it be his toy village or Mary or Helen or his soldiers or his paint-box or his goldfish that he had in a bowl or . . . No, of course he had known from the first what would be hardest . . . it would, of course, be Hamlet.

At this stage in his thinking he removed his arms from Hamlet's neck and looked at the animal. At the same moment the light that had filled the glass-house with a fiery radiance that burnt in the very heart of the place, was clouded. Above in the sky, black smoky clouds, rolling in fold after fold as though some demon were flinging them out across the sky as one flings a carpet, piled up and up, each one darker than the last. The light vanished; the conservatory was filled with a thick murky glow, and far across the fields from the heart of the black wood came the low rumble of thunder. But Jeremy did not hear that; he was busy with his thoughts. He stared at the dog who was lying stretched out on the dirty floor, his nose between his toes. It cannot truthfully be said that the resolve that was forming in Jeremy's head had its birth in any fine, noble idealisms. It was as though some bully, seizing his best marbles, had said: "I'll give you these back, if you hand over this week's pocket-money!" His attitude to the bully could not truthfully be described as one of homage or reverence; rather was it one of anger and impotent rebellion.

He loved Hamlet and he loved his mother more than Hamlet, but he was not moved by sentiment. Grimly, his legs apart, his eyes shut tight as they were when he said his prayers, he made his challenge.

"I'll give you Hamlet, if you won't take mother——" A pause. "Only I can't cut Hamlet's throat. But I could lose him if that would do. . . . Only you must take him now—I couldn't do it tomorrow." His voice began to tremble. He was frightened. He could feel behind his closed eyes that the darkness had gathered. The place seemed to be filled with rolling smoke and the house was so terribly still!

He said again: "You can take Hamlet. He's my best thing. You can . . . You can . . ."

There followed then with the promptitude of a most admirably managed theatrical climax a peal of thunder that seemed to strike the house with the iron hand of a giant. Two more came and then, for a second, a silence, more deadly than all the earlier havoc.

Jeremy felt that God had leapt upon him. He opened his eyes, turned as though to run and then saw, with a freezing check upon the very beat of his heart, that Hamlet was gone. . . .

§5

There was no Hamlet!

In that second of frantic, unreasoning terror he received a conviction of

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God that no rationalistic training in later years was able to remove.

There was no Hamlet—only the dusky, dirty place with a black torrent-driven world beyond it. With a rush as of a thousand whips slashing the air, the rain came down upon the glass. Jeremy turned crying, "Mother! Mother! I want Mother!" and flung himself at the red glass doors; fumbling in his terror for the handle, he felt as though the end of the world had come; such a panic had seized him as only belongs to the most desperate of nightmares. God had answered him. Hamlet was gone and in a moment Jeremy himself might be seized. . . .

He felt frantically for the door; he beat upon the glass. He cried "Mother! Mother! Mother!"

He had found the door but just as he turned the handle he was aware of a new sound, heard distantly, through the rain. Looking back he saw, from behind a rampart of dusty flower-pots, first a head, then a rough, tousled body, then a tail that might be recognized among all the tails of Christendom.

Hamlet (who had trained himself to meet with a fine natural show of bravery every possible violence save only thunder) crept ashamed, dirty, and smiling toward his master.

God had only played His trick—Abraham and Isaac after all.

Then with a fine sense of victory and defiance Jeremy turned back, looked up at the slashing rain, and gazed out upon the black country. At last he seized Hamlet and dragging him out by his hind-legs, knelt there in the dust, and suffered himself to be licked until his face was as though a snail had crossed over it.

The thunder passed. Blue pushed up into the grey. A cool air blew through the world.

Nevertheless, deep in his heart, the terror remained. In that moment he had met God, face to face; he had delivered his first challenge. . . .

It was on the evening of that Sunday that Mrs. Cole turned the corner toward recovery.

(To be continued)

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COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

The Punk in Punctuation

I have always had a very keen ambition
To become a sort of poet laureate
But I'm hampered by my lack of erudition
For I've never somehow learned to punctuate

I can never handle commas with assurance
Though I understand their use is fixed by rule
And it taxes any editor's endurance
To supply the things I didn't learn at school

I know nothing of the colon's life and pleasures
Of the semicolon's joys just half as much
And my best intentioned dithyrambic measures
Always need the punctuator's gentle touch

When to use parentheses and when the bracket
Is a puzzle far beyond my simple ken
You may never miss such knowledge till you lack it
But you'll find it very necessary then

Take the hyphen and the dash they're most confusing
I can never tell the short one from the long
And the question-mark my use of it's amusing
As to risking asterisks I'm always wrong

I can never use the marks that mean quotation
I'm as apt as not to turn them inside out
And the little sign that stands for exclamation
Is a constant source of never ending doubt

So the only way to thwart my hesitating
And to bring my dread dilemma to an end
Is to let the reader do the punctuating
With the marks I'm very happy to append

; ; ?, .) * : ; — & ' ? ‘ ‘ ‘ ’ ( ) ; / — * — : : ‘ ’ ’)
. . . / ?, , : : ; * — ( ) ! ‘ ‘ * ’ ’ — , , ? . ; ; . . / — & ’ ’
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! ! ! / ? ?, ? ( ) . . . . @ , , : : ; ; ‘ ‘ ‘ ’ — : ; ? !)

—HINTON GILMORE

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"Wise-Cracking" Crook Novels

What are we going to do with the crook plays and the crook novels now so much with us? I refer of course to the trouble the authors of them deliberately cause us by their flourishing of the crook language. At least I assume out of politeness that it really *is* crook language that is flourished. I should hate to think we are all of us being baffled or intrigued (*intrigued*—that indeed is a word which Sophie Kerr might well have added to her "detestable" list in the February number) by a language specially cooked up in the humble hall-bedroom or the palatial studio (as the case may be) of some crook-story artist. Yet stranger things have happened—

How disturbing it is to the simple-minded reader with the usual 700- to 800-word vocabulary to discover, for instance, that neither "soup" nor "sausage" has anything to do with food, nor "bubble" with drink, that a "gay cat" is by no manner of means a hilarious feline, and that bells have no part in a "ring-up"!

Revolving these great matters in my mind, I have come to the conclusion that what the reading public needs is a little discreet guidance. To this end I have prepared a short examination paper in crook terms which I give below, and which I believe covers the ground with some completeness. Any student who devotes a mere four or five hours a day of his spare time for a few months to the careful study of the works of George Bronson Howard, Mrs. E. T. Rath, and the other well-known crook-story writers, with this paper as a guide, will be able—I feel convinced—to graduate *summa cum laude* in the noble art of "wise-cracking". In fact he (or she) should not only be able to read a crook novel or see a crook play without discomfort, but will be able to "shoot the wise-cracking stuff" personally, to the envy of his (or her) friends, and even (theoretically) to hold up his (or her) end in the company of the very crooks themselves. (May I be there to see!)

To encourage the earnest-minded inquirer I shall be glad to donate a copy of "Belle Jones" or "Jessica's First Prayer" as a prize to the best set of answers sent in before July 4th, on the condition that each candidate for the prize encloses an affidavit, sworn on a stack of "Daisy" books not less than four feet high, that the answers are his (or her) unaided work, and that no assistance whatever has been sought from a professional crook.

EXAMINATION PAPER

(Note—Write your answers clearly, on one side of the paper only. Additional marks will be given for verifiable references to authorities and quotations of original texts.)

1. Construct sentences illustrating the correct use of the following terms: olivet, galway, ducket, to clean for the works.

2. If a pete intends to snuff a drum,
   (a) would he prefer a harnessed box or a keister, and why?
   (b) in which case would he make use of soup or of dooley, and why?
   (c) for what reasons would a looker be desirable?

3. Is a paper-hanger or a scratchman generally considered as the higher grade of worker? How does each compare socially and professionally with (a) a mush-talker, (b) a baster, (c) a moll-buzzer, (d) a knucker, (e) a creeper, (f) a yegg?

4. Distinguish carefully between (a) the bubble, (b) the callie, (c) the hoose-gow; and evaluate (without the use of logarithms) the difference in the feelings of a gentleman (a) kangarooed to the dump by a stool-pigeon, (b) ditched through a pal crocking to a snitch.

5. Discuss the effect of the Prohibition Amendment on a white liner. What would be his chances after its passage of procuring sufficient powders to enable him to get slopped up (a) in the State of Maine, (b) in New York City?

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6. Explain clearly with examples the uses of any five of the following articles; a mouthpiece, a drag, a rumble, a slang, a scat, a monniker, a rally.

7. Differentiate a door-rapper from a cleaner, and state, with adequate reasons, which would be the more likely (a) to ding for a lump, (b) to be a ring-up for a hoister (omitting in the latter case the possibilities of the joint being bugged).

Problem A

A lammister, X, is traveling along a curved road AB at the rate of f miles per hour. 4 flatties, W_1, W_2, W_3, W_4, each packing a rod, and 2 sausages, S_1, S_2, are traveling in the same direction at a rate of f + 1 miles per hour. 2 fly cops, V_1, V_2, of whom V_2 is britching a gat, are traveling in the opposite direction on the same curve at a speed of f + 2 miles. X gets jerry too late to be able to initiate either tangential or transverse action. Estimate to 5 places of decimals the chances of (a) a mattance, (b) X jimmying a bull and getting settled for a fiver in consequence.

Problem B

Two broads, A, a gun-moll, B, a haybag, are gay cats for a dip, C. While hopping a rattler, R, A and B fan G, a guy with woods, for his super, prop, poke, and bunch. A certain hook, H, getting rap to it, maces A and B for a split. Simultaneously, C, hopscotching and traversing a slightly larger area in the same elapsed time by means of a dangler, connects with H, A, and B, while A is stalling, and B is giving H an earful. Draw a diagram showing the probable direction in which H will screw his nut—S_1 and S_2 being the top and bottom respectively of the main stem and W a moving dick gotnecking thereon, and having a known speed 1½ times that of H.

—MOREBY ACKLOM

Poetry Democratized

Children should make up poems without the slightest embarrassment, and the time spent in school in writing their own poems would be better spent than that consumed in learning arithmetic. When everybody writes his own poems, two-thirds of the misery of the world will flow away singing.

—SARA TEASDALE

Reginald sat at his desk, abstracted. His eyes surveyed the multiplication chart which the teacher was exploiting, but his six-year-old mind was on higher things. "Reginald?" called his instructor, with her pointer at 8×8=? To which he replied, frowning:

Eight times eight? I once knew—
Chance it maketh forty-two!
Prithee do not bore me, Teacher!
Sordid facts are not my metier!

And the woman, properly rebuked, subsided.

Anon the boy traveled homeward, to be greeted at the back door by the butcher's rugged tones:

Lamb or fowl or tenderloin,
Any cut of meat that's goin'.
Not an ounce of extra gristle
Sure as my new car's "Kissel"!

Then his mother's voice:

No, not one thing will I take
But a pound of good whale steak
Which you and fish-man each opine
Should be in the other's line!

Pursuing his course indoors Reggie found, working on the kitchen sink, the plumber whom the garbage man, *en passant*, was engaging in pleasant converse:

Times is hard on my trade, Bill!
People don't waste any swill!
All account of Herbert Hoover
Not an egg-shell is left over!

The plumber rejoined:

Well, my daily income's more—
'Stead of one hundred it's four.
Folks grow careless about pipes
When they're busy with receipts!

Aghast at the atrocious rhyme and rhythm of the crude fellows, their hearer sought the orchard where he solaced himself with seven large apples eaten in rapid and stimulating succession. Some hours later he stated briefly and conclusively:

Mother, I've a raging pain
Wracking me, perforce, in twain!

He would have mentioned the apples, but, concentrate as he might, he could not, in his discomfort, think of anything that rhymed with them.

The doctor, after extensive tapping, pronounced:

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Madam, my profound advice is
Your son has appendicitis!
Quickly I must operate
Or 'twill be, I fear, too late!

But Reginald foiled him. On the operating table, just after the anæsthetist had counseled cheerily:

Take a deep, deep whiff of ether
And your struggles will be briefer!

desperation brought resource and the victim announced:

Long since, to dispel care's leaven,
I devoured apples seven!

thereby saving his father a cool five hundred—

And vindicating the Muse!

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

BRAND WHITLOCK'S STORY OF BELGIUM

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

The telling of the story of Belgium's Calvary is essentially an American task. Before the gathering storm in August, 1914, a thousand or so of our countrymen, interrupted in their pleasure jaunts, hurried across the Flanders lowlands in the excited scamper for the ports of embarkation. Some of them even carried away impressions of the land as it was in the days when it was hoping, doubting, awaiting the shock. When they had gone others remained. These, perhaps a hundred in all, held by ties of service or business, felt the blast from the throat of the Beast blowing hotter and hotter as the frontier forts crumbled beneath the weight of the Krupp guns; saw the stream of refugees pouring westward, and the great German military machine rumble through Brussels and roll on in its journey to the French border. To those Americans who had stayed were added a score of newspaper correspondents who had been rushed across the Atlantic in time to find the occupation of the Belgian capital a fact, and to witness the later fighting that led to the fall of Antwerp. Then the iron grip on the unhappy land tightened to endure for four years. The correspondents had no longer a place, and one by one the business men drifted away. But other Americans came; the volunteers of the organization known as the C. R. B., who from October, 1914, till April, 1917, remained in the land to carry on the work of the material *ravitaillement*, and by that tight pressure of the hand of Belgium to convey to the nation the message of faith and hope. But although the work was permanent as long as was possible, the men of the C. R. B., with an exception or two, replaced one another at intervals, and there were frequent changes in the diplomatic and consular services.

The C. R. B. story of Belgium under the yoke would be like a novel in the Wilkie Collins method, in which one character after another takes up the burden of narrative. Mr. Poland or Mr. Crosby would carry the tale to the point where it would be taken up by Dr. Kellogg, who in turn would relinquish it to Mr. Gregory, his successor as director. But in the United States Legation in the Rue de Trèves there was one man who saw the beginning and the end, who was there when Belgium was smiling in fancied se-

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curity, and who was there practically without interruption until the day in April, 1917, when thousands of Belgians gathered in the streets about the Gare du Nord in Brussels to wave farewell to the train load of Americans who were starting on the journey across Germany to the Swiss frontier. That was the American Minister, and the result in continuity of Mr. Whitlock's narrative gives it a place which nothing else that has been written about Belgium under the German occupation can even challenge. For the present, at least, the book is the last word.

This opinion, which may be expressed without fear of possible contradiction, is also without thought of disparagement of the writings of other Americans. Strikingly vivid was Hugh Gibson's "A Journal from our Legation in Belgium", published a year or two ago. But with the exception of a supplementary chapter about Edith Cavell, that book carried only to the end of 1914. Both Dr. Vernon Kellogg and Mrs. Kellogg have written about the suffering land, which they knew so well, with rare sympathy and literary skill. War correspondence has no more brilliant chapter than that in which the late Richard Harding Davis described the entry of the German armies into Brussels, no longer regiments of men marching, but "something uncanny, inhuman, a force of nature like a landslide, a tidal wave, or lava sweeping down a mountain; not of this earth, but mysterious, ghostlike; carrying all the mystery and menace of a fog rolling toward you across the sea". Among other writings that come to mind are the entertaining but perhaps not overdiscreet "War Bread" of Mr. Edward Eyre Hunt; the Belgian chapters of Mr. Frederick Palmer's "My Year of the Great War"; the descriptive work of Will Irwin and Mary Roberts Rinehart, and that curious account in which Irvin Cobb, for once gullible, attempted to whitewash German methods. It may interest Mr. Cobb to learn that German officers in Brussels used to tell with great gusto of the elaborate setting of the scene that had been made for his benefit and the benefit of his fellow investigators.

It has been Mr. Whitlock's method not only to tell his story but also to prove his case. The first might have been done in less than half the space; for the second, the five hundred thousand words to which the two volumes run were needed. To illustrate: he tells of an order issued by the occupying military authorities calling on the civil population to deliver certain household goods and threatening punishment in the event of non-compliance. In order that posterity may have no doubt in the matter he reproduces the order in its original text. His is the double rôle of historian and advocate. The Germans themselves furnished the damning documentary evidence. The tale of rapacity and ruthless repression was told in the *affiches* that day by day were placarded against Belgian walls. The name of Edith Cavell is likely to live through history. Already forgotten by the great world outside of Belgium are the five others, two of them women, condemned to execution in the same *affiche*.

Somehow, in the pages of Mr. Whitlock's book, one sees not only Belgium, but also, and more clearly and vividly than in any other narrative that has come within the present reviewer's observation, Germany—the Germany that first revealed itself to an amazed world in August, 1914.

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For nowhere were the Germans so modernly German as in Poland, Belgium, and the occupied provinces of Northern France.

The olden Germany had meant so much that was good and pleasant to think upon—all the various connotations of such names as Beethoven, Mozart, Handel, Wagner, Schiller, and Goethe. There had been Carlyle's vast enthusiasm, too, his translation of Schiller's works and his tremendous book on the great Frederick. Then the Rhine, the legends, the songs, and all that, and the traditions of 1848, Carl Schurz, Franz Sigel, and their like. All this had passed away. There comes an hour, as Mr. Guglielmo Ferrero has said, in the lives of nations as of men, when a choice must be made between moral and material success. Germany had made the choice, and the old Germany was gone, never to return.

It is not merely the picture of a nation, crushed but indomitable, held in the iron grip of its conquerors, that the book presents. Clearly limned on the vast canvas are vivid figures of individuals—the Germans Von Bissing, Von der Goltz Pasha, Von der Lancken, Lutwitz, Brohn, Von Falkenhausen, Von Sauberzweig, and Schulbach; the astute and useful Spanish ambassador Villalobar; the Belgians Burgomaster Max, Francqui, de Solvay, Maitre de Leval, Tibbaut, Louis Franck, Baron Lambert, and above all, Désiré James (Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines); the Americans Hoover, Gibson, Kellogg, Crosby, Poland, Lucey, Gregory, and Gray. These are the outstanding men, against the background of the hundreds of thousands in more or less soiled field gray, the eight or nine millions of civilians of Belgium and Northern France who were living under the yoke, and the little group of subalterns in the American relief service. It is a book of many pages brilliantly written. In the essence it is a page of history that is absolutely without parallel.

Belgium. By Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium. D. Appleton and Company.

MAX'S "HAPPY HYPOCRITE"

By Benjamin De Casseres

Max Beerbohm was never *fin de siècle*—that phrase in vogue a quarter of a century ago that stamped a man a decadent (*de-cay-dent*, please, not the French *dec-a-dong*), a genius with asymmetrical toes or a multi-nuanced soul with a supra-subtle *flair* for intangible and sometimes scatalogous doings. No, Max was always a sane, sober, English, eighteenth-century satirist — wholesome, sentimental, cunning. A golden butterfly, done by Whistler; a light epigram, parlor-turned by Wilde; a paragraph in an auto-preface to one of Shaw's plays; a Mephisto à la Sir Jimmie Barry. This is Max Beerbohm. To read him is to love him—which may or may not be praise for a satirist. As you like it.

"The Happy Hypocrite", *de luxe*, comes to us from John Lane. This immortally perfect little tale of Lord George Hell, roysterer and gay sinner of a London that is long no more, and how he had a saint's mask manufactured to woo the impeccable Miss Mere, who read in his face, palm-wise, the roué and gambler and the veteran of a thousand vices; how Lord George won his demure Virginia under a perfectly chaste English moon that dabbled in a perfectly chaste English pool; how the frightful La Gambogi, a demi-ripper from London, unmasked him in his Eden only to find that the mask had become the man, and how Lord George Hell entered his heaven of happiness with the pretty Miss Mere and lived forever after perfectly happy, a retired man—all this is as well known to the connoisseurs

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of literature as it is unknown to the Man in the Subway.

The curious thing about "The Happy Hypocrite" is that we have never discovered the moral of the story. What is its meaning? Is it a satire on virtue, on vice, on gambling, on Puritanism, on you, on me, or on Max himself? Is it a morality story, a fairy story, a metaphysical treatise, a psychological allegory, or a superb defense of the master art—hypocrisy, that art which is the supreme manœuvre of survival in the struggle for existence?

But the greatness of "The Happy Hypocrite" consists just in that—that we can read anything at all into it. It is for young, old, and the readers of "The New Republic". If it is a morality yarn, the moral is plain: "it is never too late to mend", granting that there is anything to mend. "Repent ye", etc., for the Kingdom of Boredom is at hand. Lord George Hell was wiser than Dorian Gray, who also met his Elsa after touring Venusburg. But Dorian was a bad lot, and quite beyond resuscitation.

If it is a fairy story of how a bad little Englishman was rescued by a good little English lass, it may adorn any parlor table—unto Philadelphia—and may be read aloud after grace or the bootlegged cocktail.

If it is a metaphysical allegory of the transformation of the soul by the Lamarckian dint-of-wishing theory, it is a tale of universal import—one that would have delighted Arthur Schopenhauer, and does no doubt delight the great Jules de Gaultier, French philosopher, whose pet formula that men become supermen by conceiving themselves as they are *not* is the very basis of all progress, moral and immoral.

If it is a defense of hypocrisy as the racial art preservative, nothing like it has, then, been done in literature since the Don Juan of Molière, who found he could get away with more when he played the game of respectability than he could as an open dandified François Villon.

The book is superbly illustrated by George Sheringham.

The Happy Hypocrite. By Max Beerbohm. John Lane Co.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S INTERPRETATION OF COMING EVENTS

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

England must go back to the land and grow her own food. That is the chief contention, the most often reiterated argument, of John Galsworthy in his latest book, "Another Sheaf". Two of the twelve articles in the collection, written respectively in 1917 and 1918, are called definitely "The Land". In several of the others mention is made of this growing tendency toward the desertion of the country which is endangering the nation's independence and very existence, and its corollary, *town-blight*, which will lower the health, beauty, efficiency, intelligence, and happiness of individuals and gradually of the race.

"Since the air is mastered and there are pathways under the sea, we, the proudest people in the world, will exist henceforth by mere merciful accident, *until we grow our own food*", is one of the texts of his talk. "We have as good a climate and soil as any in the world, not indeed for pleasure, but for health and food, and yet, I am sure, we are rotting physically faster than any other people"; and, "We are by a long way the most town-ridden country in the world; our towns by a long way the smokiest and worst-built,

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with the most inbred town populations", are other statements, and these are not the most disturbing in their phraseology. He is not generalizing —he has facts to back him up. His outline for reformation is, he says, already well in the public eye, on paper, but has not yet in reality been adopted as a national creed.

It is five-fold:

1. Such solid economic basis to the growth of our food as will give us again national security, more arable land than we have ever had, and on it a full complement of well-paid workers, with bettered cottages, and a livened village life. 2. A vast number of small holdings, State-created, with co-operative working. 3. A wide belt-system of garden allotments round every town, industrial or not. 4. Drastic improvements in housing, feeding, and sanitation in the towns themselves. 5. Education that shall raise not only the standard of knowledge but the standard of taste in town and country.

There is much exquisite writing in the book, as in all of Galsworthy's, and especially in the little sketch of home-going soldiers, "The Road", and in "France, 1916-1917, An Impression". There are some economic and industrial discussions and informal conjectures as to the future, and a delightfully whimsical "Grotesques", which describes the visits to London in 1947 of the Angel Aethereal, who comes every thirty-seven years. But next in importance to the English land idea is the idea of the strong union of English-speaking peoples, in the interests of which Mr. Galsworthy has come here this year, for the James Russell Lowell centenary. The article "American and Briton" is the last of three which give wonderfully clear analyses of the national differences between the English and the French, the Russians, and the Americans. But the last of the three is of the greatest importance, for, as he says, "On the mutual understanding of each other by Britons and Americans the future happiness of nations depends more than on any other world cause".

Another Sheaf. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN HISTORICAL TRILOGY

By R. L. Schuyler

With the publication of "National Self-Government" Professor Ramsay Muir completes an historical trilogy to which he gives as a general title, "The Culmination of Modern History". The volumes previously published are "Nationalism and Internationalism" (1916) and "The Expansion of Europe" (1917). The work as a whole is a political interpretation of modern history from the point of view of the Great War.

A reader has no valid complaint to lodge against an historian who seeks in brief compass to generalize from the events of several centuries on the ground that his presentation of facts is more or less abbreviated. That is to be expected. But he has a right to demand that statements of fact, where such are given, should be substantially correct. Unfortunately, Professor Muir is guilty of a good many lapses from factual accuracy. A few examples may with propriety be put in evidence. In "The Expansion of Europe" it is stated that Virginia was planted in 1608 (page 34); that Albany is located at the junction of the Mohawk and the Hudson (page 29); that "full religious toleration" was allowed in Maryland (page 37); that the English conquest of New Netherlands took place in 1667 (page 42); that the Virginia assembly of 1619 consisted of one representative from each "township" (page 35); that India fell into a state of "complete anarchy" following the collapse of the Mogul Empire (page 50); that

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the United States is the single instance of a daughter-nation outnumbering its mother country (page 56); and that the Monroe Doctrine has been safeguarded by the British navy (page 102), a statement which, while partially true, manifestly leaves out of consideration those occasions when the Doctrine was invoked against Great Britain.

In "National Self-Government" (page 29) the party cabinet is said to have been the main motive force in British politics ever since 1784, although the party cabinet in fact disappeared from British politics in 1915 and has not yet been restored. To say that the middle class "abandoned power" in England in 1867 (page 76) raises the question, who has been ruling in that country since that date? The remark that outside of Britain and the communities sprung from her, representative systems have been the product of the last hundred years (page 1) overlooks the history of France since 1789. The statement that almost all classes of the population were growing prosperous in England during the third quarter of the nineteenth century (page 152) conjures up a vision of English society in that period that is altogether too roseate. Within the narrow compass of six pages (pages 38-44) the author dispenses a variety of error respecting the Constitution of the United States which suggests that he has never read that document.

Turning from matters of fact to questions of judgment and interpretation: to say that the fundamental cause of the decline of the Roman Empire "was that the life-giving balance and conflict between Law and Liberty were more and more lost as the centralized power of the Emperors and their officials increased", ("Nationalism and Internationalism", page 26) is a most summary and *ex cathedra* way of disposing of a debatable question. To represent British policy in its support of Turkey at the Congress of Berlin as subordinate to that of Germany and Austria (page 104) seems unwarranted, while the assertion that this was the sole occasion in the history of the national movement when Britain ranged herself against the national cause leaves Ireland out of consideration. It is assumed that the rapid changes of ministry in France during the Third Republic have meant political instability ("National Self-Government", page 148). The Paris Commune of 1871 should not be described as "the aimless and reckless outburst of mere revolutionary insanity" (page 145). The system of national education created in France under the Third Republic, which certainly taught patriotism and Republicanism, is highly commended ("National Self-Government", pages 204-5); while the educational system of the German Empire, which taught patriotism and devotion to the Hohenzollern, is represented as tending to destroy individuality and thought (pages 186-190). Of course it always makes a difference whose ox is gored, but is not the real issue whether educational systems should be utilized for the purposes of nationalistic propaganda at all? There are those who think that we should divorce nationalism, as we have divorced sectarianism, from education.

Professor Muir is perhaps unduly severe in his judgment upon America's traditional policy of aloofness from "world politics". Americans, he thinks, were persuaded that they were a chosen people, who should not concern themselves with the problems of the rest of the world ("The Expansion

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of Europe", page 65). It is true that the American Revolution was not a crusading movement, like the French Revolution, yet there have always been Americans who, like Jefferson, hoped that the example of the United States would prove contagious, and believed that the best service the United States could perform to the world was to put its own house in order and thus to afford to other peoples an inspiring proof of the practicability of democracy.

Professor Muir's trilogy is one of the more serious historical interpretations called forth by the war. It had its origin in a popular lecture in which he undertook to show that the chief political developments of the modern world were brought simultaneously to a test in the Great War. These are, in his view, (1) the growth of the idea of nationality; (2) the growth of the idea of internationalism as the fulfilment, not the antithesis, of nationality; (3) the growth of self-government through representative institutions as dependent upon the sense of nationality; and (4) the expansion of the political influence and ideas of Europe over the non-European world.

Professor Muir interprets the Great War as the culmination of modern history in the sense that it is to determine whether the world is to be organized on the basis of cooperative nationalism or military domination, democracy or autocracy, trusteeship over the backward peoples of the earth or imperial exploitation. His volumes should contribute to a better understanding of what may be called the historical background of these antithetical principles, and even those who are tolerably familiar with the broad outlines of modern history will find much that is suggestive in what he has written. Those who incline to a materialistic interpretation of history will feel that he overemphasizes ideas at the expense of the brute facts of human existence.

Nationalism and Internationalism. By Ramsay Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.
The Expansion of Europe. By Ramsay Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.
National Self-Government. By Ramsay Muir. Henry Holt and Co.

OLD BOTTLES FOR NEW WINE

By Grace Isabel Colbron

The danger to the world of a diplomatic outlook which lags a generation behind actualities in international relations, while yet it has power to embroil nations in war, a fatal power over the weal and woe of millions, is set forth clearly in Dr. Howe's latest book. The old bottles have burst with the new wine, but in doing so they have torn a world wide open and wrought endless misery. The new internationalism of industry and commerce, which for half a century has been linking the entire globe in ever closer bonds, has come into disastrous conflict with the diplomacy which still thinks . . . and worse yet, acts . . . in the old nationalistic ideals of a hundred years ago. To a slight extent diplomacy and foreign offices and embassies have kept pace with the times in that they represent not only the feudal monarchies and aristocracies, but the new oligarchy of monopolized industry and legalized privilege. But diplomacy still does not represent the people of any nation, and sooner or later the crash was bound to come. For out of the difference between old forms and new facts imperialism was born, the imperialism which is at war with internationalism, which is, always and forever, at war with democracy as well. Given a nation with a growing creative power

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in industrialism which reached to the far corners of the earth, but still ruled by a military caste with anachronistic ideals of conquest which belong in an earlier century . . . what happened was bound to happen.

But Dr. Howe's book is an impassioned warning that it is not enough for the democratic world to have overthrown German imperialism. The more modern states have an imperialism of monopoly which is equally dangerous, and equally pregnant with the seeds of future wars. The "flag that protects the investor" may be the banner of a republic, but it contains a menace of war just as strong as though it represented a despotic monarchy. The forces of privilege that seek protective tariffs and monopolies at home, that demand the same privileges overseas, arouse the antagonisms that make for war. And no enduring peace can come until, in the settlement, right is recognized rather than might.

The greatest war of the world should be ended by the greatest peace of the world,—

is the key-note sentence of the book. And it must be a peace that recognizes the simple fundamentals of freedom for all peoples, not merely for the white race, freedom of industry and commerce, as well as freedom of thought and speech.

Along its more practical side Dr. Howe's book gives a very interesting resumé of the history of the great trade routes that lie by land and sea around the Mediterranean, "the strategic center of the world". Here lies the greatest problem for the Peace Conference to solve, and in this writer's opinion at least, it can be solved only by international control of these trade routes for which wars have been fought for generations.

Practically and ethically, and, not least, in its clear, simple and readable style, Dr. Howe's book is an important contribution to what we may call "reconstruction literature".

The Only Possible Peace. By Frederic C. Howe. Charles Scribner's Sons.

HOW-DO-YOU-DO, ENGLAND!

By Benjamin De Casseres

It was in 1775 that the British people living on a strip of the Atlantic seaboard in America set forth upon the tremendous enterprise of licking a British king who was not British. The War of Independence was an Englishman's war. It was a war fought for age-long English principles. It was fought by the sons of Englishmen against a stupid Prussian monarch. It was a war carried on to force Anglo-Saxon tradition upon a clique that ruled England. The Declaration of Independence was written in the same spirit that ruled Cromwell when he broke the stubborn neck of Charles I. In other words, the American Revolution was a household scrap. And this was not clearly understood in this country until that fatal day in 1914 when the Prussian hoof began its goose-step toward Liège, whose guns have never been silenced.

As to "English hypocrisy", that we used to mouth glibly, there has been more hypocrisy in the world's attitude toward that great British Empire than that empire has ever been guilty of. Her sword is bloody. So is the sword of every superior people. Civilization is not carried on by presentation copies of Shakespeare, Voltaire, or Emerson to backward races. We have "civilized" the Indian with British methods. And did France take a plebiscite in Morocco? The walls of Casablanca will answer the

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question. The most famous and fairest treaty was signed by an Englishman—William Penn.

Two timely books on England, "Shaking Hands with England", by Charles Hanson Towne, and "Explaining the Britishers", by Frederick William Wile, have just appeared. Mr. Towne, as one of the editors of "McClure's Magazine", went to England in 1918, and his book is a magnificent tribute to that country's work in the world war against the organized thuggery on the other side of the Rhine. It is the record of a people's morale, its almost jocular fearlessness and fatality in the face of starvation, murder from the air, and extermination — for in regard to the latter we have now no doubts as to the intent of the Prussians. Mr. Towne writes down his experiences in a vital, human, breezy way that makes pictures for the mind. One gets the impression from it that England in her darkest hours never knew fear. She has a fatal presentiment of her own grandeur, an invulnerable complacency in regard to her vitality. There is a cock-sureness about the consciousness of her importance that is founded on something profounder than consciousness, which her history and her triumph do not belie. Reading Mr. Towne's book is not only shaking hands with England, but with something great in ourselves. Language is profounder than thought or treaties. An Anglo-American alliance, which Mr. Towne urges, is not a political necessity, but a psychological fatality.

"Explaining the Britishers", by Mr. Wile, who was the representative in Germany and England for the Chicago "Daily News" and who was for thirteen years in Germany as correspondent of the London "Daily Mail", is a splendid interpretation of the British character by an American who had been taught, like most of us, to think of England as "our hereditary foe". He was brought up to scoff, and remains to applaud. Mr. Wile's book goes further under the skin than Mr. Towne's. It is one of the most admirable expositions of the English character that we have read. It is, too, a complementary volume to Mr. Towne's in telling the story of the almost unbelievable work of these 30,000,000 people in achieving the end which is now in sight.

Mr. Towne's book has a few fine chapters on France. But this should have gone into a separate cover. For if England has been sublime, France was supernatural.

Shaking Hands with England. By Charles Hanson Towne. George H. Doran Company.
Explaining the Britishers. By Frederick William Wile. George H. Doran Company.

THE UNITED STATES MARINES

By Walter A. Dyer

Since that crucial moment of the Great War when the German drive was halted at Château-Thierry, only thirty-five miles from Paris, all the world has heard of the prowess of the United States marines. Hard-hitting, sharp-shooting, steel-hearted fighters they are, who won for themselves and their nation imperishable glory during the bitterest struggles of the last phase of the war. And yet it is doubtful whether the man in the street has any very clear idea of what a marine really is, what his place is in the American military establishment, or whence came this particular group of fighting men that seemed all ready to jump in at the critical moment while the army was still in the making.

As a matter of fact they did not

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spring up out of the ground at the call for men. They were ready before that as the rest of the nation was not ready. They have, indeed, been ready always; they have been on the job in every war and every expedition in which the United States has been engaged since the days of John Paul Jones. They are the mobile fighting force of the navy, the foot-soldiers of the fleets, the world policemen of Uncle Sam, and if they have not attracted much attention in the past, it is largely because they have performed their far-flung duties so quietly and efficiently. They have a history and a tradition as old and honorable as that of army or navy, and an *esprit de corps* that cannot be surpassed anywhere in the world.

The marines were with John Paul Jones on the "Ranger" and the "Bon Homme Richard". They took part in the important naval engagements of our Revolutionary War. They were a potent factor in the war against the Barbary corsairs, and it was a marine, Lieutenant O'Bannon, who raised the Stars and Stripes on the fortress of Derne in Tripoli in 1803.

They took an important part in the War of 1812 and the war with Mexico. They distinguished themselves at the storming of Chapultepec on September 13, 1847, and on the following day it was Lieutenant Nicholson of the marines who raised the United States flag on the National Palace in the City of Mexico.

They were with Commodore Perry in Japan in 1853 and at Harper's Ferry in 1859. They took part in most of the naval engagements of the Civil War. In 1898 the marines won distinction at Guantanamo and Cavite, and were left to straighten things out in Cuba and the Philippines after the Spanish War. They helped to quell the Boxer Rebellion in China in 1900. They have brought order out of chaos in Nicaragua, Haiti, and Santo Domingo. Everywhere their fighting has been picturesque and daring and the story of it reads like a romance. In 1914 they played a leading rôle in the occupation of Vera Cruz.

The marine corps has always been small in numbers and mighty in strength. When war was declared on Germany, there were only about 11,000 marines mobilized. The numbers were rapidly increased, however, until over 50,000 were enrolled, and a special overseas training camp was established at Quantico, Virginia. In the winter of 1917-18 two regiments of marines, mostly new men under seasoned officers, were sent to France, forming half of the Second Division, A. E. F. They fought at Belleau Wood, at Villers-Cotterets, at Blanc Mont Ridge, and before Sedan, and now they form a part of the honored army of occupation. No body of American fighting troops has seen more action or won greater honors.

Willis J. Abbot, author of "The Story of Our Army" and "The Story of Our Navy", has told the whole story of the marine corps in a volume of permanent value as a contribution to United States history. And because we are in a mood for reading of the achievements of fighting Americans, the story contains a wealth of dramatic interest. One might wish that Mr. Abbot had devoted more than one sketchy chapter to the deeds of our marines in France, but Brigadier-General A. W. Catlin has done that in "With the Help of God and a Few Marines". The two books are complementary and will be read with intense interest by any who have enjoyed such records of the Americans in France as those of Floyd Gib-

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bons and Frederick Palmer. It is such books as these that will increase in value when volumes of transitory soldier impressions, however thrilling they were while the guns were roaring, have been forgotten.

Soldiers of the Sea. The Story of the United States Marine Corps. By Willis J. Abbot. Dodd, Mead and Co.

ROMANCE THE DEMIURGE

By Henry A. Lappin

James Branch Cabell has for some years past been regarded by a faithful percipient few as an artist of distinguished quality. But although he has been writing and publishing—in these United States—essays, verses, translations, studies historical and genealogical, short-stories and novels (and all this has been going on for sixteen years), it is nevertheless fairly safe to wager that he is hardly more than a mere name even to the comparatively small group of readers who borrow or buy the very few contemporary books that are worth rereading. And yet before one has finished the rich thirty pages of the second section of "Beyond Life", this latest book of his, one begins to realize that Mr. Cabell surely deserves a special place in contemporary American literature, and that his place is high. If Mr. Cabell were an Englishman, an Irishman, or a translated Frenchman he would long before this have been monographed and lectured upon by one of the more eminent of those professors peripatetic whose fad is omniscience and whose parergic foible it is at once to discover and exhibit, to avow and amuse. For, with rare lapses, Mr. Cabell is no less scholar than artist. No small part of his power and charm comes out of his varied learning; learning that he bears lightly and gracefully as you might carry a chrysanthemum in the buttonhole. It is clear that he knows his Greek and Latin poets, and he is intimate with the mediæval and Renaissance French writers. Nothing could be more penetrating or more warmly satisfying than his pages on the Restoration dramatists; on Richard Brinsley Sheridan his word is certainly the most illuminating that the present reviewer has so far read.

It may seem ungracious to find even a little fault with a writer whose book has given one such keen enjoyment. But one may perhaps (to get it over and done with) refer at this point to certain of Mr. Cabell's stylistic idiosyncracies. A year ago, one is informed, the literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune" announced his conviction—printed by the publishers on the paper jacket of "Beyond Life"—that Mr. Cabell was "the greatest living master of English prose". For the most part Mr. Cabell writes with ease, grace, and considerable charm, but he is most decidedly not what the Chicago editor says he is. He is too fond, for one thing, of that childish affectation, Wardour Street English. It is a pity that he should deface his page with such words and locutions as "questionless", "anciently", "by ordinary", "whereamong". He speaks once of "liquid refreshments"; he uses that no-word "viewpoint". Probably it is his printer who misspells for him the word "divagate" every time it occurs.

For the best contemporary achievement in letters his *flair* is unerring, as witness his praise of that great and amazingly neglected craftsman, Arthur Machen. Nor is he in any doubt as to what he dislikes: the foot-notes toward the close of this book on the Reverend Harold Bell Wright, Gene

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Stratton-Porter, Marie Corelli, Henry Sydnor Harrison, R. W. Chambers, and Captain Rupert Hughes are brief masterpieces of delicate and definitive excoriation. Of four-fifths of our current fiction it would be difficult to find a description more just or more ironically incisive than the reference to—

> . . . the upliftingly lachrymose tale-tellers, whose imaginary wives and husbands can grow "really to know each other" only after the bank fails or some other material misfortune has reduced them to poverty and caresses . . . those fearless fictionists whose heroines find it a married woman's first duty in life to set up housekeeping with a bachelor.

With equally bland scorn he disposes of our most widely circulated periodicals: ". . . those justly popular magazines where the fiction is arranged, and to every appearance written, with a view of inducing people to read the advertisements." Indeed it is in his *obiter dicta* on contemporary tendencies, social and literary, and on the peculiarities of men and women—the eternal tendencies—that the author is at his wisest and wittiest. John Charteris, that quaint little man, is Mr. Cabell's mouthpiece throughout, and without apparent effort he can bring the sun up the sky with talking. On this occasion he begins at nine o'clock at night, and as he draws to a close, having argued and expounded and digressed through the long watches of the night into the dawn, the grey light of earliest morning is filtering into the room through an open shutter.

"Off hand", he begins finely, "I would say that books are best insured against oblivion through practice of the auctorial virtues of distinction and clarity, of beauty and symmetry, of tenderness and truth and urbanity." And on he goes discoursing *de omnibus rebus et de quibusdam aliis*, but chiefly of the reality of romance as an agent in human life and striving—an agent, controlling, creative, and ameliorative; so that, in the sum, "each generation of naturally inert mortals is propelled toward a higher sphere and manner of living by the might of each generation's ignorance and prejudices and follies and stupidities beneficially directed". To the development of this thesis the little man returns intermittently in the course of his lengthy monologue. "He seemed to take an impish delight in his own discursiveness"—says the man whom Mr. Cabell represents as the reporter of, and the occasional foil to, Charteris—"and he shifted from irony to earnestness and back again so irresponsibly that I was not always sure of his actual belief." This is the conclusion Charteris arrives at on the last page but two:

> Romance it is undoubtedly who whispers to every man that life is not a blind and aimless business, not all a hopeless waste and confusion; that his existence is a pageant (appreciatively observed by divine spectators), and that he is strong and excellent and wise: and to romance he listens, willing and thrice willing to be cheated by the honeyed fiction. The things of which romance assures him are very far from true, yet it is solely by believing himself a creature but little lower than the cherubim that man has by interminable small degrees become upon the whole distinctly superior to the chimpanzee . . .

All which, if true, is exceedingly disturbing. But then it isn't true. That sort of statement we feel we must take seriously from a man like Bertrand Russell, even though we are not a whit more convinced by him than by John Charteris. For one suspects Charteris of being merely pleasantly perverse: the frore and stately solemnity of the Cambridge thinker is another matter. It is doing the author not the least injustice to admit that one may be rather less interested in the particular point to be made than

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in the ambling digressions—which are many and gorgeous. For sheer staying-power and the precious faculty of being profoundly and continuously interesting to his audience, it is only with Conrad's Marlow that John Charteris may be compared. Without lavish quotation it is extremely difficult to convey adequately the vitality and cleverness of this book. There is something worth quoting on almost every page. Here are two of the good things: "Cleanliness is, if not actually next to godliness, so far a promoter of benevolence that no man feels upon quite friendly terms with his fellow-beings when conscious that he needs a shave". A wedding-trip he describes as "a transmuting journey upon which demigods depart and wherefrom return only Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So". And every lover of literature and liberty will deeply sympathize with the *sæva indignatio* that descends upon and possesses Charteris whenever the question of Prohibition emerges. There is a delicious foot-note, defining Prohibitionists, which clamors to be set down here: "Sectarians of the period, who upheld the tenets of Mohammed as opposed to those of Christ in the matter of beverages, and made of dietary preferences a national issue, in imitation of the wars of Lilliput and Blefuscu over the preferable matter of eating. Charteris frequently mentions this heresy."

More than once in reading these pages one is curiously reminded—and not always by contrast—of the large gesture of Hilaire Belloc. Over the Romance theory propounded by Charteris Mr. Belloc might knit his brows and frown unconscionably, but how he would enjoy that foot-note!

Beyond Life. By James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride and Co.

OUR FIRST ANTHOLOGY OF NATIVE SONG

By Ernest Thompson Seton

In "The Path on the Rainbow" we have a remarkable and valuable mass of poems selected from original collections by our best investigators of native song. At the outset it strikes one that a classification into poems, songs, ballads, and sagas would have been extremely helpful. The differences between these have not always been recognized by the compiler. Nevertheless, such a mode of handling would not have been easy without full possession of the originals; and it seems obvious that the editor's point of view is purely literary, with chief reference to the English translations.

In some respects this is bound to be unfair to the material—for example, the mourning song of the Kagwantan (page 177):

> It is his own fault
> that this man of the wolf people died.
> Do not lay the blame on anyone else.

This is the song—the whole of it as given. Considered as poetry in this form it is valueless, but shrilled or chanted to the tom-tom in rhythmic rendition and native expression with many repeats, it might easily rank high as a song.

Similarly, one is tempted to doubt the wisdom of including such a song as "Dead-slave's Song" (page 172):

> I used to make fun
> of this poor little girl at Wrangell
> When she was very small.

The qualities which gave value to the original are surely not here.

On the other hand, the Micmac "Vengeance Song" (page 7) is obviously of true song construction, with its incisive statements interlarded with repeated rhythmic vocables that

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are there to develop and vent enthusiasm.

A song-poem of exquisite beauty even in translation is the Paiute "Song of Beautiful Women" (page 222). Apparently it should be "of a Beautiful Woman":

> Go thy way in comeliness!
> Strong sun across the sod doth make
> Such quickening as thy countenance.
> Pursue thy unguessed errand and pass by;
> I am more worth for what the passing wakes
> Great races in my loins to thee that cry!
> My blood is redder for thy loveliness—
> Prosper; be fair; pass by!

If there is anything finer in our own literature of the kind, I do not know where to look for it.

The Navaho also have made some noble contributions. The "Prayer to the Mountain Spirit" (page 221) is equal to the finest passages of Ossian and strangely akin to them in thought. So also the Wabanaki love-song or chant (page 5) and the Iroquois "Ritual of Fire and Darkness" would do credit to the literature of any people. On the other hand, "The Song My Paddle Sings" strikes me as foreign and less inspired than most in the volume.

Amid such an abundance of good things one is tempted to launch out at great length, especially since this is the first anthology of its kind. As a piece of book-making it is high class. Printers' errors are few. I note one, however (maybe not by the printer), that should be corrected: the name of Tekahionwake is misspelled each time —I give it here as she herself gave it. The collection is blessed with a true and discriminating introduction by Mary Austin, and as a whole is of such value that it will at once take a permanent place in our libraries.

The Path on the Rainbow, Edited by George W. Cronyn. Boni and Liveright.

SHE HAD A HABIT OF MARRYING

By Maurice Francis Egan

The value of the author of "Marie Grubbe" to the literature of Denmark was in the beginning that of style; afterward he gave to Danish literature its first psychological novel, "Niels Lyhne". He was born in 1847; he died in 1885. He threw over the conventionalities of the older Danish writers; if he could not find a word in the classicists, Ohlenschläger and Holberg, he invented one; he was determined to express color—even the most violent color. If this is not understood, it will be difficult for English-speaking readers to comprehend the reason for Georg Brandès's extravagant praise of the book. Marie Grubbe, the heroine, is a young woman who dared to live her own life in the seventeenth century in Denmark, when the desires, the passions and the inherited prejudices of men and women of the upper classes were their sole guides. She had a habit of marrying, and she had special charms for the illegitimate sons of kings—of which there were many in those times —and of these she chose two in high favor; and there were others to whom she was not legally bound, the interesting Sti Högh, for instance. She was a woman of sensuous and sensual instincts of the most elemental kind, whom none of the older Danish authors would have dared to portray; but the picture of the times is inimitable, and the very difficult work of the translator admirable. A comparison of the original Danish with Hanna Astrup Larsen's English is a linguistic education in itself. Jacobsen applied Shakespeare's methods to the novel as well as he could; he probably conceived it in blank verse; he shows no sympathy with a character which

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deprives itself of sympathy, but, while we can barely understand the raptures of the critical Georg Brandès on the ground that this was the first novel of a new movement, we must admit that it is a useful and interesting and glowing contribution to our knowledge of literature.

Marie Grubbe: A Lady of the Seventeenth Century. By Jans Peter Jacobsen. Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larsen. Boni and Liveright.

PORTUGAL

By David S. Muzzey

Even for students of history Portugal is scarcely more than the border of the Spanish peninsula, an insignificant strip of land, glorious five centuries ago for its pioneer work of exploration and colonization, but long since sunk in poverty and burdened with unproductive African dependencies. Such political vicissitudes as Portugal has experienced in the last decade, culminating in the assassination, in December, of President Paes and the abortive royalist rising in the North, would in any other land of Europe have called forth an ample literature of articles and books. But few even of well-read students could today give any coherent account of the history of Portugal from the assassination of King Manuel I in 1908 to the assassination which was to prepare the way for the return of King Manuel II in 1918.

For the better understanding of Portugal, its politics and its people—especially for the understanding of Portugal's attitude to the Great War—George Young, former secretary of the British Legation in Lisbon, has published this series of essays dealing with the old glories, the empire, and the eclipse, the long agony and the rebirth of the state which, from the days of its dependence on the Roman Empire as the province of Lusitania down to the days of its republican revolution a few years ago, has manifested a marvelous toughness and tenacity of national spirit, a creativeness, an originality, and a solidarity equaled by very few states in the world.

The master hand is visible in a few strokes. One has to read only a few pages of Mr. Young's entrancing book to realize that he is listening to the words of an authority on the subject; more than that, to the words of a man who loves the land for its uniqueness, who is steeped in its poetry and art, and who believes in the capacities and destinies of its people.

The book is called "an historical study", but it is much more than that: it is a very delicate appreciation of the national psychology of Portugal, illustrated not alone by its legislation and diplomacy, but by its architecture, its drama, the habits of its country folk and its fisher folk, its amusements, its schools, its churches, and its markets. One of the most delightful features of the book is the frequent quotation by the author, in English rhymes of his own making, of passages from the stately epic or the sprightly folk-song of the Portuguese poet of the twelfth or the twentieth century. Mr. Young loves the old Portugal, but the best part of his book is his faith in the new Portugal. The poet in him appreciates the altar-piece of San Vincente which graces the title-page, but the statesman in him hails the new republic of Portgual with hope and Godspeed.

Portugal, Old and Young. By George Young. Oxford University Press.

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MR. VAN LOAN'S GOLF BOOK

By Brian Hooker

The late Charles Van Loan could write a very good golf story. He not only could, but did. And having done so, he repeated the achievement from cover to cover of a fat and satisfying volume. Nor is that any easy or common accomplishment; for although there may be higher flights of literary endeavor, there is none wherein success is more exacting and more rare. It must be at once a thoroughly good story and a vision of essential and veritable golf. For the first, only natural-born story-tellers with a sound professional training are eligible. There is not a chance for the amateur, however much of a golfer he may be. And for the second, there is probably no other sport, not even baseball, whose votaries form so intimate and critical a freemasonry. The average fan is only a spectator; but the golfer himself plays the game which he adores, and woe betide the Philistine who misinterprets one jot or one tittle of the true inwardness of the pastime. Mr. Van Loan qualifies on both counts. As a writer, he is much in the tradition of that fine old vein of sporting narrative which is both English and American, and dates from the days of Jorrocks and before. And as a golfer, he is entirely one of us. The iron has entered into his soul—to say nothing of the brassy, the cleek, and the putter.

Who else has done this particular thing as well, it would be rather hard to say. One thinks at once and of course of Holworthy Hall, whose "Dormie One" stands out alone among golf stories as Owen Wister's "Philosophy 4" does among stories of college life—a bit of sheer perfection in its kind, with no close second. But, after that, our recollection goes vainly wandering. Mr. Van Loan catches exactly that warm and jolly atmosphere of the nineteenth hole through which one smiles back in retrospect over the other eighteen: that sense of sunlight and games and drinks and jovial masculine companionship which colors the old sporting prints. And this is quaintly projected through a style entirely modern and American, bearing to literature much the relation that a jazz band does to music. Also he has a knack of choosing material that every golfer knows, and setting up thus a community of memories—the foursome that never let anyone through; the man who tried to give up the game; the duffer who shot an 82 and wanted to be put in class A; and many lesser details not less universal.

On the other hand, it is easy enough to pick flaws. The real humor of the book is overcast now and again by verbal cleverness too obviously and anxiously clever; that sort of playing to the magazine gallery which was O. Henry's besetting sin. The dark horse is the prominent figure in too many of the stories. And the financial phase of things is emphasized out of due proportion. Somebody ought of course to sign for the drinks; and it is amusing, among friends, to have a little something on the game. But golf is not one of the gambling sports, and he who thinks more of the bet than of the game is no golfer. Overinsistence upon that sort of thing sheds a rather unpleasant aroma of cheap money upon some of the tales.

Nevertheless, it is ungracious to find fault with anything so generally enjoyable. Let us rather be grateful, and regret that Mr. Van Loan will

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not give us more of the same. That he played to his handicap is all any reader need require. In conclusion, the present reviewer desires to go on record as endorsing all that has been said about the eighteenth hole on the Sundown course (which is also the Yavapai Golf and Country Club). Their nineteenth hole should likewise be remembered with respect.

Fore! By Charles E. Van Loan. George H. Doran Company.

BOSWELLITIS

By Stark Young

The original plan of the Saturday Club, we are told in the preface of its book, was to preserve a record of the first half-century of its existence. But by sanction of the Club only sixteen years of its history are covered in the volume. This volume runs beyond five hundred pages. At this rate it would have taken fifteen hundred pages and more to cover the ground. Or can it be that the rest of the Club's history would be only too brief; or that its members reserve the chronicle of the years remaining as their future literary task? Such, however, may be malicious wonder, and is as well abandoned. There are some to whom such a volume would be of deep interest. For such as consider the middle of the last century in Boston to be of great importance generally in American annals, this book will be a boon. Or for those who like to dress up men and talk into town things, who like the chat and the style of bygone Augustan days, the book sets forth men and scenes little less interesting perhaps than Boswell's friends and haunts.

But there are many people also whom such a book will bore. They feel that there is something about it of what Romain Rolland would call a distinguished taste in stale things. They would like something more alive, or more intense, or modern, or cosmopolitan. They may feel as one might feel to hear a Bostonian allude to one of the great Boston tenors; one has heard of Tamagno, Caruso, Nicolini, and others, but just who are the great Boston tenors? Such persons find tedious those faces throughout the book with their sterling gracelessness written on them, their solemnities, firmness, their self-consciousness, and shy and stealthy posing; fine faces, some of them adorable, many of them preachers in their hearts' heart at least, and most of them afraid of being happy. Such an effect of the book must be admitted if one is to attempt any statement or estimate of its general value and interest.

And yet such a standpoint is not fair. In the first place this handsome volume is intended for the Club. In the second place many of the names are of note, a few of great renown; and parts of the material are not easily accessible elsewhere and are of no little importance in the history of American literature and thought. The Club is not to be confused with "The Atlantic Monthly" nor its meetings with the "Atlantic" dinners; but the Club members and the magazine contributors were so closely associated that they frequently may be taken as identical.

The book traces the meetings of the Club from that first meeting in the small front room at Parker's and the second in the large front room to the west of it on down, from 1855 to 1870. At the head of this first table sat Agassiz with his great laugh; at the foot Longfellow. There was no folderol, no regulations, minutes, and so on, but what seems to have been the

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simplest and friendliest fellowship. They admired each other and listened to each other and gave each other compliments. We find Longfellow calling Emerson the Chrysostom and Sir Thomas Browne of the day; and Emerson calling "Hiawatha" a fine work, sweet and wholesome as maize; for, as the editor of our volume observes, Longfellow "had a healthy soul and not the faults often accompanying the artistic temperament".

The eleven men who first met as the Saturday Club in 1855 were Louis Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Richard H. Dana, Jr., John Sullivan Dwight, Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, James Russell Lowell, John Lothrop Motley, Benjamin Peirce, Samuel Gray Ward, Edwin P. Whipple, and Horatio Woodman. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Cornelius Conway Felton were admitted to membership very soon afterward. By 1870 such names as Hawthorne, Charles Eliot Norton, and William Morris Hunt appear. Most of them were not geniuses in Coleridge's definition of the word, men who can carry the feelings of youth into the powers of manhood. But they had feelings and enthusiasm and seriousness. Some of them, like John Sullivan Dwight, with his gift of a beautiful love and appreciation of music but no creative force, counted in sheer personal quality; some like Emerson went far into sheer genius.

The English critic, Leslie Stephen, one of Lowell's friends, wrote of the Saturday Club:

> Lowell said that he had never seen equally good society in London. Colonel Higginson observes that Holmes and Lowell were the most brilliant talkers he ever heard, but suggests a qualification of this comparison. "They had not", he said, "the London art of repression", and monopolized the talk too much. They could, he intimates, overlook the claims of their interlocutors. He once heard Lowell demonstrating to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that "Tom Jones" was the best novel ever written; while Holmes was proving to her husband, the divinity professor, that the pulpit was responsible for all the swearing. Dr. and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, it is implied, must have been reduced to ciphers before they could be the passive recipients of such doctrine.
>
> The "art of repression" (he adds), I fancy is very often superfluous in London. . . . A society which included all the best scholars and men of genius within reach of Boston had abundance of the raw material of talk. They might be compared in point of talent even with the men who met Johnson at the "Turk's Head" and certainly had as great a variety of interests in men and books. They had, it would seem, fewer jealousies, or, as the sneerer would put it, were readier for mutual admiration, and such admiration, when it has a fair excuse, is the best security for forming the kind of soil in which the flower of talk grows spontaneously.

The book takes up alphabetically thirty-four names, for the record of some of which Dr. Emerson draws on the help of others. Of the records, the editor's "Agassiz" and Professor Bliss Perry's "Dana" are among the best. It is not a remarkable book, never really distinguished, but kindly and more or less helpful. For most readers there may be in it something too much of old men clapping one another on the back. And if for some the estimates intimidate by setting forth such an array of greatness, one must remember that these men are judged not *sub specie æternitatis* but *Bostoniensis*; and must take the histories as full of friendly facts and appreciation and sometimes delightful quotations and memories.

The Early Years of the Saturday Club. By Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE REAL BUSINESS OF LIVING

By David S. Muzzey

We are now seeing, and are sure to see in increasing number with each year that passes, books designed to

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inspire young students with an interest in their growing responsibilities and privileges as American citizens. That any boy or any girl should grow up ignorant of problems with which our American democracy is grappling —the relation of liberty to law, the adjustment of industrial disputes, the ever-widening agencies of public welfare, the special difficulties which confront our great urban communities— is now regarded even by large numbers of our "educators" to be as shameful a thing as the failure to manipulate the binomial theorem, or as a false quantity in a Latin hexameter was considered by our grandfathers. President Wilson has recommended that the schools "increase materially the time and attention devoted to instruction bearing directly upon the problems of community and national life".

Of the books so far published to meet this recommendation, Professor Tufts's "The Real Business of Living" seems to us the best from several points of view. It is perhaps a little too long for a text-book for the grades for which its simple style and elementary presentation of material make it suitable. But the teacher who is pressed for time could omit or condense Part 1, an historical sketch of the beginnings of cooperation, order, and liberty, without impairing the usefulness of the remaining three parts of the book, which deal respectively with "the problems of cooperation and right in business", with the special problems of city and country life, and with the meaning of liberty and the task of democracy in the new world. The book is interesting, very clearly written, with a great wealth of illustration taken from present-day experience, stimulating in its reasoned patriotism, and very skilful in its blending of political, economic, and social elements as inseparable factors in the whole and single life of an American citizen.

The deed of gift founding Phillips Academy, Andover, declares that the purpose of the school is to "instruct youth not only in English and Latin Grammar, Arithmetic, Writing, and those Sciences wherein they are commonly taught; but more especially to learn them the Great End and Real Business of Living". The Great End was undoubtedly to "glorify God and enjoy Him forever": the Real Business Professor Tufts argues is to know and fulfil one's duties in the improvement of man.

The Real Business of Living. By James H. Tufts. Henry Holt and Co.

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THUS SPEAKS THE FEMINIST

BY ELEANOR KILMER SCEVA

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall New York was hung with yellow bunting and there were suffrage tea-rooms and "We want the vote" buttons lurking in every corner of the city and in many coat lapels; other things were happening, too, but they were of less importance. All that was before the war. Now Lady Day is celebrated on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November and there is a current belief, so Florence Leftwich Ravenel says, in "Women and the French Tradition", that the question of equal suffrage is perhaps only one of the more material aspects of the subject and only the weapon of further aggression, since so many questions, fine and subtle and laying hold on the deepest issues of life, are raised by the theory of feminism.

Every new movement brings its literature, and the platform of the suffrage party is best assimilated by a survey of recent books on the subject. The advance of feminism in the last few years has been so rapid and revolutionary that none but feminists, ardent ones, vigorous ones, may hope to keep up with it. There are many of these, and among them many writers, as the list of books published in the last few months will testify. After reading a few of them one realizes the full significance of the movement, and the realization will bring with it a conviction that women may bake war bread, draft an armistice, sit at the Peace Conference (Hermione of "Sun Dial" fame is a feminist), or do any number of things as formidable, with ease and ability. In fact, it is extremely difficult to find a field of activity which women have not invaded during the war; and having become aware of the extent of their accomplishments, it is not likely that they will retire to the chimney corner to meditate upon past and glorious achievements.

These feminist books embrace all phases of the movement. There are books for and of and by that gallant band, the women who went to war; there are books for women in business, and books for women who stay at home; and there are books which are concerned wholly with the international and universal meaning and program of the feminist movement. There are so many books on the subject that some publishing houses and bookshops deal almost entirely in feminist propaganda. A notable example of this is the Womans Press of New York City. In connection with the publishing house there is a bookshop run entirely by women, where the best books by women authors are sold by women who know not only the books but many of the authors responsible for them, and who are able to advise and criticize intelligently. The Womans Press is in cooperation with the Y. W. C. A. and has done splendid work during the war. Another unique bookshop is the Sunwise Turn, the inspiration of a woman who believed that people who sold books should know more about them than is indicated on the jacket covers; and the best literature on all subjects

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has a place in the little shop in the Murray Hill district where its influence is not confined to the *literati*. It is not uncommon in the Sunwise Turn to see a shop-girl inquiring for a book on silk, or selling, or tinware, or for an Ibsen play.

To return to the feminist movement, it undoubtedly began when woman established her superiority to man by her mastery of the culinary arts, woman's immemorial accomplishment. It is certainly more complicated now than when the first roast pig was accidentally discovered by the child who burned his fingers on it, and quite as advanced, thanks to Mrs. Allen and her contemporaries, as other aspects of the woman question. Mrs. Allen has written cook books before the three recently published, but this trio brings cooking patriotically and economically to a war basis and beyond that to triumph. She treats respectively of "Wheat Substitutes", "Meat Substitutes", and "Sugar Substitutes" with such intrigue that she convinces the war-devastated world that soy beans are preferable to beefsteaks, and cheese puddings to the indigestible shortcake of our forebears. Not that Mrs. Allen would deprive Americans of the ancient and honorable right to shortcake. Oh, no! But she discloses the proper juxtaposition of artificial shortening, whole-wheat flour, and synthetic sweetening which will produce a shortcake fit to win the approval of the gods, and Mr. Hoover.

Shortcake and labor are synonymous terms. Let us consider the Labor party. An anthology of nine notable writers edited by Dr. Marion Phillips is called "Women and the Labour Party". It offers an interpretation of Labor policy for women, and is published with the hearty approval of the Labor party in the hope that the great mass of women, particularly those belonging to the wage-earning class, will find in its pages evidence that the party is working for the creation of a democratic order of society in which men and women can live and work together on a footing of complete equality.

Books on suffrage and war work for women have run neck and neck during the past year. With the coming of peace, the former will be used as a basis and program for the instruction of voters, and as an answer to the question which is universal—where do we go from here? The records of what women have done in the war will be found in every library, since their accomplishments are among the wonders of the age. There is the story of "Mobilizing Woman-Power" which tells the secret of women's achievements in the war. Harriot Stanton Blatch has written the epic of the self-effacing spinster, who during the war emanated the challenge—"Superfluous? Not I. I'm a recruit for national service!" Theodore Roosevelt, in his foreword to "Mobilizing Woman-Power", said: "No one has more vividly set forth than Mrs. Blatch that service benefits the one who serves precisely as it benefits the one who is served". This is the key-note of Mrs. Blatch's book.

The results of the mobilization of women for war service are set forth in numerous books in which the next generation may see evidence of the effects of war upon the woman question. In "Women of the War" the Honorable Mrs. Francis McLaren has followed them over their path of glory and hardship. Her book is a series of vivid word pictures showing the influence, in varied spheres, which women have exercised during the course of the war. Mrs. McLaren's

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pen, as gracious as her personality, flits delightfully from military hospitals to lumber yards and Y. M. C. A. canteens, stopping to chat intimately with women picketed at way stations. Her book is a window through which may be seen the wide vista of the potential abilities of women.

No women are more wholly and tragically "of the war" than "The Women of Belgium", who, as the author of the book so named, Charlotte Kellogg, says, "turned tragedy to triumph with an incredible, unbreakable spirit". The story of Belgium can never be told; its shifting scenes of unbelievable horror, hope unfulfilled, and mighty endurance have moved the world to its championship. What the experiences were of those who came to the relief of Belgium is Mrs. Kellogg's theme, and in her rôle of assistant to Mr. Herbert Hoover she had ample opportunity to gather material for her excellent book.

Madeleine Z. Doty has an inquiring soul which led her to go around the world in 1918 to find out what women in other countries of the world were doing and thinking. She started out unattended save by her dauntless spirit and an adequate supply of heavy clothing. She came back with more of the former and decidedly less of the latter, after visiting Japan, China, Russia, Sweden, Norway, England, and France, finding them successively autocratic, awakening, turbulent, materialistic, vital, democratic, and inspiring. Hers was a remarkable experience, and one is impressed on reading her book with the extreme frigidity of countries at war and the necessity of having one's passport attached conspicuously to one's person. Miss Doty forgot the cold, although it was the dead of winter, when she visited Ellen Key in her home in Sweden.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, as her contribution to war literature, has given us "Women and Soldiers", a comprehensive discourse, tolerant of both species, and as kindly disposed toward men as men are toward women. The large and easy style of her book is admirable; one feels that she could dispose of the problems of the universe with a wave of her hand. "Men", she says, "are dears, but they don't always see very far ahead." An interesting and valuable feature of Mrs. Tweedie's book is her forecast for the future.

One of the first war books written was "Private Peat", by Himself. His wife, who is fully aware of the fact that people are quite as interested in war brides as in the soldiers who marry them, has written "Mrs. Private Peat", by Herself. The book is a recital of Mrs. Private Peat's experiences in England and America in wartime, and it is a refreshing contrast to the maudlin remarks of some other war brides which have added to the outrages of war. Mrs. Private Peat is a charming and sensible woman; she does not perpetrate upon a defenseless public her anxiety for her husband's safety; she simply says, in the last chapter which is headed "Private Peat", "I married him". And we respect her for it.

"For men must fight and women must work" was written on the banner that led Mrs. Pankhurst's greatest parade through the streets of London in 1915. Mabel Potter Daggett, in "Women Wanted", says that this was the vanguard in the march of all the women of the world to economic independence. Her book is a challenge to women to fill the positions that are waiting for them. She tells the astonishing feats of Englishwomen as an example to Americans, and her book has been used as a text-book by

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the National League for Women's Service, and endorsed by leading feminists all over the United States.

The church, which has been wondering how to reconcile the remarks of St. Paul to feminism, should, says the Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell, "be preparing to preach the cross in feminist terms, as feminists come into control of the thought of the world". His book is a just representation of the movement, in that he recognizes that it is not in essence a demand for woman's rights or privileges, but rather for woman's responsibilities.

There are plenty of books on suffrage to instruct every woman who has been presented with the ballot and doesn't know how to use it now that it is hers. Three books are devoted entirely to the woman citizen. Mary Austin, in "The Young Woman Citizen", takes her in her youth and trains her in the way in which she should go. Mrs. Austin wrote her book for women of all stages of advancement and retrogression. Her book is offered to all those irritating ladies who say that "they don't see why women want to vote, anyway". Two other books on "The Woman Citizen" have been written, respectively, by Mary Sumner Boyd and Horace A. Hollister. Dr. Hollister, of the University of Illinois, discusses the problem of educating women, showing that any necessary readjustments in their status and achievements should be met by changing the school and college curricula for future generations of citizens. His book is scholarly and comprehensive, but not meat for babes, and it would be advisable for the seeker after the first principles of feminism to cut her eyeteeth on something less solid. Mary Sumner Boyd, who is chairman of the research department of the Leslie Woman Suffrage commission, felt that a handbook of civics was necessary when women kept the telephone busy asking whether they were qualified to vote after the suffrage amendment was passed in New York State. Her aim is to show when and how citizens may apply the right to vote to best advantage. The simplicity of her book will make it most valuable to the woman who wants to discover what political parties mean in government and just what each party stands for.

Helen Ring Robinson, author of "Preparing Women for Citizenship", believes that the task is almost accomplished. She says: "The Great War has done more to teach women citizenship than ten thousand writers could accomplish with typewriters eternally unleashed". Anyone who reads the table of contents of her book is lured on to explore further. "Women and the Three D's" is one heading, "Her Country Bounded by a Wedding Ring" another, and the book is just as clever and convincing as the table of contents promises.

For the average woman who never thought of politics as having any connection with her daily life is the book, "Your Vote and How to Use It". Mrs. Raymond Brown sets forth the issues which may be controlled by the ballot and tells women how they may put through reforms which they desire. Since most women are reformers at heart her book will surely be appreciated. John B. Howe, in "The Eve of Election", imparts some of the knowledge of history and politics gathered in thirty-five years in an editorial capacity in three large eastern cities. He does not confine his book to the attention of the recently enfranchised sex, as much of his material is of interest even to seasoned voters. The

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last book to be considered, which bears directly on suffrage, is "A History of Suffrage in the United States", by Kirk Porter. The author traces the right to vote from the landowner of the early colonies through all its agitating career down to the last six months. Surely a monumental task, and one which he has performed without giving the impression of undue ponderousness.

There are a number of books which have sprung, *mirabile dictu*, neither from the war nor from the question of suffrage. A few go even further than to prepare women to vote; they prepare them to be women, which, after all, is a prime requisite if one is born with every intention of being one. Dr. E. B. Lowry, author of well-known sex-hygiene books, has written "Preparing for Womanhood". Her book is a kindly and instructive talk to girls but it should not be read in the same breath with Dr. Clelia Duel Mosher's "Health and the Woman Movement", because they disagree in minor details which are really unessential but apt to be confusing. Dr. Mosher treats of the new vocations of women and their effect on general health. She agrees with Olive Schreiner that life and not the feminist movement is altering the status of women, and she advocates bringing up boys and girls on the same principles despite the shrieks of those who wish to protect the alleged weaker sex.

"Women as Sex Vendors", by R. B. Tobias and Mary E. Marcy, might be termed Helpful Hints to Homeless Girls. The authors have the most remarkable ideas about the present status of women that have ever passed the censor. Perhaps fifty years ago, before the White Slave dramas made us what we are today, these authors might have caused a ripple by promulgating the theory that women always have their sex to tide them over a season of ill luck, and they are for that reason economically higher than men. The authors claim their book is on feminism because they are certain that the proper application of feminist principles will change all this, they don't know exactly how. Let us remark with Walter de la Mare, in passing,

> Do diddle di do, poor Jim Jay,
> Got caught fast in yesterday.

Since the widow woman in the Bible engineered a successful business deal with the prophet Elisha over a cruse of oil and a barrel of meal, there has been no dearth of women in business life. And there are probably more now than ever before since women have stepped neatly into positions left vacant by soldiers; so Eleanor Gilbert's book "The Ambitious Woman in Business" is a timely affair which tells why they are in business, whether they ought to be there, and then forecasts what they may get out of a business career.

When the nearest neighbor was twenty miles away and the horses were needed for farm work, there was little talk of feminism. Clubs, where women may meet kindred spirits, are very fine disseminators of feminist propaganda. Kate Louise Roberts has prepared a series of programs for women's clubs, outlines of papers, rules of parliamentary procedure, and general information, in "The Club Woman's Handy Book of Programs and Club Management". "Girls' Clubs, Their Organization and Management" is a manual for workers by Helen J. Ferris which will be useful to all who are interested in or connected, in any way, with the movement for girls' clubs which has swept

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the country and is now showing the first fruits of labor.

Winifred Kirkland has produced the most feminine book that ever vaunted feminist principles. "The Joys of Being A Woman" is particularly recommended to those who think that a feminist is a queer sort of creature neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Miss Kirkland proves conclusively that a woman may use her full allotment of brains and still hate to stay alone in a house at night, and be unable to pack a suitcase properly.

A country that has produced, in a hundred years, three such notable women as Mme. de Staël, George Sand, and Arvède Barive, is surely not behind in the advance of feminism, as Florence Leftwich Ravenel points out in "Women and the French Tradition". Feminism in France means really the triumph of woman over her traditional rôle.

Rose Falls Bres embraces all feminists in "Maids, Wives, and Widows", discussing marriage, divorce, child labor, and mothers' pensions, subjects that are usually concealed in a labyrinth of technical expressions which the average woman has not time to penetrate.

There are anthologies and *anthologies*. A recent one composed of every feminist author anyone ever heard of, and a few that are not feminists but sound a little like it, is "Woman's Voice", compiled by Josephine Conger-Kaneko. The chief fault of this volume is that it attempts to be the voice of "crowds of women", to quote from the preface. To represent the voice of crowds of women is a noteworthy ambition, but the result is apt to be an indistinct shout. The quotations, however, should be invaluable to club women who need something representative and have neither time nor opportunity to read the complete works of an author. A solid, valuable anthology is a collection of the best extracts from the works of Ellen Key, Havelock Ellis, Dickinson, Edward Carpenter, and others who are justly famous. This is called "The Woman Question" and is edited for the Modern Library by T. R. Smith.

Two very recent books, fresh from the press, prove that there is still much to be said for and against women. It is a constantly employed feature of Henry L. Mencken's books that his arguments are not based on conventional grounds; but in his latest outburst called "In Defense of Women", he is so devotedly and flamboyantly unconventional that this rather detracts from any other qualities which his work may have. It is, presumably, the author's intention that his book shall fall upon the reader like a bolt from the blue, confounding him with the force and intensity of statements which are so spectacular as to deprive him of reasoning power in the first flush of surprise. Mr. Mencken goes in heavily for whole measures, affirming that women are much more clever than men and will not admit it for fear men will find out that they are putting something over on them. It is his humor to overthrow the conscious superiority of men before they lose more ground. Mr. Mencken here, as ever, is clever and amusing. His book may be virulent feminist propaganda if taken in excess.

In marked contrast to the lately discussed pæan of praise, is a book by an anonymous author, evidently a war-weary Londoner. "Women" is obviously not written in Mr. Mencken's kindly strain. The jacket cover says it is "a frank and unsentimental study of the manifold activities of modern

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women in their psychological aspects". The first chapter, "The Women Are Splendid", sets the tone of the book. We gather from it that women have been "unpardonably splendid" during the war. "Their instinctive hunger for emotion was immediately gratified, and dreams of rational and responsible life were abandoned in the first thrilling shock of armaments." The author calls attention to the fact that in discussing the extraordinary attraction which war has for women, it is hard to steer a path between emotional muddle-headedness and cynicism. Certainly there are no depths (nor heights) of cynicism too scathing for certain types of women who have donned uniforms and strutted around in the reflected glory of other women war workers, but the author has an unfortunate gift of hitting upon the worst things that can be said of women, and commenting that they are generally true. It is not a quality which will make his book popular in America, which is, perhaps, not so sophisticated as England, as far as women war workers are concerned. There is much in the book which will act as leaven among the great mass of self-satisfied women, should it ever reach them. That the present labor situation (with particular reference to the women who have taken positions vacated by soldiers and who refuse to abandon business for the home) will mature into a great sex-hatred, is an interesting theory, but an improbable one. The author does not realize that this is a temporary condition and that it will subside within a reasonable length of time.

The present moment is probably the most crucial test of the victories of the feminists. If they hold what they have gained through war work, there will probably be a marked decrease in feminist literature, because they will be too busy to write books. The present collection is remarkably vigorous and young, showing the movement in all its phases of growth and rebellion and achievement.

Mrs. Allen's Cook Book; Mrs. Allen's Book of Wheat Substitutes; Mrs. Allen's Book of Meat Substitutes; Mrs. Allen's Book of Sugar Substitutes. By Ida C. Bailey Allen. Small, Maynard and Co.

Women and the Labour Party. Edited by Dr. Marion Phillips. B. W. Huebsch.

Mobilizing Woman-Power. By Harriot Stanton Blatch. The Womans Press.

Women of the War. By Hon. Mrs. Francis McLaren. George H. Doran Company.

The Women of Belgium. By Charlotte Kellogg. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

Behind the Battle Line. By Madeleine Z. Doty. The Macmillan Co.

Women and Soldiers. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. John Lane Co.

Mrs. Private Peat. By Herself. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Women Wanted. By Mabel Potter Daggett. George H. Doran Company.

Right and Wrong After the War. By Bernard Iddings Bell. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Young Woman Citizen. By Mary Austin. The Womans Press.

The Woman Citizen. By Horace A. Hollister, Ph.D. D. Appleton and Co.

The Woman Citizen. By Mary Sumner Boyd. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Preparing Women for Citizenship. By Helen Ring Robinson. The Macmillan Co.

Your Vote and How to Use It. By Mrs. Raymond Brown. Harper and Bros.

The Eve of Election. By John B. Howe. The Macmillan Co.

A History of Suffrage in the United States. By Kirk Porter. University of Chicago Press.

Preparing for Womanhood. By Dr. E. B. Lowry. Forbes and Company.

Health and the Woman Movement. By Dr. Clelia Duel Mosher. The Womans Press.

Women as Sex Vendors. By R. B. Tobias and Mary E. Marcy. Charles H. Kerr and Co.

The Ambitious Woman in Business. By Eleanor Gilbert. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

The Club Woman's Handy Book of Programs and Club Management. By Kate Louise Roberts. Funk and Wagnalls Co.

Girls' Clubs, Their Organization and Management. By Helen J. Ferris. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Joys of Being a Woman. By Winifred Kirkland. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Women and the French Tradition. By Florence L. Ravenel. The Macmillan Co.

Maids, Wives, and Widows. By Rose Falls Bres. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Woman's Voice: An Anthology. By Josephine Conger-Kaneko. The Stratford Co.

The Woman Question. Edited by T. R. Smith. Boni and Liveright.

In Defense of Women. By Henry L. Mencken. Philip Goodman.

Women. Anonymous. Alfred A. Knopf.

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THE LOWELL PERFORMANCE

BY ONE OF THE AUDIENCE

The American Academy of Arts and Letters, with the aid of visiting English and Canadian men of letters, chief among them being John Galsworthy, honored the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of James Russell Lowell at a banquet in New York City on February 20th, and at a meeting on February 22nd (Lowell's actual birthday). On the latter occasion a sprightly professor from Harvard delivered the principal address, and a second Cambridge man, a humorist, was also a speaker. Both meetings seemed, however, to one who sat through them, to be characterized by a portentous solemnity that might have elicited a smile from the thin lips of Hosea Bigelow.

Elihu Root presided at the banquet. Mr. Root set the key by soaring into that region of generalities where statesman are so at home, and ultimately introduced Mr. Galsworthy, who rose, pale and corn-colored, and read from a manuscript written with his unfailing clarity and richness of style. He took a rap at nationalistic propaganda (Mr. Creel was not present), and pleaded for the only legitimate propaganda, that of internationally understandable works of art and literature. But he, too, dwelt for the most part in the region of generalities. So did Dr. Maurice Hutton, of the University of Toronto, who followed. He pointed out, with much justice, that Lowell as humorist was unlike the run of humorists, because he did not take the easy way of making fun of the reformers, of everything new and experimental. But Dr. Hutton, also, failed to come to grapple with the present, and if there are any humorists in the National Academy, or the Institute of Arts and Letters, they sat quite comfortable under his lips. Brander Matthews closed the evening with an "after-dinner" speech, largely composed of anecdotes about Lowell, which made you feel that both he and Professor Matthews were very pleasant fellows.

At the birthday meeting the Chancellor of the Academy, William Milligan Sloane, presided, and Barrett Wendell gave the chief address. Professor Wendell climbed the Lowell family tree and sported for more than an hour amid the branches. Unfortunately, however, the Ritz-Carlton Hotel is situated some distance from Brattle Street. At the close of his remarks a noted American painter drew the present writer aside and said, "Why is it, when you New Englanders produce anybody who transcends the locality, you immediately try to drag him back?" We pondered upon this question so earnestly that we failed to hear Alfred Noyes read two poems, and we had no satisfactory answer even when Stephen Butler Leacock had spoken briefly for Canada, and Edgar Lee Masters had begun a poem. We gave up the problem, to hear what Masters had to say.

We were not alone in hoping that Masters would conduct Lowell to Spoon River. It seemed an excellent opportunity. But he didn't. He, too,

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had become oppressed, or obsessed, by the portentous solemnity of Academies, and produced a poem in rhymed stanzas that may possibly read better than it sounded. Finally, Dr. Crothers of Cambridge, one of the most delightful humorous essayists in America, rose to end the meeting. Here was our last hope—and he, too, disappointed us. Even he took Lowell with the kind of seriousness that Lowell himself, you feel sure, would have regarded with a smile. We departed from the two gatherings with a confused impression that Lowell had several superb grandfathers, that the English language is a wonderful thing, that Britons and all others who speak it never, never, never shall be slaves, and that the American Academy of Arts and Letters takes itself very seriously. The one thing we should most have liked to hear, a discussion by Mr. Galsworthy, in light, say, of the Bigelow Papers, of the problem of reformatory, or purposeful literature, as opposed to "art for art's sake", we did not hear at all. But perhaps it is impossible ever to get anything specific and real out of public commemorative functions.

WOODEN SHIPS

BY DAVID MORTON

They are remembering forests where they grew:
The midnight quiet and the giant dance;
And all the singing summers that they knew
Are haunting still their altered circumstance.

Leaves they have lost, and robins in the nest,
Tug of the friendly earth denied to ships,
These, and the rooted certainties, and rest—
To gain a watery girdle at the hips.

Only the wind that follows ever aft,
They greet not as a stranger on their ways;
But this old friend, with whom they drank and laughed,
Sits in the stern and talks of other days,
When they had held high bacchanalias still,
Or dreamed among the stars on some tall hill.

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NEW FASHIONS IN RARE BOOKS

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

"Why", asked a young and unseasoned book collector who sat beside me at the Jones sale of rare books, "should a quarto edition of a third-rate Elizabethan drama, from which Shakespeare took the characters and the plot of one of his comedies, bring ten times as much as the first edition of Wendelin of Speyer's beautiful Pliny? Are the classics dead? What is the meaning of these high prices for early English literature?"

Being a Yankee, I asked: "Why is your new spring derby preferable to the very becoming creation which adorned your noble brow a year ago?"

'Tis the fashion. Book collectors, although to the uninitiated they appear to be a strange race, full of foibles, are only human after all. Fashions in book collecting change, like everything else. Leaving out of consideration the special reasons which give extraordinary value to particular editions or particular copies of a book, any student of book collecting must observe that the fashions change—slowly and insensibly, to be sure—but nevertheless to an extent which makes the book market an active field for speculation. If the dealer could only foresee what the collector of tomorrow will want, he would of course clear his shelves of the favorites of yesterday and stock up to his limit with the books which are to be in vogue tomorrow, or with the next generation. Fortunately it is not given us to lift the veil, and so there are still opportunities for the collector as well as the dealer.

In considering the changing fashions in book collecting, we have nothing to do with collections such as were made by the Ptolemies of ancient Egypt, which were displays of royal luxury, gathered principally for ostentatious uses, although they ultimately served a useful purpose in preserving scholarship. Still less let us consider the collections of modern plutocrats who revel in showing their "limited editions" in gaudy modern bindings and announce proudly, "This copy is No. 1, especially prepared for Mr. Newrich Crœsus". In dealing with fashions we must deal with the mass, and fortunately for the future of book collecting, these collectors do not form the majority. Some of them come in time to understand the error of their ways, and buy only real books. Others find their "priceless treasures" selling for ten per cent of their purchase price, under the acid test of the auction room, and the world of book collecting knows them henceforth as only wiser and sadder men.

The tastes of book collectors are infinite in their variety. I know of one man who collects books and prints relating to one-legged men, although his own understanding is of the soundest. The favorite author—the famous historic character—the historic event—first editions—early printing—Americana—the classics—English literature—and a thousand special subjects, furnish scope for the activities of the book collector. But the great majority of people who form libraries are not hobby-riders. They seek a selec-

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tion of books which shall be of interest to the owner and his friends—and in many cases the interests of the collector's friends are of as much consideration in determining his purchases as are his own particular preferences. There are collections like that of Mr. John Hodgkin, recently loaned to the London Library, which do not come under any particular category. They do not appeal to collectors of first editions, finely illustrated books, English literature, or any of the other recognized bibliographical divisions. They are curiosities of composition and printing. They do not bring high prices and their collectors are few. They are simply curios, like Mr. Hodgkin's volume of Gigantine verse which contains a single word of thirty letters and fifteen syllables, or that collection of thousands of couplets which can be read either backward or forward. Their place is in a museum, not in the collections of a book-lover.

To begin with the earliest collectors after the invention of printing, the great private libraries formed along special lines dealt with religious literature and the classics. Dr. Lazarus Seaman, whose book auction in 1676 is the first known English book auction of which a catalogue was issued, had 5,639 lots, of which the greater number were Bibles and works of the Greek and Latin fathers. There was no poetry, not even a Milton, and the sale of Robert Greene's "Notable Discovery of Cosenage", 1591, for eight shillings, shows in what utter contempt the highly-prized English literature of today was held. The collectors in the early part of the eighteenth century were less enthusiastic than Dr. Seaman about Bibles, but they devoted their attention to the classics. The library of Thomas Pellet—whose title, very properly, was M. D.—at the first recorded sale at Sotheby's, in 1744, contained several original editions of the classics which brought substantial sums for that day, when the rarest of Elizabethan and Shakespearian quartos could be had for a few pence each. Dr. Pellet's first edition of Homer (Florence, 1488) brought £4 15s.; Lord Pembroke's copy was sold in 1914 for £360. Yet in spite of this apparent rise in values, the classics have fallen into disfavor among collectors. The man who would not give £230 for the Pembroke Homer paid that sum for the doggerel verses by Robert Louis Stevenson addressed to the "Thompson Class Club", and went away chortling in his joy.

We may still pay what seem large prices for the classics, but compared with the sums paid for other rarities, classics are plainly not the fashion. The eighteenth century collectors passed by the works of Caxton because he gave the world English editions of English writers or French translations instead of adding to the great stock of editions of classical authors. Dr. Johnson, who refused to "disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription" when asked to write an epitaph for Goldsmith, would have styled the present generation of book collectors irreverent and trivial. But nobody was then paying forty pounds for a copy of Dr. Johnson's dictionary. The authors of their own time were as much neglected by the collectors as are our own modern authors—even more so, for Hardy and Kipling and others have gone into the three-figure class.

After the classics, early printing seems to have come into demand, but there the prices were not high except for the very rare items. The highest

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price paid for a book in the eighteenth century was for Lord Spencer's duplicate vellum copy of the Fust and Schoeffer Bible of 1462, which brought £252 in 1798. That Mr. Huth's similar copy brought £3,050 in 1911 is not an indication of a general popular appreciation of biblical literature. But while the contemporary authors were neglected, there seems to have been a fashionable demand for the eighteenth century illustrated books. These were not the charming works of Gravelot and Moreau le Jeune, which are now sought, but the great works like Buffon's "Natural History". Even though the Allen copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare brought £40 19s. in 1799, Shakespeare had not come into his own. The difference is even more striking in considering the early quarto plays. Dodd's collection, of 264 lots, which included some of the rarest Elizabethan plays, brought only £22 3s. in 1798. Not a single play brought as much as a pound. The reason: nobody wanted them—they were not in fashion.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, when Dr. Dibdin flourished under the spreading leaves of the offshoot of the tree of knowledge known as "the Bibliomania", there was another transition. The classics were still sought in the Continental libraries. In England there was a tendency to broaden the field of collecting. Dr. Dibdin's own works mounted to high prices, and they were considered among the books which "no gentleman's library should be without". Toward the middle of the century they appeared in magnificent bindings and brought more than Shakespeare quartos. When Rich, Henry Stevens of Vermont, and others from this country went to London to pick up the early works relating to America, there was another shift in the wind, and the English dealers and collectors began to gather up that which they had so carelessly thrown aside in the past. As a generation of book collectors came up in this country to succeed men like the Mathers in Massachusetts and the Byrds in Virginia, England discovered that the Americans had tastes of their own in collecting, and those literary sartorial artists, the rare book dealers, began to cater to the wants of collectors who sometimes appreciated the works of English literature more than did their own members of the tribe.

So Americana came to be the fashion. It is still in fashion, and always should be. The history of one's own country is worth preserving, or the country itself is not. As the rarest works relating to America were absorbed into public and private libraries, prices naturally went up, and the noble classics paled into insignificance beside some New England minister's account of an Indian skirmish which was dignified by the name of a "Warre". There always will be, at least let us hope, a respectable standing army of collectors who will gather up the early literature relating to the history of our own country. Indeed, the present prices of Americana seem low in comparison with English literature, though high in comparison with past prices, but we are still young as a nation—younger yet as a world-nation.

First editions—there was a time within the memory of men still collecting when "first edition" was a magic designation in an auction catalogue, stimulating in its effect upon prices. Now a good many first editions can be picked up at less than the published price. But these are of the common works of favorite authors.

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When Mr. P. K. Foley, some twenty years ago, issued his "First Editions of American Authors", his lists included a vast number of items which had hitherto been unknown to collectors of favorite authors. The volume stimulated the first edition collectors, and was responsible for the formation of some valuable collections. But mighty few of us desire to have everything, good, bad, and indifferent, written by even a favorite author. What we do want is the rare items, the things we search for vainly through hundreds of book and auction catalogues, and the very scarce first works of our greatest American authors. So the "first edition" fashion seems to have settled down upon a solid foundation. The rarest books of the great authors will always be in demand under the simple economic law, and the price of $11,600 paid at the Halsey sale in New York last February at the Anderson auction rooms proves that first editions, as such, have by no means gone entirely out of fashion. They are fashionable with collectors—but not a fad. When golf was introduced into America it was played—or rather "played at"—by a large number of fashionable people who took it up as "the proper thing" and wore extravagant costumes and dug a row of divots across the continent. Now it is a healthful, pleasure-giving sport for old and young. You may not like golf or the collecting of first editions, but both of them have a reason for being.

There is another class of books which are much in favor and in which the interest has steadily grown for a quarter-century, with no signs of diminution. These are "association books". This is particularly an age of the "human interest" story. The young reporter is told to put the "human interest" into his account. The dramatic critic rarely fails to overlook the "human interest", as though apart from its human interest the play would be a play at all. The "human interest" of an association book lies not in the text, but in the fact that it has belonged to somebody considered worth while. A book collector may not be able to read Latin, yet he is willing to pay $1,700 for John Milton's copy of Thucydides with Milton's signature and autograph notes. An old volume, the "Letters of Obscure Men", printed at Frankfort in 1643, is interesting as the greatest satire of the sixteenth century, but it is much more interesting as having been once owned by Alexander Pope and then by Jonathan Swift, two of the greatest of England's satirists, and to the collector of association books it is cheap at a few hundred dollars.

Every association book is unique. To be sure, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" wrote an apologetic verse on more than one copy of the blank page 236 of the first issue of that work; but the Widener copy in the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard has not only this, but "points" which differentiate it from all other copies. The association book has a direct relation to the author (or the former owner) which no other book has. The possession of some of these volumes lifts the possessor to a pinnacle of fame among his fellow collectors, and arouses that sense of envy which it is the secret pleasure of every human collector to seek to awaken among his fellow men. Envying the association books of A. Edward Newton as I do, it was with a sense of joy that I read between the lines that distinguished Johnsonian collector's envy of Miss Amy Lowell's copy of the first

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edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson", "filled with the marginalia of the one person in the world whose knowledge of the old man rivaled that of the great biographer himself". So long as we are to treasure the writings of our great literary lights, so long will the books on which they have stamped their personal mark be treasured, and increasingly appreciated. Dead men tell no tales; they also make no more presentation copies.

For my own part—and my feeling in this matter seems to be shared by many others—I like a book that has been in the libraries of great collectors. Such a book is likely, in the first place, to be well preserved, and in "collector's state". It is generally a book with some interest for its contents, and with a certain measure of rarity. There is a satisfaction not easily expressed in words, of owning a book which the cataloguer describes as the "James Bindley-Upcott-Utterson-Daniel - Tite - Beckford - Wodhul-Ashburnham - Huth - Huntington - Jones copy". It has a satisfactory pedigree. There will be in course of time, as Mr. W. N. C. Carleton asserts, a certain distinction in owning a book that bears the impress of the Earl of Bridgewater's library, even though it may not be such a rarity as the dedication copy of Milton's "Comus". Such books have the appearance of secure respectability. There is nothing snobbish about them. They were born to the purple, and they are conscious of it without thinking it worth while to try to impress that fact. Some day the *provenance* of a book will play a much greater part than it does now in determining value. The fashion of collecting such books is already growing.

At the risk of being derided for prophesying, I venture the suggestion that present conditions will bring about a change in book fashions. The great rarities of literature, such as the Gutenburg Bible, the Caxtons, the scarcest first editions of famous books or favorite authors, the great Americana, will hold their own. But a new generation of book collectors is coming up. The signs are apparent in the auction rooms and on the shelves of the dealers in rare books. People who have been buying new automobiles every year, who have given up their steam yachts to the government and will not get new ones, are buying books. Then there is the increasing class of people who have always liked books, but who have not really entered the lists as collectors. These new collectors, and they form a large and increasing army, are buying "books which they can enjoy and show to their friends". Now a man who is getting together a private library and has no particular hobby is likely either to plunge into ridiculous extravagances in the book line or go cautiously and accumulate a fine collection of books. The new collector who has yet much to learn by experience does not wish to have a library in which the true bibliophile and the experienced collector can find nothing to interest them. So the new collector is buying good books, usually in fine bindings. One of my friends said that he had a fancy for collecting Americana. "But the stuff always looks so shabby in a library", he added, as an excuse for his hesitation. It is an easy matter to explain to such people, as to the first edition collector, that he can very easily have cases made for his books, as ornamental as he pleases, but that he would better take no chances of trimming or otherwise detracting from the value of his acquisitions by submitting them to the binder. The

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coming fashion, therefore, seems to be for good books which are attractive in appearance. The experienced collector is getting more particular every year about the condition of his books. The new collector will take a leaf from his book of knowledge, and assure himself that his books have all the "points", "covers correct", and are "first issues" of first editions. Such libraries as those of Mr. Huntington and Mr. Morgan stand alone, and are not easily to be duplicated. But however small the library, it may be well selected, and in selecting it to suit his own personal fancies the collector will absorb a great deal of valuable bibliographical information. Great libraries are for the few; for the many, a collection which contains nothing but books which have an established place in literature or history, in immaculate condition, and preserved in such ornamental form as suits the owner's taste, will be a permanent source of joy and an accretion to the estate in ultimate settlement. "Old books are best", says Mr. Beverly Chew, and he knows. Whether it be in English literature, Americana, or what not, the well-kept rare old book will always be in fashion.

PRESENT POETRY AND THE LATE WAR

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

The late war, which occupied all the younger poets to frenzy and is naturally omnipresent in all newly collected volumes of verse, has not disturbed the serenity of English standard works. The fifth volume of Ward's "The English Poets", issued nearly forty years after the fourth volume, still holds to that old English rule of admitting no living writer—a rule which even the Britannica has shaken off. This spoils rather badly for purposes of study and reference a volume which otherwise has a traditional excellence of criticism and selection. Commencing with Browning, it follows with the other great mid-Victorians—Arnold, Swinburne, Morris, Tennyson—to each his brief biography and critical essay. It seems curious, in so mid-Victorian a selection, to find the Stevenson-Henley group following; and still more curious, after missing Yeats with a gasp of surprise, to find that the accident of early death has given Rupert Brooke, the latest if the loveliest of English poets, a place in the volume.

A contrast to this last volume of a monumental anthology—typical, perhaps, of the difference between ourselves and the English—is the anthology Mr. Braithwaite gathers up yearly from the magazines. This year, inevitably, it is permeated by the war. And yet, curiously enough, we feel a new note in this year's magazine poetry: a major note of steadiness, courage, optimism, even gayety. Many of the poets seem to have deliberately turned from war thoughts to the old loveliness, as in Amy Lowell's blue and silver garden piece, "Madonna of the Evening Flowers", a poem so peaceful that to read it is to feel rest; and in William Rose Benét's "Front Line", where the tired soldier on the firing-line envisions the

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Christmas pageant of the Magi:

Because it was softly snowing,
Because it was Christmastide,
He saw three figures passing
Glittering in their pride:
One rode a cream white camel,
One was a blackamoor,
One a bearded Persian;
They all rode up to the door.
They all rode up to the stable door,
Dismounted and bowed the knee.
The door flamed open like a rose
But more he could not see. . .

Where war is faced in these poems it is faced gallantly, as in the "Prayer of a Soldier in France" and "High Heart" of Joyce and Aline Kilmer, or "The Young Dead" of Maxwell Struthers Burt. Mr. Braithwaite's plan of including only shorter lyrics this year is perhaps responsible for the exclusion of E. A. Robinson, whom we have learned to expect, but this does not explain why we miss Miss Rittenhouse's clear-cut little cameos. There is perhaps a thought too much of Patience Worth and Gamaliel Bradford, and perhaps too few new discoveries. But on the whole it is a collection to be grateful for. We should likewise be grateful that this year's poets, unlike those in the Anthology of 1916, are not principally occupied in removing their clothes and making a wild dash into nature to see what the neighbors will say.

It is a question when an anthology begins being an anthology. "Estrays" might be called a quatrology, perhaps. It is the work of four young men, of whom Thomas Kennedy seems the least youthful, and Vincent Starrett the most violently affected by the dead but still naughty 'nineties. "Carnegie Tech War Verse" has been well chosen from undergraduate work by Haniel Long, and keeps for us the poignant, boyish "Memories" of young Richard Mansfield, himself since killed on the flying field:

. . . The hotel lobby is gold and red
And you catch yourself thinking of things he said
And a girl comes near with a turn of her head;
He'd have liked her too—but he's dead. . .

Some of the young people represented in this little collection are going to do good things.

"The Book of Lincoln" is an anthology of another sort; a useful and comprehensive collection of poems concerning Lincoln, prefaced by a chronology and Lincoln's best-known speeches, and ending with a short bibliography: a book that reference libraries should have. The same can be said of George Herbert Palmer's "Formative Types in English Poetry", an intelligent study of seven typical poets, from Chaucer to Browning. As for Wilbur Macey Stone's essay on "The Divine and Moral Songs of Isaac Watts", it is not, perhaps, a necessity to every library, but it is refreshing in its pleasant detachment from the present. It is followed by a bibliography of the good Doctor's poems.

"Liberty Illumined", by Charles Crandall, takes us back to the wars again: a collection of patriotic verse which is honest and undistinguished. "Gleams and Dreams" by Reuben Goldsmith, notwithstanding its title, is very much the same sort of book. Ivan Swift's "The Blue Crane", in spite of an occasional excursion into free verse, reads like an estray from our quiet American 'seventies when poetry was gentlemanlike and pleasant, not particularly exciting or excited, and knew nothing of war at all. In "Octavia", a poetic drama by Charles V. H. Roberts, we have hope of escape from the present back to the day of Nero. But it is a vain hope, for the next poem to it is called "Kamerad". It has an agreeable plot —the scene is laid in hell and the

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Kaiser is seen being rewarded for his past life—but it does not thrill as it might. Mary Murtaugh in her "Snatches from a Diary" added a new annoyance to war for her lover, if he got the diary as is hinted. Horace Spencer Fiske's "Ballads of Peace and War" are straightforwardly written verses after the manner of Service and, at a somewhat greater distance, after the manner of Kipling. The young men have turned to Kipling as a master in this war (and surely if the agonized warnings of twenty years make a man the poet of a war Kipling has earned his right to the title), and Gilbert Frankau, "Frank Danby's" son, also has the Kipling tradition. But the difference between his "The Other Side" and war poems by those who had not yet learned the trenches, poets good or bad, is significant. Frankau and Siegfried Sassoon have lost sight of the traditional glories of war: have even lost the capacity to escape from it into remembered beauty, in their years in the trenches.

The Englishman, more luxuriously civilized perhaps than any race on earth, resented doggedly—while fighting as doggedly on—the physical disgustingness of our late warfare; and he wants to make sure that we know enough about it not to want to do it again. Robert Nichols shows us this in his winning preface to Sassoon's new book. In "Counter Attack", the delicately lovely poems that were beginning to make us over here watch for Sassoon's name in the English periodicals, have given place to descriptions as bitter as Frankau's, but more subtly done. Where Frankau cries out in agony against—

> This outrage we call war,
> . . . naked, hideous, stupid, vile,
> One vast abomination . . . They,
> Who, coming after, till the ransomed fields
> Reading my written words, should understand
> This stark, stupendous horror, visualise
> The unutterable foulness of it all—,

Sassoon mocks:

> *No doubt they'll soon get well; the shock and strain*
> Have caused their stammering, disconnected talk.
> They'll soon forget . . .
> Their dreams that drip with murder: and they'll be proud
> Of glorious war that shattered all their pride . . .
> Men who went out to battle, grim and glad;
> Children with eyes that hate you, broken and mad.

He uses unsparingly the oriental irony that is the heritage of all countrymen of the Preacher. Even in the lovely lines of "Invocation",—

> Mute in that golden silence hung with green,
> Come down from Heaven and bring me in your eyes
> Remembrance of all beauty that has been
> And stillness from the pools of Paradise,—

he cannot quite forget the "drumming shafts of stifling death".

Sassoon has deliberately discarded beauty. Alter Brody, writing vividly of the New York slums from a Russian immigrant's point of view, as yet has seen no need of beauty. Louis Untermeyer, in an illuminating preface, points out the book's Semitic undertone: but the Semitism is naturally on a different note from that of Sassoon, the English country gentleman. Brody's oriental sense of mockery is of a cruder sort. It comes dangerously near being billingsgate at times, as when he calls, in "Grotesque", a harmless cathedral names that would be too noisome for Sassoon's most thoroughly dead German. The end of that poem, however, is pleasing:

> Beast! Beast! Beast!
> Gray beast with the ravenous maw
> Devouring my soul,
> Avaunt! Avaunt!

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The idea of St. John's or St. Patrick's rising up and ponderously avaunting at Mr. Brody's shrieked request is cheering: which is well, for one needs cheer after many pages of unquestionably vivid free verse about dead dogs and bulging, pimpled girls. Young Mr. Brody has strength. But he has not yet learned the power of reserve. The title poem and "Kartushkiya-Beroza" have wistfulness and even magic, but humor and tolerance have yet to come to him. Yet Mr. Untermeyer is right—he is undoubtedly a find.

One wishes that Jean Untermeyer's "Growing Pains" could have been prefaced by Louis Untermeyer. He could have done it so well. But the poems do not need a preface. They are little vividly colored pieces of psychology, done in a free verse, which, unlike so much called by that name, is clearly the writer's natural medium. "Sonya" is a penetrating study, and in "Clothes" Mrs. Untermeyer achieves a poem whose feminine psychology is universal. One gets from the book an arresting effect of blacks and whites and scarlets grouped with an art that is daring, and yet instinctive, and unmistakably oriental.

Kahlil Gibran's "The Madman" is another phase of orientalism; prose-poems, or apologues if you will, by a countryman of Nas'r-ed-Din.

In spite of facts one thinks of Max Eastman as a foreigner, perhaps because he has so fought for our inflowing element; but his little book of poems, "Colors of Life", betrays him as an ingrained Anglo-Saxon. The book holds no exotic coloring. Even when he is hymning a Russian assassin (the word is his) he does it in the cool and lucid manner of Edward Rowland Sill's countryman, and his outdoors is a New England landscape. In spite of himself, it is a quiet and a scholarly beauty that his poems breathe. In the prefatory essay we have a fine supplementary chapter to his book on poetry, already a standard work. He is as unoriental as Villon of France, to whom, after all, it is left to say the last word about the war:

Princes to death are all foretold,
Even as the humblest of their array:
Whether they sorrow or whether they scold
The wind carries their like away!

The English Poets. Edited by Thomas Humphry Ward. The Macmillan Co.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1918. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Small, Maynard and Co.

Estrays. By Thomas Kennedy, George Seymour, Vincent Starrett, Basil Thompson. Camelot Press.

Carnegie Tech War Verse. Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The Book of Lincoln. Compiled by Mary Wright-Davis. George H. Doran Company.

Formative Types in English Poetry. By George Herbert Palmer. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Divine and Moral Songs of Isaac Watts. By Wilbur Macey Stone. The Triptych.

Liberty Illumined. By Charles Crandall. Advocate Print.

Gleams and Dreams. By Reuben Goldsmith. James T. White and Co.

The Blue Crane. By Ivan Swift. James T. White and Co.

Octavia and New Poems. By Charles V. H. Roberts. Torch Press.

Snatches from a Diary. By Mary Murtaugh. The Four Seas Co.

Ballads of Peace and War. By Horace Spencer Fiske. The Stratford Co.

The Other Side. By Gilbert Frankau. Alfred A. Knopf.

Counter Attack. By Siegfried Sassoon. E. P. Dutton and Co.

A Family Album. By Alter Brody. B. W. Huebsch.

Growing Pains. By Jean Starr Untermeyer. B. W. Huebsch.

The Madman, His Parables and Poems. By Kahlil Gibran. Alfred A. Knopf.

Colors of Life. By Max Eastman. Alfred A. Knopf.

Poems, by François Villon. Translated with an introduction by John Payne. Boni and Liveright.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The following lists of books in demand in February in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
3. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5. The Curious Quest	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
6. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
5. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
6. The Amazing Interlude	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
4. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
5. The Star in the Window	*Olive Higgins Prouty*	STOKES
6. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
4. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5. Billy and the Major	*Emma Speed Sampson*	REILLY & BRITTON
6. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells.*	MACMILLAN

WESTERN STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. Winds of Chance	*Rex Beach*	HARPER
5. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The U. P. Trail	*Zane Grey*	HARPER

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
4. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
6. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the tables herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
2. Letters of Susan Hale	*Caroline P. Atkinson*	MARSHALL JONES
3. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
4. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
5. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	*A. W. Catlin*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The Kaiser as I Know Him	*Arthur N. Davis*	HARPER
3. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
4. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S
5. The Glory of the Trenches	*Coningsby Dawson*	JOHN LANE
6. The Betrothal	*Maurice Maeterlinck*	DODD, MEAD

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN
4. The Betrothal	*Maurice Maeterlinck*	DODD, MEAD
5. The Village	*Ernest Poole*	MACMILLAN
6. High Adventure	*J. Norman Hall*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
3. The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris	*Julia Collier Harris*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
4. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S
5. Outwitting the Hun	*Pat O'Brien*	HARPER
6. Rhymes of a Red Cross Man	*Robert W. Service*	BARSE & HOPKINS

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
3. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight."	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN
4. Cavalry of the Clouds	*Alan Bott*	DOUBLEDAY
5. Paths of Glory	*Irvin S. Cobb*	DORAN
6. Far Away and Long Ago	*W. H. Hudson*	DUTTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
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5. "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight"	*Floyd Gibbons*	DORAN
6. The Betrothal	*Maurice Maeterlinck*	DODD, MEAD

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

It is a curious thing that in all the talk about Lowell that has been going, there has been no reference to the most able estimate, the most penetrating interrogation to be found in print of the figure whose centenary has been so handsomely observed. This is the study "Lowell" in the "American Prose Masters" of W. C. Brownell, a volume published ten years ago.

The paper opens on a note of Lowellian good nature. Mr. Brownell remembers hearing Lowell on two occasions. He recalls an anecdote with which Lowell began a speech at a dinner in aid of the American School at Athens. "He had been present at a large political meeting in England somewhere, Manchester perhaps, where Gladstone was to speak. The hall was packed and the air stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience and the Mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the Mayor and overwhelmed him with cries of 'Gladstone', 'Gladstone'. At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs: 'I'm not going to make a speech; I've *got something to say!*' "

Lowell, Mr. Brownell asserts, had something to say. He was in general at his best in improvisation. The foremost American man of letters was also the first after-dinner orator of his time. He had an ideal equipment for "the admirable art of telling people on any special occasion, on a high plane and in an elevated, an exquisite or an energetic way, as may be required, precisely what they wish to hear." Lowell's passions "may be summed up in patriotism, books and nature". To a sterling character were added "ingrained cleverness and an extraordinary personal charm".

> No writer of anything resembling his bookish and scholarly turn ever possessed high spirits in any such degree, as no writer ever so cordially conjoined the study and out-of-doors. . . . He was the best of company and *in* the best of company. He was geniality itself.

Though Mr. Brownell dissents with spirit from the depreciation of Lowell's scholarship as "not up to current standards"—praying that belles-lettres, at least, may "hold out a little longer before it is transformed into scientific feudalism or declines in Byzantine decadence"—he does find the man essentially of the dilettante temperament.

> He was a dilettante of an original type in being so thoroughly American. He had the disinterested delight in the delectable that characterizes the dilettante as distinguished from the artist, to whom the delectable is material. His singularity—as a dilettante, not as an American—consists in his being attracted by the elementary quite as much as by the differentiated.

The quality of Lowell's temperament appears in his culture; though he reads with the industry of a Chinese scholar, he always follows his natural bent, and so fails of an adequate discipline. It appears in his criticism; for example, he immensely admires Dante and knows everything

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about him, "but he does not communicate because he does not express his general conception of Dante, and he does not because he has not himself, one feels sure, thought it out into definitions". It appears in his style; it is praised for its brilliant and felicitous detail, but "its defect is that it is detail, and so accentuated as to nullify the ensemble, on which style inexorably depends". Preferring rather to read than to think, to color than to design, to decorate than to construct, he falls short through temperamental indolence of the great architects of prose—of the great critics.

To note at something like random other salient points of this entertaining, finely instructive, and, in a way, definitive study which has been so largely passed over: to his countrymen it must remain satisfactorily notable that Lowell "should have had such a striking European success with such an exclusively American equipment". "More than any other critic of his eminence Lowell would have profited by an acquaintance with the plastic arts." "When he deals with ideas of a general nature he is apt to recall Mr. Howells's remark about an eminent publicist accustomed 'to do his boldest thinking along the safest lines'." "Lowell possessed too little deference as well as too little *malice* to be distinctly penetrating." Lowell "wrote a good deal too much verse". But "a great deal of it is very fine, very noble and at times very beautiful". His poetry "constitutes, on the whole, the most admirable American contribution to the nature poetry of English literature". "And his patriotic poetry is altogether unmatched—even unrivalled." "He will doubtless cease to be one of our superstitions, but will remain one of our chief glories."

The following Cobb story is told by Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., of Canada and the British Royal Flying Corps—and all the rest of it, in short the premier aviator of the war:

Colonel Bishop, returning to England in the spring of 1918, crossed on the same boat which carried Irvin S. Cobb. In convoy their ship was directly followed by the camouflaged troop ship "Tuscania". The last night of the voyage, when the convoy was passing through the channel between the north of Ireland and Scotland, the danger signal sounded. It had been arranged that five blasts of a steam whistle meant a submarine. After two blasts had sounded great confusion raged on Colonel Bishop's ship, when at its height Mr. Cobb was seen looming above the scene. With a noble gesture he raised his hand. "Wait", he said impressively, "remember, three more to come"—and calmed the excited company. Another hoot, then another, and then another! Mr. Cobb's hand descended. "I wish the —— thing wouldn't stutter so!" he remarked, as the "Tuscania" was torpedoed.

The ending of the war will release among innumerable other writers a very distinguished little band of English novelists who have been doing very difficult and absorbing war work. True, some of these romancers have managed to produce a book this autumn, the two outstanding examples being Compton Mackenzie and W. B. Maxwell. Each of these men took the outbreak of war most seriously. Compton Mackenzie's Secret Service achievements took him far afield, to the Near East. W. B. Maxwell joined up at once, though very much beyond the military age (at that time), and

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he saw the most difficult and trying phase of the war as an active combatant.

The death was recently announced of M. Paul Margueritte—the author, with his brother Victor, of a number of novels dealing with the events of 1870-71 and the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. Apropos of this and of the beginning in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of a sequel by René Bazin to his famous Alsatian novel, "Les Oberlé", one is reminded of the group of novels that grew up about the disastrous war and the lost provinces. It is a large and wistful chapter in French fiction that the reannexation of Alsace-Lorraine automatically ends.

"If she (America) gets swelled head the world will get cold feet", remarked that impeccable stylist, John Galsworthy, speaking February twenty-second as the guest of the faculty of the College of the City of New York before 2,000 persons in the Great Hall. Mr. Galsworthy's theme was, that on America now that the war is over, the destiny of civilization may hang for the next century.

The latest recruit to the growing band of English hereditary novelists is the quite young lady who chooses to write under the name of "E. M. Delafield". The author of "The War Workers" and "The Pelicans" is descended on her father's side from a noble French family, the de la Pastures (hence obviously her choice of a pen name). Though the family began by being *émigrés*, they have become quite English in everything but appearance. "E. M. Delafield's" father looked like a marquis of the old regime. When no longer in his first youth he married the daughter of the then British Consul at Calais. A charming account of their romance may be found in Mrs. de la Pasture's novel "Catherine of Calais". But the most popular of her books was "Peter's Mother", which was also successfully dramatized. "E. M. Delafield" may owe much to her mother's example, but she cannot owe much to her mother's precept, for that lady is now the wife of Sir Hugh Clifford, and lives in the Gold Coast Colony.

From a gentleman signing himself Archibald Pratt has come to the Gossip Shop a post-card bearing the following inscription, which the Gossip Shop is happy to print:

> Mr. Gelett Burgess should realize that some of us poor scribes who don't know the New York editors are rather offended by his poem (?) in the February BOOKMAN. We don't eat ourselves—let alone with editors. A picture of Irvin S. Cobb is enough . . . censored . . .

Don Marquis, whose "Prefaces" is a spring book, announces that after a period when his family suffered from influenza, there was no cook, and even the trained nurse was "took" with the dread "flu", "Mrs. Marquis and I have planned a novel of the most scathing sort which we will call 'Domesticity' unless we can think of a shorter, uglier word".

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Locke have had signal favors conferred upon them in recognition of their services to the Belgians during the war. Mr. Locke has been made "Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Couronne" by the King of the Belgians, principally for his work on "The Book of Belgium's Gratitude", and Mrs. Locke has received the Médaille de la Reine Elisabeth, in gratitude for the help she gave the Belgian soldiers by turning her house into a convalescent home.

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After her years of arduously useful war work, Mrs. Edith Wharton is recuperating and resting in the south of France. Following "The Marne", Mrs. Wharton is at work on a new novel as well as on several short-stories and essays, so that her energy is again directed in its normal ways now that war's need is done.

Speaking of the subject of eating with editors, and editors' eating, and all that kind of thing, it is a curious thing that Chicago editors, or at any rate Chicago literary editors, all apparently regularly eat in New York. It seems to the conductor of the Gossip Shop that it was only a few weeks ago that he had lunch with the celebrated Henry Blackman Sell, of the Chicago "Daily News". A bit after this in walks the celebrated Burton Rasco, of the Chicago "Tribune", prepared to provide an excellent meal. And then here is the celebrated Mr. Sell again keen for the pleasures of the table. Hardly has he withdrawn when one turns to find the celebrated Miss Fanny Butcher, of the Chicago "Tribune", and looking charmingly like luncheon, too.

Booth Tarkington turns up as the leading feature of a recent number of the London "Bookman". The elaborate article by R. Ellis Roberts is accompanied by two portraits. One of these is the well-known recent picture in which that celebrated suit of race-track checks is a conspicuous part of the design. The other is a picture much less known, a profile, presenting much the effect of an aristocratic painting. This is reproduced both on the cover of the magazine and on a full page within in a fashion which is described as "suitable for framing". The article traces the novelist from the time of "Monsieur Beaucaire" down to date. It reaches the conclusion that: "'Turmoil' remains Mr. Tarkington's best novel: but his latest, 'The Magnificent Ambersons', runs it very close."

"The Girl from the Marsh Croft", a five-reel film, which, according to the advertisement in the Chicago "Tribune", was "produced in Sweden from a story by Selma Lagerlöf", was recently announced to be presented at Aryan Grotto Temple in Chicago, "tonite, tomorrow and Saturday". "Musical program", to continue the announcement, "by Swedish Ladies' Trio and Meck's Orchestra".

The London "Bookman" for March was a Lowell centenary number, containing a special article on James Russell Lowell by R. Ellis Roberts. The magazine has long carried on its title-page, beneath its title, the line: "'I am a Bookman'.—*James Russell Lowell.*"

Most admirers of W. B. Maxwell's work know that he is the son of the author of "Lady Audley's Secret". It is curious how often the literary gift is transmitted in England. Miss Braddon would have been the first eagerly to acknowledge that her son has proved to be a finer and more distinguished artist than she could have claimed to be, even in her prime. One feels sure also that Charles Kingsley, with his generous nature and loving heart aglow, would have delighted in the extraordinary literary gift of his daughter, "Lucas Malet". A writer of whom some of the English critics expect very great things is Gilbert Frankau, the eldest son of the late "Frank Danby". His work does not recall in the slightest degree that of

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his brilliant mother, but, like her, he has the gift of surprising the public. His novel in verse, "One of Us", was a daring experiment. To the student of literature it recalled to an amazing extent "Don Juan", and even "Childe Harold". Then came the war. Young Frankau served his time in the trenches, then was attached to the British Embassy in Rome. He wrote a number of powerful, grim war poems, but now, in "One of Them", he goes back to his first method; and already this satirical picture of the same world as that described from another angle in Bennett's "The Pretty Lady", has run into six thousand. He has also just edited a collection of sketches written by "Frank Danby" entitled "Mothers and Children".

Vachel Lindsay has been roaming about again. He was recently seen, and heard, at numerous points in New York, also, apparently, in Philadelphia. An impressionistic reporter for a paper there thus sums him up:

Mr. Lindsay was found sitting cheerfully under the panoramic map in Broad Street Station, waiting for something to happen. He is a man of middle-size, with plenty of blonde hair and plenty of blonde ideas; clean-shaved, with twilight-colored eyes and a quaint way of throwing his head back like a lion at bay. He wears a green felt hat and makes careful notes of his engagements.

"The year 1819 was unusually prolific in remarkable babies—not just healthy, blooming youngsters, but children whose intellectual proclivities might almost cause the suspicion that they sprang from the head of Zeus", is the way the matter is put by the Gossip Shop's entertaining Boston friend, "The Piper". Among the babies who came into the world during that memorable year a century ago were small persons known to us by the following names: William Wetmore Story, James Russell Lowell, Edwin Percy Whipple, Julia Ward Howe, Walt Whitman, and Samuel Longfellow.

D. Thomas Curtin (author of "The Land of Deepening Shadow" and "The Edge of the Quicksands"), whose article on Admiral Jellicoe's story of the Grand Fleet appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, returned to America after the armistice to lecture throughout the United States. He is at the same time studying economic and political conditions during our highly important transition period. He expects to return to the troubled sections of central and eastern Europe in a few months.

On the subject of German intrigue the Chicago "Post" says in an editorial:

Mr. D. Thomas Curtin, an American newspaper man who went to Germany during the war and got out the first authentic story of internal conditions, related in an address at the City Club the other day an interesting incident illustrating the way in which Germany, in spite of defeat, continues to play the game of mischief-maker. When the American troops entered Coblenz and the British entered Cologne, he said, there was found in both cities a newspaper offered for sale under the intriguing title of "The English-American News". It was printed in English but written by Germans, and it originated in German presses.

Its contents were made up largely of garbled quotations from British and American newspapers calculated to awaken suspicion and prejudice in the minds of the soldiers of the one country against the aims and motives of the people and government of the other.

The trick was crude: its exposure a simple matter; its results probably of little value to the propagandists. But the fact that it was attempted carries its warning. It demonstrates beyond controversy the hope of Germany—a hope that rests upon creating a dissension among the nations now endeavoring to establish concord and order in the world. And it emphasizes the pernicious nature

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of like propaganda in America and the allied countries.

Every once in a while something happens which is so good that it doesn't seem that it could be so. Here the Gossip Shop pauses for breath. The publishers of Ralph Connor's new novel, "The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land", recently received a letter from an aeronautic journal saying, "Please advise if this is an aeronautical publication", and requesting a review copy of this spectacular "fly book".

News arrived from England of the death, at the age of fifty-three, of H. A. Hinkson, the husband of Katharine Tynan. Mr. Hinkson was the author of many books for boys which had considerable success in England, and some clever novels. Since 1914 Mr. Hinkson had been Resident Magistrate for South Mayo.

Charles E. Van Loan, short-story and sporting writer and an associate editor of "The Saturday Evening Post", died March 3, 1919, at the Abington Hospital in Philadelphia. He was forty-two years of age. The immediate cause of death was nephritis, but his vitality had been considerably lessened by an automobile accident in California six years ago. Mr. Van Loan is survived by his widow and two children.

Charles Emmet Van Loan was born in San Jose, California, June 29, 1876, and received his education in the public schools of his native state. He began his career in the mercantile business, which he gave up in 1903 to become a newspaper writer in Los Angeles. He later did newspaper work in New York City until 1910, since which time he had been engaged in magazine work and in writing books, among which are "The Big League", "The Lucky Seventh", "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm", "Inside the Ropes", "Buck Parvin and the Movies", and "Old Man Curry". His most recent books were "Score by Innings", a collection of baseball tales, and "Fore!", a book of golf stories. Mr. Van Loan had made sport a field altogether his own in fiction.

It is reported upon authority which may be regarded as fairly responsible that Robert Cortes Holliday, owner of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman (and incidentally, and by the way, etc., author of "Walking-Stick Papers"), continually calls to the attention of all and sundry the fact that it was an Airedale terrier which was adjudged the finest of all dogs at the recent Westminster Kennel show at Madison Square Garden. Tristram Shandy, Esquire, by the way, ate up a silver thimble and an eighteen-dollar pair of shell spectacles within the last week.

The motion picture rights to "The Avalanche", Gertrude Atherton's new mystery-romance of San Francisco society life, were sold within two weeks of the publication of the book. This is said to be the quickest purchase on record. The story will be used as a vehicle for Miss Elsie Ferguson.

A new edition of Arthur Symons's "The Symbolist Movement in Literature" has been brought out.

Grant M. Overton, in writing of Edna Ferber in "The Women Who Make Our Novels", says of her first novel, "Dawn O'Hara": "After it was completed, she did not like it. It was her mother who rescued the manuscript from the waste-basket and sent it to a publisher—the same person

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mentioned in the dedication of the novel: 'To my dear mother who frequently interrupts and to my sister Fannie, who says 'Sh-sh-sh!' outside my door'." Miss Ferber, Mr. Overton tells, is thirty-one. Her publishers speak of Mr. Overton as Mr. Grant, but no matter.

Henry van Dyke's first volume of stories since the publication of his "The Unknown Quantity" in 1912, was recently published under the title "The Valley of Vision". "Why 'The Valley of Vision'? Why not 'The Mountain of Vision'?" asked a literal-minded friend. "Because", Dr. van Dyke explained, "it is in the valley of suffering that the deepest visions of the meaning of life come to us". The subtitle of the volume is "A Book of Romance and Some Half-Told Tales". There are eighteen stories in the volume.

The American publishers of Bordeaux's "Georges Guynemer: Knight of the Air" have sent to the Gossip Shop a photograph of a life-size portrait in oils, painted by J. Cousins Lawrence (silver medalist of the London Academy and president of the Portsmouth Art Society) "from a small snapshot taken two days before Guynemer's last flight". France has accepted the gift of this portrait, which will hang in Le Musée de l'Armée at Paris. The Guynemer family say it resembles the original more than any likeness they have. The translator of the volume, Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill, is shortly to be given the Médaille de la Reconnaissance Française for her work at the Val de Grâce.

The following is by "Socrates" in "The Chaffing Dish":

PHILIP GIBBS once wrote a novel
About the newspaper business in London
Called "The Street of Adventure"
(That street being Fleet street),
In which he described young men and lady reporters
Taking tea and muffins together
In the Reporters' Room,
By a nice open fire.
He goes on to tell in the story
(Which you ought to read)
That the newspaper failed.
Oh boy, they don't sip tea in the Local Room
Of an American afternoon paper,
At least not in Philadelphia.

Perhaps it should be explained to some that "Socrates" is Christopher Morley and "The Chaffing Dish" is a department he conducts in the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger".

Miss Jeanne Judson, whose novel "Beckoning Roads" is soon to appear, writes her publishers:

I swim rather well and consider swimming the finest sport in the world; I consider motion-pictures the lowest form of adult human amusement, but I like the theatre. How original? I have earned my own living since I was fifteen years of age—as a printer, a proof-reader, a reporter, a press agent, an advertising copy writer and advertising salesman, etc. I have lived in San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, New York, Grand Rapids, St. Louis, and many smaller towns. I like ice skating and am very fond of walking. I like traveling and am awfully fond of people. I would write more if it didn't take so much time to do my talking. I believe that most people don't get what they want in the world because they aren't quite sure what it is that they do want. I believe that any person who knows exactly what he or she wants, has only to reach out and take it from an unresisting world. I am pure American, my ancestors on both sides of the house having been in this country for three hundred years. My blood is English, Irish, and Welsh.

Several officers returning from abroad, it is said, have told George Barr McCutcheon that Luxemburg is known to the soldiers who have been stationed there as Graustark, and has been called Graustark from General Pershing down to the "doughboys". The report continues that another

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division of the A. E. F. stationed somewhere in the Vosges claim to have discovered the original Graustark there.

Dry though it may sound, "The Taxation of Mines in Montana", a new book by Louis Levine, has stirred academic circles considerably. Dr. Levine was professor of economics at the State University of Montana for two years. The work was undertaken at the instance of the university and was to have been published by the institution; but when the result of Dr. Levine's research was presented to the chancellor and to the governor of the state they decided not to publish it and they requested the author to withhold it. This Dr. Levine declined to do and the book was brought out promptly by a New York publisher. Such men as Professors Seager, Seligman, and Haig of Columbia have expressed their confidence in Dr. Levine's preeminent fitness for any study in problems of taxation, and editorials of protest in regard to the action against Dr. Levine appeared in "The New Republic" and "The Nation".

Mrs. Alice M. Williamson, of the A. M. and C. N. Williamson team, arrived in this country recently to spend a few weeks putting the finishing touches upon an American novel which Mrs. Williamson has had in mind ever since her last trip to America. Incidentally, during the first day or two of her stay here she arranged with her American publishers for her next book, which will be out early next fall. The story was written mostly during wartime and also at intervals during the recent very dangerous illness of Mr. Williamson. It reflects nothing of the war nor the harrowing incidents which were going on about the pair on all sides—they remained at their home in southern France doing war work.

Says the writer of "A London Letter" in a recent issue of "M. A. B.":

The influence of literature on fashions is not the easiest thing to observe around us; it would be easier, no doubt, to observe the influence of fashion upon literature. If, however, literature is to influence fashion, it seems only fair that the author who is most diligent in satirizing or recommending any special mode should effect the greatest changes in the artificial aspect of his fellow-creatures. For instance, in the matter of whiskers one would naturally assume that the late humorist, Frank Richardson, who almost earned his livelihood by ridiculing whiskers, would have laughted them off the face of at least one public man. But no, for dramatic influence on "face fungi", as Richardson called them, one must go to Lord Dunsany, poet, fantasist, occultist, of all people. For, within a few months of the appearance of his skit now "collected" in "Tales of War" on the Kaiser's moustache, we read in the daily press the solemn news that the All-Highest now wears "a stubbly beard" and that " his moustache no longer points upward".

"Quaint epitaphs always attract", confesses C. K. Shorter in a recent number of "The Sphere", "and a correspondent sends me the two following from the graveyard of St. Philip's Church, Birmingham:

Oh, come, death, how could you be so unkind
As to take him before and leave me behind;
You should have taken both of us, if either,
Which wouldn't have been so bad for the survivor.

Here lies the mother of children seven,
Four on earth and three in heaven;
The three in heaven preferring rather
To die with mother than live with father."

Dr. Frederick Agar's new book, "Democracy and the Church", claims that the only hope for democratic principles to rule the world lies in the more definite adoption of the teachings of Jesus Christ.

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BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Man from the Clouds, by J. STORER CLOUSTON [Doran, $1.50].
The story of a man who drops from an aeroplane to an island in the North Sea.

According to Orders, by F. BRITTEN AUSTIN [Doran, $1.50].
Stories reflecting the German mind in wartime.

The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land, by RALPH CONNOR [Doran, $1.50].
The tale of a young Canadian minister in the war.

The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl, by KENYON GAMBIER [Doran, $1.50].
The romance of an American girl who goes to Belgium in wartime.

Tam O' the Scoots, by EDGAR WALLACE, illus. [Small, Maynard, $1.35].
The adventures of a Scotch aviator.

The Bargain True, by NALBRO BARTLEY, illus. [Small, Maynard, $1.50].
The story of a girl's choice between love and wealth.

The Best Short Stories of 1918, edited by EDWARD J. O'BRIEN [Small, Maynard, $1.60].
A collection of stories reprinted from magazines, plus indexes to short-stories and articles on the short-story.

Old-Dad, by ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT [Dutton, $1.50].
The tale of a girl who made friends with her father.

Jacquou the Rebel, by EUGÈNE LE ROY, translated by Eleanor Stimson Brooks; *Nono: Love and the Soil*, by GASTON ROUPNEL, translated by B. J. Beyer [Dutton, $1.90 each].
Two volumes in the Library of French Fiction, a series of novels illustrating the life and manners of modern France.

The Real Dope, by RING W. LARDNER, illus. [Bobbs-Merrill, 1.25].
The overseas letters of "Jack the Kaiser Killer".

White Man, by GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN, illus. [Bobbs-Merrill, $1.75].
The adventures of a girl who goes into the jungle with a strange man.

Amalia, translated from the Spanish of José Marmol by MARY J. SERRANO [Dutton, $2.00].
A picture of Argentine life under Rosas the Dictator.

The Avalanche, by GERTRUDE ATHERTON [Stokes, $1.35].
A mystery story centering around the murder of a politician.

The Mirror and the Lamp, by W. B. MAXWELL [Bobbs-Merrill, $1.75].
The story of a man's struggle between his ideals and life's demands.

The Mystery of the Thirteenth Floor, by LEE THAYER [Century, $1.50].
A tale revolving about the murder of a rich man in his thirteenth-floor office.

Magnhild, by JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, M. D. [Badger, $1.50].
A novel designed to set forth the spiritual side of love and marriage.

Too Fat to Fight, by REX BEACH [Harpers, $.60].
The story of a fat man who made good in the war.

Gregg, by FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER [Harpers, $1.50].
The study of a man who was misunderstood.

Dere Bill, by FLORENCE ELIZABETH SUMMERS, illus. [Stokes, $.75].
The letters of "Dere Mable" to her soldier.

The Way of a Man, by THOMAS DIXON, illus. [Appleton, $1.50].
The romance of a woman who believes in absolute freedom.

The Black Stone, by GEORGE GIBBS, illus. [Appleton, $1.50].
An adventure yarn concerning the quest of a sacred stone.

The Highwayman, by H. C. BAILEY [Dutton, $1.60].
A new edition of this tale of the days of Queen Anne.

Anchors Aweigh, by HARRIET WELLS, illus. [Scribners, $1.50].
Stories of navy life.

The Sheep Track, by NESTA H. WEBSTER [Dutton, $1.60].
The tale of a girl who seeks to escape the boredom of London society.

A Daughter of Two Worlds, by LEROY SCOTT [Houghton Mifflin, $1.60].
The adventures of a girl who ascends from the under to the upper world of New York.

The Duchess of Siona, by ERNEST GOODWIN, illus. [Houghton Mifflin, $1.60].
An historical novel of the Italian Renaissance.

The Flail, by NEWTON A. FUESSLE [Moffat, Yard, $1.60].
A study of the problem facing the American son of German-born parents.

The Song of the Sirens, and Other Stories, by EDWARD LUCAS WHITE [Dutton, $1.90].
Short-stories depicting life in Rome, Greece, Carthage, and mediæval Italy.

The Red and the Black, by STENDHAL [Dutton, $2.00].
A translation of the French chronicle of 1830 by Horace B. Samuel, M. A.

The Lady from Long Acre, by VICTOR BRIDGES, illus. [Putnam, $1.60].
The adventures of two men in rescuing a young woman.

Sands of Gold, by KATHLYN RHODES [Duffield, $1.50].
The story of a surgeon who suffers from an imagined wrong.

The Fairview Idea, by HERBERT QUICK [Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50].
A plea for a better morale in country life.

The Maid of the Combahee, from the MS. of SIR THOMAS YELD, Bart. [Baltimore: Saulsbury].
A romance of the American Revolution.

The Dead Command, by VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ [Duffield, $1.75].
A novel depicting a man's struggle against tradition.

Okewood of the Secret Service, by VALENTINE WILLIAMS [McBride, $1.50].
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Brief Mention of New Books (*Continued*)

War and Reconstruction

American Labor and the War, by SAMUEL GOMPERS [Doran, $1.75].
A series of addresses, supplemented by the official record of the American Federation of Labor in the war.

Shaking Hands with England, by CHARLES HANSON TOWNE [Doran, $1.00].
Reflections on Anglo-American relations based on a recent trip abroad.

Pioneers of the Russian Revolution, by DR. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT [Brentano's, $2.25].
A history of the revolutionary movement during the last fifty years.

The Vision for Which We Fought, by A. M. SIMONS [Macmillan, $1.50].
A discussion of such subjects as the growing power of labor and the new internationalism.

Ten Years Near the German Frontier, by MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, illus. [Doran, $3.00].
Observations of a former American minister to Denmark.

The Naval Reserve, by FRANK HUNTER POTTER, illus. [Holt, $1.35].
The story of the formation and the achievements of our Naval Reserve.

Yasha, by MARIA BOTCHKAREVA [Stokes, $2.00].
The life-story of the commander of the Russian women's Battalion of Death.

Our Common Conscience, by SIR GEORGE ADAM SMITH [Doran, $1.50].
Addresses on the moral aims of the Allies and other phases of the war.

Submarine and Anti-Submarine, by SIR HENRY NEWBOLT, illus. [Longmans, Green, $2.25].
A sketch of the development of the submarine, together with tales of the submarine campaign.

The League of Nations, a Practical Suggestion, by LIEUT.-GEN. THE RT. HON. J. C. SMUTS, P. C. [New York: Nation Press, $.15].
A presentation of the league of nations as a workable scheme.

The Diary of a German Soldier, by FELDWEBEL C—— [Knopf, $1.50].
The record of a German sergeant, translated from the original French.

The White Eagle of Poland, by E. F. BENSON [Doran, $1.50].
A survey of the German occupation and the reconstruction of Poland.

Lessons of the War and the Peace Conference, by ORESTE FERRARA, translated by LEOPOLD GRAHAME [Harpers, $1.50].
An analysis of the problems arising out of the war.

Russian Revolution Aspects, by ROBERT CROZIER LONG [Dutton, $2.50].
Impressions of a former correspondent, in Russia, of the Associated Press in America.

Second Report of the Provost Marshal General to the Secretary of War on the Operations of the Selective Service System to December 20, 1918 [Government Printing Office].
A detailed report supplemented by tables and charts.

The World War and Its Consequences, by WILLIAM HERBERT HOBBS [Putnam, $2.50].
Lectures on patriotism delivered in the University of Pittsburgh.

Russia's Agony, by ROBERT WILTON, illus. [Dutton, $5.00].
A study of Russia by a correspondent in Russia of the London "Times".

Our Allies and Enemies in the Near East, by JEAN VICTOR BATES [Dutton, $5.00].
An account of the history, manners, and ideas of the Balkan peoples.

War Finance, by CLARENCE W. BARRON [Houghton Mifflin, $1.50].
An analysis of war and reconstruction finance based on recent investigations in Europe.

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Socialism and American Ideals
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Rose Wilder Lane, author of "Diverging Roads", the story of a business woman, has apparently enjoyed considerably that thing the psychologists call "contact". Here is her record indicating "contacts": Born in South Dakota; moved to Minnesota, moved to Florida, moved to Missouri, adopted California, now lives in New York City; has earned her living since she was twelve years old, as check girl in a telegraph office, clerk, telegraph operator, telegraph office manager, stenographer, advertising writer, patent-medicine space-buyer, seller of land in California, newspaper writer, magazine writer, novelist.

A small group of Englishmen have long been working for universal peace from an angle of their own. Forming the League of Free Nations Association, they have divided the principal problems among experts, for extended study, appraisal, and suggestions for solution. As an introduction to all attempts at a league of nations, this group has united in the compilation of the article which comprises the book "The Idea of a League of Nations", by H. G. Wells and others. The collaborators are H. G. Wells, Viscount Grey, Gilbert Murray, J. A. Spender, A. E. Zimmern, H. Wickham Steed, Lionel Curtis, William Archer, and Viscount Bryce.

W. L. George, the English novelist who wrote "The Second Blooming", has completed a new long novel dealing with social and political conditions in England during the war, which will be published in this country in April under the title of "The Blind Alley". Mr. George's latest novel is "The Strangers' Wedding". Having failed to qualify for the English army, he served in the ministry of munitions during the war.

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Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

In a recent letter to the publishers of her son's posthumous book of poems "Courage!", Mrs. Richard Mansfield writes the following:

I am hard at work—literally hard work, only the two hours off at noon, that all Paris has; it is interesting and sad. It is sad to see all the men who have been prisoners of war, all this time in Germany, now brought back, and with almost nothing to wear. They come to our committee, and beg for things, and as we cannot clothe all Paris it is very hard to know what to do. I hope our men will be better taken care of. After I finish work here I should like to go to Serbia or Palestine. I do not feel that I can ever do anything else.

Richard Mansfield 2nd, the only son of the widow of the world-famous actor, died at camp in San Antonio, Texas, at the age of nineteen.

David Pinski, the noted American dramatist, is about to seek laurels in another literary field. His first volume of short-stories appears under the title of "Temptations". While Pinski's appearance as an author of short-stories is new to English readers, he was two decades ago a frequent contributor to Russian magazines. The censorship then was very strict, and Pinski was compelled to read all of his stories to that official before they were published. Several "forbidden manuscripts", it is said, are included in this volume.

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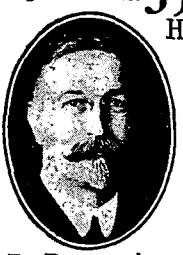

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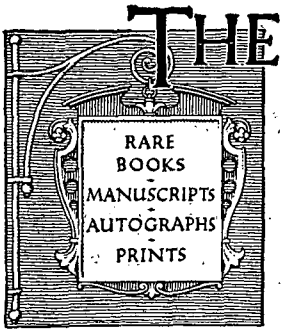

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

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The sale of books from the library of the late Frederic R. Halsey, from the Henry S. Van Duzer and other collections was recently conducted at the Anderson Galleries, New York City. The highest price of the last day of the sale was $11,600 paid by Gabriel Wells for lot No. 787, a first edition of Edgar Allan Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems", Boston, 1827. Four copies of this rarity are known to exist—one in the British Museum, without wrappers; another copy, without wrappers, owned in Philadelphia; a copy complete, with wrappers, but bound in, that is in Henry E. Huntington's famous library; and the present copy, the most desirable of all, complete with wrappers and untouched by the binder. Mr. Halsey some years ago sold his great collection of books to Mr. Huntington. It included two copies of "Tamerlane", one of which was Mr. Halsey's favorite copy of his favorite book. It is a duodecimo of forty pages.

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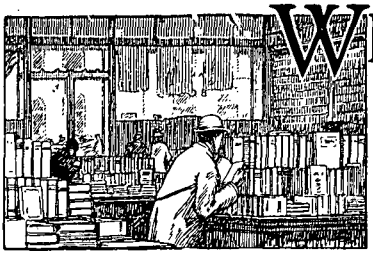

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Horace Howard Furness, Jr., A.B., Litt.D., whose edition of "King John", the nineteenth volume in the Furness Shakespeare, is being published, was not only associated with his famous father, Horace Howard Furness, Sr., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., in the monumental undertaking of the new Variorum Edition of the Works of William Shakespeare, but he is also the inheritor of his father's collection of Shakesperiana, one of the chiefest treasures of which is gentle Will's veritable glove. Dr. Furness has told the story of one hardy visitor who thrust his own unlettered paw within the glove which had held the hand that created Macbeth. Lightning failed to strike the presumptuous knave, but a repetition of the event was rendered impossible by the placing of the precious glove under a glass case. The first folios and other treasures of this great collection, second only, it is said, to that of the British Museum, are housed within a fireproof building which is burglar-proof as well.

The many persons who were forced to lay aside their plans for home-building because of war restrictions and have now taken them up, may be attracted to the new edition of H. H. Saylor's "Architectural Styles for Country Houses", recently published. There is a new chapter on certain recent developments in domestic architecture.

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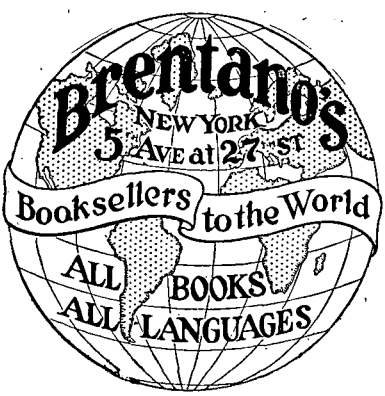

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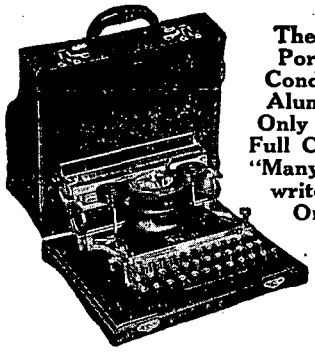

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